THE BOOKMAN

SPECIAL XMAS NUMBER 1913

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CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER 1913

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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Illustrations.

Frontispiece : Photogravure Portrait of **SIR J. M. BARRIE, Bart.**

Presentation Plate Portrait of **ERNEST THOMPSON SETON** and Photogravure reproduction of the **LIFE MASK OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.**

Two Portfolios Containing Drawings in Colour

(1) By **HUGH THOMSON,** illustrating scenes from SIR J. M. BARRIE'S "Quality Street."

(2) By **KAY NIELSEN,** illustrating scenes from "In Powder and Crinoline," Old Fairy Tales retold by SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

Other Full-page Colour Plates by

FRANK REYNOLDS — **EDMUND DULAC** — **WILLY POGÀNY**
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The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

It scarcely seems a year ago since we wished our readers a Merry Christmas, but there is no disputing the calendar which assures us the time has come to offer them the old seasonable greeting once more. As our last year's Number exceeded in size and, we believe, in beauty of production, any of its predecessors, so this year's goes beyond last, and again we are reduced to the necessity of apologising to those readers who may be unable to obtain a copy of it. We enlarged the edition last year, and have very considerably enlarged it again this; nevertheless, the entire issue is already sold out to the trade, and many orders are still coming in that cannot possibly be fulfilled. Those of our readers who have not acted on our advice and placed an early order with their bookseller should do so immediately, for by the time they read this every available copy will be in the hands of the trade. Difficulties in connection with the reprinting of the colour plates prevent us from publishing a large second edition or we would gladly do so. Such testimony to the greatly increasing popularity of THE BOOKMAN cannot be other than very gratifying to us, and we can only urge our readers to act with the wise forethought of certain Colonial booksellers who have already sent in their orders for the Christmas Number of 1914.

Photo by Sherril Schell. **Mr. Everard Meynell**
whose "Life of Francis Thompson" (Burns & Oates) is reviewed in this Number.

Another new poem by John Masefield—"The River"—appears in the current number of *The English Review*.

Mr. Everard Meynell, whose "Life of Francis Thompson" is one of the most important books of this season, is the son of Mr. Wilfrid and Mrs. Alice Meynell, and author of "Giovanni Bellini," in the "Great Artists" series, and of "Corot and his Friends." He is a gifted artist and art critic, who has written much on art and literature in various periodicals, and is on the staff of *The Illustrated London News*.

No book of this bounteous publishing season is surer of a welcome from all lovers of poetry than is "The Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson," of which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton publish a limited edition, printed in two colours from a special type, and artistically bound in three styles: in leather, at five guineas net, with collotype reproduction of the MS. of "The Hound of Heaven," and artist's proof on Japanese vellum of a portrait of Thompson; bound in vellum, with an etched portrait, at two guineas net; and in grey boards, with canvas back, at twenty shillings net. The only persons who will be satisfied that so finely artistic an edition of this great poet should be a limited one will be the limited number who are fortunate enough to become possessors of it.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer, whose admirable translation of Heine's "Atta Troll" was published last month by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, has recently returned from Danzig, where his play, "The New Shylock," was successfully produced to a crowded and enthusiastic audience at the Stadt Theater. It is to be given also at Strasburg, Bonn and Posen, and finally at Berlin. Mr. Scheffauer is not the first English dramatist (Mr. Shaw, for one, was ahead of him) who has had to get his work translated and produced on a foreign stage before the managers at home could be moved to produce it. There are now prospects, it seems, of the play being performed in its original English here and in America.

Photo by W. Hornby, Ilford.

A Family Group. Taken in Mr. Jeffery Farnol's Garden.

From left to right the group comprises: (1) Mr. Farnol's aunt, Mrs. Marriott; (2) his father, Mr. H. J. Farnol; (3) his sister, Miss Dorothy Farnol, to whom his new book, 'The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," is dedicated; (4 and 5) Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery Farnol; (6) Mr. Farnol's mother.

It is curious how people are beginning to talk about "The Masterdillo," a novel that was published anonymously a few weeks ago and seems neither to have been much advertised or reviewed. One hears rumours that it is the work not of one anonymous author, but of two, and strongly suspects that these two are themselves the hero and heroine of it. The same suspicion has evidently entered the mind of at least one of its purchasers, for Mr. Melrose, who publishes it, tells us that the other day a member of a London business firm called upon him and said that he and his wife had been so moved by the story that if the author was really as poor as it suggested they would like to help him with a gift of twenty-five pounds. It is to be hoped that the author was poor enough for the purpose; it would be a thousand pities, in the interests of other authors, if such a generous impulse were thwarted.

Mr. Charles F. Holder (author of "The Game Fishes of the World"), with His Excellency Dr. Henry Van Dyke (author of "Fishermen's Luck," etc.), at the Tuna Club.

Mr. James F. Muirhead writes us that in Mr. Frederick Whyte's review of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "America as I saw it," in last month's BOOKMAN, "there occurs a very pleasant reference to a book I published on America some years ago. Unluckily, however, the title of my book is wrongly given. It is named 'America: The Land of Contrasts,' and not 'The Land of the Dollar.'"

Middle-aged readers will note with interest the reappearance of an old publishing name in a kindred business. Mr. Samuel Tinsley, who has for many years been general manager to Messrs. Roberts & Leete, has started a printing and stationery business in partnership with Mr. Harold Justus Williams, formerly West End manager of Messrs. James Truscott & Son. Mr. Williams is a nephew of Sir John Bell, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1908, and Mr. Tinsley is the second son of the late Samuel Tinsley, and a nephew of William Tinsley, of the famous Victorian publishing firm that gave its name to "Tinsley's Magazine."

Photo by John Trevore. **Rabindranath Tagore,**

the famous Indian poet and mystic, who has just been awarded the Nobel prize for literature.

Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, one of the most experienced and intrepid of women travellers, was born at Portsmouth; as a child she saw much of the world with her father, who was a Captain in the Royal Navy, and in later life with her late husband, an officer in the 42nd Highlanders. In 1910 she journeyed alone round the coasts of South America, motored for fifty miles along the Panama Canal, then in course of construction, and made a journey across country of over 24,000 miles. She embodied her opinions and experiences in an entertaining and useful travel book, "A Woman's Winter in South America." In 1911, she attended the Imperial Durbar at Delhi, as representative of *The Lady's Pictorial* and a syndicate of newspapers, and used the gorgeous pageantry and crowded happenings of

Mrs. Charlotte Cameron,

whose new travel book, "A Woman's Winter in Africa," is published by Mr. Stanley Paul.

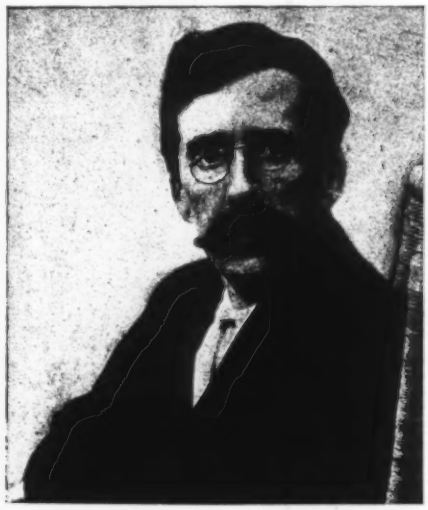
that great event as a background for her novel, "A Durbar Bride." Last winter, Mrs. Cameron set out alone on a six months' journey along the East and West Coasts of Africa, and inland over most of the little-known parts of that wonderful region, and her new book, "A Woman's Winter in Africa" (Stanley Paul) tells the story of her daring and adventurous wanderings.

Photo by C. Vandyk. **Mr. Percy Fitzgerald,**

whose "Memories of Dickens" (Arrowsmith) is reviewed in this Number.

Miss H. B. Somerville.
Author of "Ashes of Vengeance" (Hutchinson).

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, whose new book "Wild Animals at Home," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, was born at South Shields, in 1860. He published his first book, "Wild Animals I have Known," in 1898, under the name of Seton-Thompson. By origin he is of Seton, Cameron, Logan and Snowdon stock—Thompson was not the name of an ancestor, or in any sense a family name, but one that had been assumed by his forbears during the Jacobite troubles. When he came of age he resumed the name of Seton, but to please his mother kept the combination of Seton-Thompson until her death. Later, the pseudonym Thompson has, in deference to the wishes of his business associates, been retained as a middle name. The story of Mr. Seton's early years is a story of hardships and hard work and of difficulties resolutely faced and overcome. His parents left England, after heavy financial reverses, and went to live in Canada when he was six years old. As soon as he was old enough to know his own mind, he wanted to be a naturalist. "I was doggedly set on the idea," he says. "I thought I had a mission—to be the Prophet of the Outdoor Life. My father did not think so, as he was just as doggedly set on my being an artist." The result was a compromise. He attended the Ontario Art School, and when, in due course, he had taken the final highest honours in all subjects, it was agreed that he must go and finish his art education in London. He was to have had an allowance of sixty pounds a year to live on there, but this allowance never arrived; in two and a half years a total of eighty pounds reached him at irregular intervals, so, as books and art materials were necessaries, "I saved," Mr. Seton explains, "on such non-essentials as food and clothing; consequently I was always ill-dressed and hungry." Because he could not pay the fees at the South Kensington School, he went to the British Museum, and worked there, till he was admitted free to the Royal Academy School as a seven years student. He was too young then, being only nineteen, to be granted a ticket for the British Museum Library, but by boldly writing to the Trustees of the Museum—the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Beaconsfield — he secured a dispensation in his favour and spent all his spare time thereafter in the Reading Room. In 1881 rumours reached his parents that his health was breaking down, and they insisted on his returning home. Back in Canada, by way



Mr. Arthur Mee,
whose "Letters to Boys" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

Mrs. J. E. Buckrose.
Author of "Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales," etc. (Mills & Boon).

Mr. Victor Bridges.
Author of "The Man from Nowhere," one of the most successful novels that Messrs. Mills & Boon have published this year.

Mr. G. P. Putnam.
Author of "The Southland of North America" (Putnam).

of making a practical start, he obtained an order from a lithographer in Toronto to design a dozen Christmas cards, and for this work received the sum of sixty dollars, the largest amount in cash he had ever set eyes on. Presently, he sold some more sketches for thirty dollars, and with this purchased a stock of thirty hens and took train with them for the North-West. In Manitoba, he sold fifteen of his hens for the cost of the thirty, and " all that summer I sketched, worked on a farm, studied natural history, and raised and swopped hens."

Throughout 1883 Mr. Thompson Seton roved the great prairies and valleys of Manitoba, and so in that period of poverty was accumulating the wealth of observation and knowledge that was before long to enrich the books that have made him famous the world over. After all, his father's dogged determination to make an artist of him has borne good fruit, for no one could have illustrated his writings so truthfully, with such feeling and vivid realism as he has illustrated them himself. For some years, he tells you, " my life-line wavered up and down, but in 1896 I married Grace Gallanit, of New York, and from that time it has steadily kept the upward trend." For long past, now, he has been Naturalist to the Government of Manitoba; he has popularised natural history by writing it with the learning and exactitude of the student and the creative and narrative skill of the brilliant novelist. With " Wild Animals I have Known," " Lives of the Hunted," " Woodmyth and Fable," " Two Little Savages," " The Biography of a Grizzly," and the rest of the familiar series of his books he has delighted not only those who have studied and are studying natural history themselves, but a very wide and still widening circle of general readers. His newest book, " Wild Animals at Home " is in his happiest, most glamorously interesting vein, and bids fair to outrival in popularity even the most popular works of the man who has surely realised his first ambition and become for us " the Prophet of the Outdoor Life."

Statuette of R. L. Stevenson.
Modelled by Herbert J. Harvey (David Bryce & Sons, Glasgow).

Mr. Compton MacKenzie.
From a sketch by J. Montgomery Flagg.

Lovers of Stevenson will be interested in the bronze statuettes of R. L. S. that are being sold at three guineas by Messrs. David Bryce & Sons, of

Miss Marjorie Bowen.
From a drawing by her sister Miss Phyllis Vere Campbell.

Miss Agnes Herbert,
whose new book about animal life, "The Moose," Messrs. A. & C. Black are publishing.

Glasgow. The statuette makes a slim and graceful figure and is a faithful likeness of the Stevenson of the Samoan days, familiar in the picturesque dress that has come to seem most vividly characteristic of him. It was modelled by Mr. Herbert J. Harvey,

Photo by Walter E. Harper, Ludlow. **Mrs. Armel O'Connor.**
Author of "The Idea of Mary's Meadow," which was published recently by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

the well-known painter, whose picture, "The Smile," was one of the outstanding exhibits in the Royal Academy of 1910, and is a striking and very delicately finished piece of artistic portraiture.

Miss Marjorie Bowen's latest novel, "The Governor of England" (Methuen), is a romance of Cromwellian days, the great Protector himself being its central figure. Miss Bowen has the gift of making "that imaginative guess from the most likely generalisations" which Mr. G. M. Trevelyan says is the secret of the historian; the plots of her works are founded on historic facts, her characters are historic persons, and she writes of them almost with such an air of familiar understanding as they might have been written of by their own contemporaries. It was so in her first work, "The Viper of Milan," published when she was eighteen, and is so in "The Governor of England." The brilliant study of William of Orange in her three stories: "I Will Maintain," "Defender of the Faith," and "God and the King," moved the Literary Society of Leyden, one of the oldest Societies in Europe, to elect the young novelist to membership, an honour usually reserved for serious Dutch historians. When Miss Bowen described Milan with such vivid and accurate detail in "The Viper of Milan," she had never been to Italy; now she is spending the first year of her married life in a charming villa of Viareggio, among the scenes that eight years ago she described from imagination.

Photo by E. Chickering. Boston, U.S.A. **Mr. Alfred Noyes,**
whose powerful narrative poem of the horrors of war, "The Wine Press," is just published by Messrs. Blackwood.

Our thanks are due to the various publishers who have been kind enough to assist us with the colour and photogravure plates and the general illustrations in this Number. The beautiful colour illustration from "Pink and Scarlet" (published by Hodder & Stoughton) is the work of the well-known firm of the Grout Engraving Company; and the fine four-colour plate from Messrs. Harrap's "Lohengrin" is the work of the BOOKMAN's own engravers, the Dux Engraving Company.

THE READER.

QUALITY STREET.*

By Dixon Scott

"QUALITY Street" is for "the quality"—let that be admitted, or affirmed, right away. It is no book for your newcomers, your parvenu readers, for those frightfully precocious, impassive, impressive young creatures, who take their first literary airings, quite self-possessed, in such precipitate new-fangled, agitating thoroughfares as "Sinister Street" or "The Street of To-day." Far away from these does it lie, in a different quarter of the town, in a mellow, faded faubourg full of dreams; and only those can understand it who know something of its history, who remember the old lane which it led from and the hidden highway it joined, and who can recollect all the hopes which ran to make a breathless crowd round the architect when he took the site in hand. Detach the book from these things and judge it intrinsically and you get—pooh!—a mere pretty tale—a kind of make-believe bijou, quaintly befurbelowed, planned out, with droll seriousness, like a real four-roomed play—and then built, bless your heart, on a plot that is really far more like a child's garden plot than a dramatic one—a plot from which the very flower-beds have not even been cleared away, so that such things as lavender and rosemary keep catching the feet of the characters, turning their movements into a minuet. The tenant's name is Miss Phœbe, and in one of these dainty rooms she is represented as keeping a school—a further suggestion being that, grown aweary of teaching, she one morning pretends to be her own non-existent niece (did anyone ever hear of such goings on!) in order to attract an escort to a Ball (immoral too, it will be seen), and succeeds so well in her duplicity (though she merely shakes her curls free from her cap) that the very neighbours are deceived and her bosom friends imposed on, and the swains who mildly scorned her when she sat sedately in Room I., fall transfixed when they meet her in Room II. "A pretty trifle, but unreal. The diction, mock Georgian. The action, as artificial as the dialogue. The famous Barrie-tone of which I have always heard so much, appears in reality to be a simple treble." So might a new surveyor sum it up, with a snap—and smile indulgently at the jealous way we watched his movements.

Photo by G. C Beresford. **Sir J. M. Barrie.**

But to us of the old school—how much more it is than that! It is a treasure-house of heirlooms, a store of lavendered delights; and Life flows between the frail walls almost furiously. Every article has its history, memories race from room to room, each word uttered is a bait to bring more scampering; and the very touches that to alien eyes must seem most artificial, affect us like the friendly touches of kind hands. We recognise the very schoolroom, for example: "the blue-and-white room" where Miss Susan, in Scene I, sits listening with a fearful joy to a friend reading luscious love-tales from the library. For is not this the very room, down to the identical colour-scheme ("everything in it blue, or white, or both") wherein Miss Ailie, years and years ago, kept the Hanky School at 'Thrums and listened with delicious shame to a certain Tommy reading gloatingly borrowed love-stories full of Words We Have No Concern With? To be sure it is! And Miss Phœbe's curls? Are Miss Kitty's, of course! And Patty the maid? Dagont, its Gavinia! And Patty's follower?—Corp himsel', by all that's michty, disguised as an English sergeant! The whole thing is a rally of *revenants*. It reminds us of the old doings in the Den. And not from one book alone do the figures come trooping; nor do they shrink from exchanging characteristics. Miss Susan, to put us off, employs a trick of Tammas Haggart's. Livvy is really only Timothy. The little boy who weeps bitterly because Miss Phœbe has not caned him is borrowing beforehand one of the deeds of little David. The large S chalked on Georgy's tiny waistcoat may remind us, with one wriggle, of Mr. Cathro branding Tommy—but it curls its other tail towards a "Little Mary." Phœbe herself is pure Grizel when she cries "Oh you *sweet!*"—but she is Babbie when she works bright mischief at the Ball. It is a masked meeting of characters dead and unborn, a *bal masqué* of bygones and about-to-be's. . . .

* "Quality Street." A Comedy in Four Acts, by Sir J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

And those who can see this, see something more. They understand why this assemblage is convened. The thing is a conspiracy, the blue-and-white room a dark rendezvous: creeping together so cunningly, with their false names and swapped noses, these characters are here to hatch a plot. They state loudly that the year is 1815. It is really a second and subtler '45. They all talk ostentatiously of the defeat of Napoleon. It is just to drown the fact that England is in peril. A Scotch raid is in progress, unconscious London is threatened, and this demure dames-school in the shires, apparently so innocent, is an ambush where the ring-leader gathers his forces and perfects his final preparations.

"Quality Street," in other words, is part of the Great North Road, half-way between Thrums and Kensington Gardens. And down it, accordingly, the discerning eye detects, with a thrill, a small shy figure pounding determinedly south. The figure's name does not appear among the dramatis personæ. But there is a certain light in his eye that betrays him. It is the author of "Sentimental Tommy" rushing to write "The Little White Bird." Like his famous hero, he has once more "found a way."

Miss Fanny is reading aloud from a library book while the others sew or knit.

From "Quality Street," by Sir J. M. Barrie.
Reproduced from one of Hugh Thomson's colour Illustrations.

II

It is a fascinating thing, this progress of Tommy—I mean Barrie: the way he has diffidently (but oh how obstinately!) worked and wriggled along his form until at length he reached his proper place. The fashionable thing to say about him now is that he has "never grown up." But this, though intended for praise, is a terribly tame version of the actual process which lies behind his career. The amazing thing about him is that he *has* grown, grown incessantly; but that instead of growing up, he has grown down. His case is one like Alice's. When first he set his easel up on the banks of the Quharity, his intention was to paint the simple truth; if the reader will glance back at his earliest canvases, the opening studies in "Auld Licht Idylls," he will see that their manner is the circumstantial one of Galt, with perhaps a touch of the Thoreau of "The Winter's Walk," and just a trace of the truthful Stevenson of "Pastoral." They are not "idylls" at all; the word was used ironically: the artist's idea was to show us, with a dogged Dutch fidelity, the dour reality of our sentimentalised Arcadia. He would bring out the slowness of these weavers—their ludicrous love-making; he would paint "the dull vacant faces" of the Tammas Haggarts and Pete Lunans as pitilessly as any Degas drawing washerwomen. And then, suddenly, came a change. Tammas began to grow eldritch. Pete became a quaint gnome. Gnarled idiosyncrasies sprouted, the stolid features swelled or shrunk; Thrums grew into a goblin market, all quirks and wynds and cobbles, its weavers were a race of hob-nailed elves. "As unlooked for as a telegram" owns Barrie himself, somewhere in "Margaret Ogilvy," "there came to me the thought that there was something quaint about my native place. A boy who had found a knife in his pocket could not have been more surprised." That expresses perfectly the suddenness—but not the nature of the impulse. What he found in his pocket wasn't a knife. It was a little bottle labelled DRINK ME in large letters, and containing a philtre with the somewhat remarkable flavour of mixed cherry tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee and hot buttered toast. And standing there, on the bank of the Quharity, he drained it desperately, and at once began to shrink. He sped downwards like a stalactite, till he pierced the surface of the pool; and there he was, safe at last, beside his own reflection, in the mimic world of make-believe, so wanton and so wee, which had caught his eye and winked at him as he stood a-painting in the upper world and felt a sudden sinking of the heart. He had dived.

Now, why did he dive? Because he feared sentiment. And why did he fear sentiment? Because he was a Scot. Now, do not misunderstand this; do not take it to mean that he shrank from sentiment because, as a Scot, he hated it. It was the opposite of that. Barrie feared sentiment because, as a Scotchman, he loved the seductive thing too well. Ours is a queer country. Caresses being rare in it, we gloat furtively over the idea of them. Prettiness and daintiness seldom

appearing among our lean, naked hills, we write passionate poems about tiny daisies and gemmy-eyed fieldmice. Endearments and graces which you think nothing of in the South, making free with them, with wondrous hardihood, every day, are always invested for us with a dark, dreadful deliciousness; the suppressed love of tenderness, felt by every human heart, is made feverish by the fascination of the forbidden; and there is a really close connection between the numbers of Lowland chance children, the way our Burnses treat their Jeans, and the way Barrie makes his Grizel rock her arms in an ecstasy and cry out constantly, "Oh, you *sweet!*" Denied the use of these dear diminutives in her dour daily life, Scotland makes her poets use them for her; the Barrie's and the Burnses are urchins whom she sends to rob the orchard, so that she may be emotional by proxy, with a queer vicarious voluptuousness, watching them munching the forbidden fruit shamelessly, full in the world's face, all day long. And Barrie felt the impulse. He let his pen indulge. After he had been writing for a while, he began to let himself go; he wallowed in Words We Have No Concern With and turned the tears on and off insatiably, like a lad who sees taps for the first time. He even set Lang Tammas greeting: "his mouth worked convulsively, and he sobbed, crying, 'Nobody kent it, but mair than mortal son, O God, did I love the lad'"—the lad being his parish minister. You southerners felt uneasy—and indeed you had some cause. Mr. Arnold Bennett lifted up his voice and spoke in public of "that excessively profitable lump of sweet-stuff The Little Minister." Its author's case was critical. We were reminded, a minute ago, of Dominie Cathro branding Tommy. Destiny seemed to be on the point of doing the same to Barrie, marking his forehead with the fatal sign S.B. It was the approach of the dread finger that drove Barrie to his bottle. He drank—he shrank—he ducked—he disappeared. He left reality behind him and leaped into the land where he could satisfy his wicked craving without shame—the land where prettiness is proper and make-believe is truth, where the official language is entirely formed of Words We Have No Concern With, and a kiss is no more thought of than—a thimble.

Miss Phoebe is giving a dancing lesson to half a dozen pupils, and is doing her very best.

From "Quality Street," by Sir J. M. Barrie.
Reproduced from one of Hugh Thomson's colour illustrations.

III.

Into all Barrie's travels and adventures in this Never-Never-Land of elvishness we must not enter now: our concern to-day being with that particular part of the journey which led him at last up into Quality Street. He had a glorious time down there—yet I would have you think of him, throughout it all, as longing, longing, as wistfully as any other human soul astray in fairyland, for some means of getting back to mortal ways. He had got separated from his earthly shadow—which had by now gone up to London: he wanted his art to join his body there, and endless were the dodges he employed to coax his cunning to go back to common earth. One of the best was on the day when he persuaded his mother to come to the edge of his pool and look down. When the reflection of her face touched his art, it gave a leap and lived gloriously in the upper sunlight for a little. We call that moment "Margaret Ogilvy," and still regard it as one of the noblest of his books. Another device consisted of selecting some Thrums character, one with whom his art was already familiar, and then craftily sending that character off by train to London. This was done with Rob Angus, the Thrums millwright's lad (the full account of it is in "When a Man's Single."). But, no—the art wouldn't follow. It would only consent to join Rob's story when the characters turned impish—in Noble Simms' room, for instance beneath that Japanese umbrella; or among the mad members of The Wigwam. From all the others, the real grown-ups—Colonel Abinger, Sir Clement Dowton, Miss Meredith—his skill held obstinately aloof. Either that, or, making an effort, it would start playing with them sentimentally, in the old wicked way, until it had to be called off in terror, hastily dosed with Alice's mixture, and set to some absurdity, so as to pass off those excesses with a laugh.

Well, we know now, of course, that there was only one way of escape from his underworld—and that was up through the crystal lid of the Round Pond. He could only be allowed to enter real life again if he consented to come companioned and guarded by babies; he had to steal into our world at that extremest verge of it, on the very borders Elfland, where everything is actually quaint and sweet aud small already—the houses doll's houses, the mortals all wee,—where Grizel could rock her arms and smile her crooked smile, and run no risk of being rebuked by Arnold Bennetts.

But until the day he found that out, Barrie made few happier guesses than the one that brought him bobbing up in Phœbe's school-room. The idea will be evident. It was a kind of back-stairs. He would creep into England through an unguarded postern, through an entrance a hundred years old; and then, having accustomed his forces to 1815, would creep down the years towards To-day. Many reasons made the ruse a good one. When he wrote full-grown modern English, the critics complained it was stilted. Well, in Georgian days, seemingly, words always walked on little stilts; and so his own would pass muster there perfectly. Then, again, there was the school-room—and he had already begun to feel that his art got on oddly well with youngsters. And, finally, there were all the darling quirks of decorum and costume—the ringlets and crinolines—the curtsies and the chintz—the Whimsy cakes, pattens, and blue-and-white porcelain-toys: and treasures no fairy-bred art could resist, and no mere mortal-bred art use so well.

Small wonder, then, that Quality Street, though it proved in part a *cul de sac*, made his genius feel perfectly at home. He had to retreat from it, ultimately take to his mines again, extend his subterranean galleries till they stretched beneath Kensington and he could drive a shaft up into the unprotected Gardens after closing-time, instead of clattering into London (as once he had hoped) along the Great North Road of high romance. But he learned a lot while he was there, his pen acquired many graces, taking lessons in deportment from Phœbe—improving on the Hanky School code, generally preparing itself, unconsciously, for that great and glorious day when it would be entrusted with the tender character of little David. And it was very happy: you can see that for yourself. In and out the little houses, in and out Miss Phœbe's curls, in and out the *vastly's* and *devoutly's*, the *quizzings* and the *'twas's*, it darts and struts and tumbles with the utmost zest and cunning. Nor, given such an opportunity, did it fail, you may be sure, to play its master's favourite game of Lost Identities. You know that game, of course? It is played in all Barrie's books. Somebody pretends to be somebody else, or pretends that nobody is somebody—with the result that there is always an alter ego wandering round, an invisible Being that has got to be dodged or scotched or swallowed or squareed. It was playing this game so hard that made Captain Hook's voice (if you remember) so remarkably like Wendy's father's. It was over this game that Miss Irene Vanburgh, in "Rosalind," doubled her charms by being two people at once. Little Mary. Timothy. Tink-a-Bell. Stroke. Beings, alter-ego's, every one. William Paterson. Benjamin. "My Brother Henry." The wistful little girl in Grizel's mirror. And now, here in Quality Street, Miss Livvy.

It would be strange indeed if such a predilection did not betoken something deeper—and readers of the old school well know that it does. They have always realised that, long ago, at the outset of his career, Barrie's own character split into two—the one half making fun of the pomps and claims of authorship, refusing to take writing books seriously,—while the other, who could not but regard books with awe, stayed in actuality, and gravely dreamed of lasting fame. To and fro behind his sentences these two have always chased and tussled; and the game of Lost Identities is but the shadow-show they cast. Sometimes the solemn artist holds the stage defiantly; oftener the other ego pops up and makes him laugh; sometimes the small mocker, weary of make-believe, can be heard pattering through the pages crying wistfully for his brother. But whether they meet, or whether they greet, or whether they suddenly appear simultaneously in a scene like the last uncanny tableau in "Petrouchka," our affectionate absorption never fails. One book delights us because the elf tried to spoil it, another because the author was in form; and "Quality Street" will always be remembered by us gratefully because it was there that the two found a mutual domain, and lived happily for a little side by side.

I would not sleep to-night if I ended without thanking Mr. Hugh Thomson for his perfect pictures of this enchanted rendezvous. Henceforward I am going to call him Maister Tamson—for I feel certain (it never occurred to me before) that he, too, must be a Scot. No one but a Scotchman could have dwelt with such chuckling delight on the twinkling oddities of eighteenth-century English architecture—on its plump-stomached window-panes and fairy-tale eaves and the endearing demureness of its indoor spinets and samplers. He felt like a "foreigner at home" there, and the result is both faithful and impish; it is beautiful, yet it all has a comical cast; it is realistic, yet deliciously rum. By the time this note appears "Quality Street" will be on the boards again. What it looks like there, I do not know. But I feel jealously certain, none the less, that, between boards it is vastly better. No stage-carpenter on earth could make properties like Mr. Tamson's—not even Miss Vanburgh deceive us like his Livvy.

THOMAS HARDY.*

By JOHN BAILEY.

WHY is Mr. Hardy incomparably the greatest of living English novelists? Many answers might be given to that question, but one is enough. He is great, no doubt, because he is a great artist, with an artist's instinct for design and proportion; and he is great because he is a master of the English language; but his most indisputable title to rank above all living rivals lies in the fact that what he gives us in his novels is always, or almost always, truth seen in the light of poetry, not realism seen in the light of the fashion or scandal, the social or political propaganda of the hour. He is never a High Churchman or a Low Churchman, never a Christian apologist nor, with occasional unfortunate exceptions, an anti-Christian controversialist. So in political matters. A Conservative may feel that Mr. Hardy is a Radical. But his Radicalism is just one of the two eternal halves of the eternal whole of the human being in the sphere of politics; it is a thing, one may almost say, of all time and existence; not a thing that cannot open its mouth without declaiming about the wages question, or the woman's question, or the problem of the birth-rate; in fact, not journalism, but poetry. He has always been a man of much more than his own generation, caring about things that no single generation can claim for its exclusive property. His theme has mainly been man in the most universal and elemental phase of his existence; the peasant still living, face to face with nature, the life of primitive needs, fears, hopes, loves; man and woman, in naked simplicity, under the sun and the stars, as they have lived winter after summer and summer after winter for a thousand years. This is what he had seen with his own eyes in his own country, and he has had the imaginative power to divine in it what belongs to all countries and all ages. That, above all the rest, is the true secret of his greatness.

The edition, of which the present volume makes the eighteenth of those given to prose, is proof enough, if proof were needed, that this greatness is recognised not only by the critics, but by the public. Probably there is not one of these stories which had a tithe of the sale at its first appearance that several novels of this autumn have already had. But few are the popular novels, we are told by publishers, that are still being sold after six months; fewer still, almost none, after a year. Those who serve the moment have the reward of the moment; but there are no collected editions of their work. That is reserved for those whose imagination makes it impossible for them to live only in the present, and who write the English of the great tradition, untainted by the slang or journalism of the hour. And of these the greatest to-day is the author of the twenty-one volumes which make up the Wessex Edition of the works of Thomas Hardy.

"A Changed Man" is the latest of these, and is added, as the author's prefatory note says, to make "a dozen minor novels" accessible to buyers of the complete edition of the works. No one will pretend that Mr. Hardy is seen at his finest in any of them. They vary in length from the twelve pages of "The Duke's Reappearance," a legend of Monmouth, to the hundred and more of "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," where truth and Wessex are strangely invaded by a fantastic foreign Baron of Meredithian parentage. Most of them appear to have been written some time ago, and none shows the power of the master as we know it in "The Woodlanders" or "The Return of the Native." In them, as in all the great novels and dramas of all nations, it is character above all things which is destiny. The incalculable wilfulnesses of Fate are, it is true, for ever surprising us with unexpected windfalls and undeserved disasters. But, with Agamemnon and Lear, with Maggie Tulliver and Bathsheba Everdene, we feel that, however inscrutably Fate may have overloaded the balance of justice, yet it remains true that the suffering is not a wholly unnatural result of the character.

> "Passions spin the plot.
> We are betrayed by what is false within."

A different Maggie would not have gone to Mudport; a different Bathsheba would not have married Troy. But in many of the stories collected in this volume the caprice of accident plays so large a part that there is little left to be played by the men and women. And, after all, men and

Photo by Clive Holland. **Mr. Thomas Hardy.**

* "A Changed Man, The Waiting Supper, and other Tales," concluding with "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid." By Thomas Hardy. 6s. (Macmillan.)

women, not chance or accident, are the stuff of drama.

Still, with all their defects, most of the stories, and especially the finest, "The Waiting Supper," are such as only Mr. Hardy could have written. Some of their unconvincing improbabilities are to be excused by an atmosphere of comedy, which has always allowed itself the help of the unlikeliest accidents to work out its ends. So the Baron and the Ball and the bedside-wedding may pass as part of fantastic comedy's legitimate stock-in-trade. Those that cannot make that excuse—like the conversion in "A Changed Man"—must do the best they can with the plea that they occur in short stories which the author expressly reprints only "for what they may be worth." But the "Changed Man" will make many people ask themselves why conversions seem never to prove convincing, whether they come from Mr. Masefield or Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, or even Mr. Hardy? Is it because, as Aristotle thought, imaginative literature deals, not with what happens, but with what ought in all reasonable probability to happen? Great sinners do, in fact, occasionally become great saints: we all know it: but we cannot see the process of it, and we never cease to be surprised at it. There lies the difference between life and art; art deals with events which surprise us when they happen, but after they have happened seem part of the inevitable course of things.

One thing which everyone who thinks of reading the book will be glad to hear is that nearly all the stories belong to Wessex. The only one which does not—"Alicia's Diary"—is certainly the poorest in the collection, probably for the reason that people who are "well to do' and spend their time at Versailles, have placed a double wall between themselves and Mr. Hardy's imagination. The rest are more or less intimately Wessex. The scene of one, the melodramatic and improbable "Committee Man of the Terror," is laid at the Weymouth of George III. Another, the pleasant comedy of "A Mere Interlude," belongs to the Scilly Islands. It ends with an agreeable stroke of justice as conceived by comedy. But the best things are those that are the purest Wessex. All the Milkmaid, for instance, except the "fine-framed, dark-moustachioed gentleman" who is found in his garden meditating suicide in a dressing-gown and slippers at six o'clock in the morning, belongs to that familiar and delightful world; and he, perhaps, matters the less because he belongs to no world at all. Still more entirely inside the charmed circle, except for a rather melodramatic Duke and Duchess, is "What the Shepherd Saw" one moonlight night, near the Devil's Door on Marlbury Downs. "I be an old man, and there's old men that deserve well of the world"; we know where we are, and in whose hands, when we read that, and we have no wish to be anywhere else. So again, "The Grave by the Handpost," a bit of irony mainly comic, is pure Wessex and pure Hardy, as is also "Enter a Dragoon," where the irony is less tragic than comic. "Here's his son's letter. 'Twas found in his father's pocket. You can see by the state o't how many times he read it over. Howsomever, the Lord's will be done, since it must, whether or no." The Shakesperian certainty of that belongs to Mr. Hardy and to no one else to-day. He and he alone has been able to take a piece of our actual world, and, passing it through the crucible of his imagination, reproduce it as a thing real and eternal; so that, though we know nothing of the actual experience on which all is founded, we have the most undoubting assurance that the men and women of the books could by no possibility speak or act in a way different to that in which we see them act and speak. The only possible contemporary rivals to the peasants of Wessex are perhaps Mr. Kipling's private soldiers. However little we know of the barrack-room, we are for the moment as sure of them as we are of Gabriel Oak. But does not the actuality in them overweight the poetry? Are they not a little too much of their own generation? Will they be as alive a hundred years hence as they are now? But Gabriel Oak will; he belongs to all generations, and is above all accidents of time and place.

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON.*

By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.

"THE Life of Francis Thompson," by Everard Meynell, is a book to be welcomed with sincere gratitude. It gives us the one authoritative account of the great poet's perplexed and difficult life. In a sense we do not need it. The true expression of the man is secured in immortal verse. Nor does he need to be vindicated against accusers as has been the hapless lot of many in similar case. No one has brought charges against Francis Thompson. The biographer does not need to be an advocate. He has the facts to tell us, and they speak for themselves, so that his own tranquil and merciful view of the fallings and risings in Thompson's career will be accepted by all readers. While Mr. Meynell's style is generally to be commended for its reserve and self-command, there are passages which do not yield their significance to a first reading. This obscurity was perhaps unavoidable. A life like Thompson's raises problems to which there is no easy answer—to which perhaps there is no answer at all.

In the early chapters we are told of his birth at Preston in 1859. He was the son of a medical man in that town, and his parents had become converts to the Roman Catholic Church. He was sent in due course to Ushaw to prepare for the priesthood. Lafcadio Hearn had been before him, and Henry Patmore, who lived to write some exquisite things, was his companion. He was a delicate, melancholy, book-loving boy, much engrossed in his own spiritual welfare. But his absent-mindedness and a certain curious indolence which made him "always behind-hand with punctual eve and in trouble with strict noon," disqualified him for the service of the Church. He was sent to Owen's College at Manchester to learn

* "The Life of Francis Thompson." By Everard Meynell. 15s. net. (Burns & Oates.)

Francis Thompson : The Life Mask
1905

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON
By Everard Meynell
(*Burns and Oates, Ltd.*)

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

medicine, but he did not attend classes and could not pass examinations. His mother had given him a copy of De Quincey's Confessions, and Thompson took to opium. He maintained, and his biographer partly agrees, that the effects of opium on his constitution were not wholly disastrous. On the other hand, opium is responsible for much of the misery and powerlessness of his later life. He had another chance at Glasgow with similar results; he enlisted in the army; and in no long time he was on the pavements of Oxford Street, without money, without friends, working at a boot-black stand and as a message-boy, as a seller of matches, living vacant and desperate days, poorly consoled by his nightly doses of opium. The way was stony and sore to the feet, but he was not without helpers, one in particular:

She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest, tender thing!
And of her own scant pittance did she give,
That I might eat and live.

But the availing succour was found in 1887, when he sent his manuscripts to Alice and Wilfrid Meynell. He said: "I was myself virtually his pupil, and his wife's long before I knew him. He has in my opinion—an opinion of long standing—done more than any man of these latter days to educate the Catholic literary opinion." Here may be noted the singular and almost unique patience of Francis Thompson. He is not the first man of genius who fell into wild ways of living, but these did not lead him to hate and abuse his fellow-men. The natural revolt that is stirred by the sense of neglected merit, and the sight of good fortune, falling to the lot of the despicable, is hardly to be traced in the record of Thompson's experiences. He was not tormented as Savage and Poe were tormented by a burning sense of injustice. He remained lovable in the severest trials, and notwithstanding his weaknesses those who really knew him were convinced that in the end he was a good man, though never wholly victorious over his temptations, and never settling down quite steadfastly into a happy mode of living.

He was most fortunate in the friends who afterwards and to the last did their very utmost to protect and regulate his life. They perceived that he was essentially a Catholic mystic. It was necessary for him to do his share of drudgery, but this came in a comparatively easy way—the writing of reviews for *The Academy* and *The Athenæum*. This, however, was not his true business. He did it as well as most, and in his essay on Shelley he produced prose that will stand with his poetry. But I cannot think that he really possessed the faculty of writing musical prose. Perhaps this gift is born and not acquired by labour and study, however it may be improved.

Mr. Everard Meynell recounts the years during which Thompson bled and wrote for mankind. His full recognition arrived somewhat tardily, but it was sure from the first. The immediate verdict that matters is the verdict of the few. He had the Meynells and Coventry Patmore, and the splendid appreciation, as it is justly called here, by Mr. Garvin in THE BOOKMAN of March, 1897, and before the end came he was numbered with his true peers. Hardly once in a hundred years do we find the fire, the stress, the unction along with the personal religious simplicity, which place a man among the supreme Catholic poets. He was a dreamer to the end. Conversation was an almost impossible effort to him. He had no possessions, and he had no home. "All that he left at his death was a tin box of refuse—pipes that would not draw, unopened letters, a spirit lamp without wick, pens that would not write. . . At no time did he possess a bookcase, nor sufficient books to crowd the slenderest shelf." He lived till 1907, but wrote no poems for years before. His magnificent work was done, and it may well be that no substantial addition was possible. In the pages he has left behind him we have enough. He did not live till the glories of his style developed into tricks or hardened into mannerism.

Francis Thompson.

From a drawing by the Hon. Neville Lytton. October, 1907.
From "Life of Francis Thompson" by Everard Meynell (Burns & Oates).

One word must be said about the ever-to-be-remembered friendship between Thompson and W. M. and A. M. W. M.'s countless benefactions, endless patience and genial counsel were not the easy gifts of a millionaire. Of A.M. what shall we say? It is told in the memoir of Sister Dora that one night a fine healthy young man was brought into the hospital with his arm torn by a machine, and the doctor said it must be amputated at once. Sister Dora declared she could save it if he would let her try. He told her she was mad, but if she chose to be responsible she must have her way. She did save the arm which was always thenceforth called "Sister's arm." Years after when she was very ill the young man walked over every Sunday eleven miles to ask for her. When the servant answered his vigorous pull at the hospital bell, he asked "How's Sister?" and having got his answer said "Tell her that it is *her* arm that rang the bell." It was A. M.'s arm that rang the golden bell.

MR. KIPLING'S VERSES.*

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

ANYONE might have guessed, though I know of no one who did, that the snatch of song in "Puck of Pook's Hill," beginning "When I left Rome for Lalage's sake," must have a context and a continuation; it was impossible that Mr. Kipling, having made so happy a beginning, should break off where the Centurion did and leave it incomplete. All these years the full version of it has lain "among his papers"; it appears at last in a volume which has strangely the air of having been compiled by a literary executor rather than by Mr. Kipling himself. As the prefatory note states, the volume contains practically all the verses and chapter-headings scattered through Mr. Kipling's books, and among them are some which, one feels, might have been suffered to remain unresurrected, if only for the sake of the poor figure they make in company with his more recent and felicitous work. For an example, "The Sack of the Gods," from "The Naulahka," belongs to those dark ages in which Mr. Kipling could write:

"Dust of the stars was under our feet, glitter of stars above—
Wrecks of our wrath dropped reeling down as we fought and we spurned and we strove.
Worlds upon worlds we tossed aside, and scattered them to and fro,
The night that we stormed Valhalla, a million years ago!"

Mr. Kipling's later books, notably "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards of Fairies," have been the occasion of much verse; most of it is fine and the best is above praise. Here Mr. Kipling's patriotism is mellowed to a genuine and very beautiful love of England, the very earth of her fabric and the green upon the face of her. His wonderful knack of knowledge, which before now has evidenced itself in a rather noticeable omniscience, softens itself to a wise and sympathetic comprehension of life as it is shaped and guided by its environment of downland and sea-shore. It is not only that he knows the mere history of the south country, with names and dates in singular completeness; he knows, and tells with ecstasy, what the south country folk say and think and feel; he can convey into his verse the melody that is in the Kent and Sussex tongue. In "A Three-Part Song," he makes, not for the first time, his confession:

"I've buried my heart in a ferny hill,
Twix' a liddle low shaw an' a great high gill.
Oh hop-bine yaller an' wood-smoke blue,
I reckon you'll keep her middling true!

I've given my soul to the Southdown grass,
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
Oh Firle an' Ditchling an' sails at sea,
I reckon you keep my soul for me!"

What is peculiar to Mr. Kipling's manner of seeing things—and certainly his readers are the richer for it—is the fact that he has apparently not taken either the little low shaw nor the great high gill at their mere face value; he is very much aware that they were there long ago and served in their time as scenery to great or little drama. That appears even more clearly in "Puck's Song":

"See you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar.

See you the dimpled track that runs
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you our stilly woods of oak
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died."

The poems which are antiquarian, whether in their setting or their subject, are in general admirable. "Eddi's Service," "A Smuggler's Song," "A St. Helena Lullaby," "Brookland Road," "Cold Iron," "The Looking-Glass," and "Poor Honest Men," show the author at his strongest, in that fortunate vein which appeals with an equal sureness to both adults and children. I had hoped to find, among verses which appeared in the first place singly and are here completed, a fragment which promised to be a worthy companion to "A Smuggler's Song"—I mean "Telscombe Tye" from "Brother Squaretoes":

"The moon she shined on Telscombe Tye,
On Telscombe Tye at night it was.
She saw the smugglers riding by,
A very pretty sight it was.

Three Dunkirk boats was standing in—"

And there it ended; and there, apparently, it is to end. A pity!

It is noteworthy that Mr. Kipling, when he writes prose, has only one manner; but when he writes verse, he has many. I have enumerated above several poems of real charm which illustrate most happily one side of his talent; in such poems as "The Way through the Woods" and "A Charm," he shows another facet of it. Versatility in any art is a dangerous quality, if only that it engenders the suspicion of critics; but there is more than versatility in the gift that enables Mr. Kipling to turn from writing his delightful "Smuggler's Song" to sing his "Cuckoo Song" or prescribe "A Charm" such as this:

"Take of English flowers these—
Spring's full-facèd primroses,
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,
Autumn's wall-flower of the close,
And, thy darkness to illume,
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.
Seek and serve them where they bide
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide.
For these simples, used aright,
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify
Webbed and inward-turning eye;
These shall show thee treasure hid,
Thy familiar fields amid;
And reveal (which is thy need)
Every man a King indeed.

* "Songs from Books." By Rudyard Kipling. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The wide circle of Mr. Kipling's readers and admirers will welcome this book, and not the less cordially because it sounds echoes from the days of the "Plain Tales." Much that it contains is slight and unimportant; a little is actually poor; the rest is so excellent that it should have had a volume to itself, to take its place on one's shelves at the tail of the Kipling row which can never lengthen too rapidly.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

IF there be one man, since St. Francis of Assisi, whom all the kindreds of the wild have cause to bless, it is Ernest Thompson Seton. It is he who is chiefly responsible for the vogue of the modern "Animal Story." The effect of the modern animal story has been to persuade people that the wild creatures are of interest in their personalities, in their psychology, and not merely as things to be shot or put in shows. This has resulted in a more sympathetic and understandingly humane attitude toward our inarticulate kin.

When I credit the vogue of the modern animal story to Ernest Seton, I am not unmindful, needless to say, of the inimitable Mowgli. But those unrivalled creations of Kipling's are, obviously, of quite another species. They derive from the old fabliaux and from the folk-lore tales. Their natural history may be sound enough, as far as it goes, but it is incidental, and concerns us only so far as it helps along the story. The tales of Seton and his disciples, on the other hand, derive directly from the work of such close and loving observers of nature as Richard Jeffries and John Burroughs. They aim to present carefully observed fact. But to give it wider currency and more concrete personal interest, they present it in the form of fiction. They individualise the bird, beast, fish, or insect with which they deal. But, unlike the old fabliaux and their kind, they are careful not to humanise their subjects. They are either fragments of animal biography, or they are formally developed *nouvelles*, each with a central figure, about which gather the experiences which observation has shown appropriate to its kind. On the material side, such nature stories are fact disguised as fiction.

But there is another side to these stories, and it is the pre-eminently distinctive side. They aim above all to get at the psychology of their subjects. They are not content to deal with the skins of the wild creatures, but they seek to get inside those skins. From observed actions they strive to deduce motives and emotions. They are based on the conviction—shared by practically all experienced hunters and successful keepers or tamers of animals, and denied chiefly by closet theorisers—that there *is* an animal psychology. The old animal stories, if they went beyond mere external incident or adventure, simply humanised their subjects, ascribing emotions and motives that would be proper, in like circumstances, to human beings. Seton has taught us to expect, in the animal story, a psychology immeasurably simpler, to be sure, than that of man, a psychology to the last degree limited, indeed, but none the less real and worthy of investigation. He spurns the theory that all animal life below the human plane is the blind and helpless slave of reflex action.

As spokesman of the inarticulate kindreds, Ernest Seton is uniquely qualified. He approaches them from so many points. He knows them in so many ways. And he is untainted by that excess of sentimentality towards them which too often perverts the view of the sympathetic nature-lover. As a country boy in Canada he began their acquaintance very early, and found it so much to his taste that he has been following it up and extending it diligently ever since. He is an expert with gun, trap, and camera. Cunning as an Indian to unravel the tangled trails, and patient as a lynx in watching, he has been able to spy upon the wild things when they least suspected it, and so get at the intimate side of their lives. He has *seen* more than other men. And he has seen with such discriminating, accurate, and conscientious eyes, that

"They all rushed under it like a lot of little pigs."
From "The Autobiography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Thompson Seton.

I should be inclined to doubt the evidence of my own eyes, if I found it conflicting with that of his. I might, perhaps, join issue with him in a matter of the psychology at work behind the facts; but as to the facts themselves, gathered by his own observation, I would never regard them as open to question.

Having gained, as hunter and naturalist, so close an acquaintance with the creatures of the wilderness, Seton's first thought was to depict them as a painter, as a draughtsman. In the classrooms of the Royal Academy he trained his native aptitude for the brush and the pencil, and became a skilful artist—needless to say, not of the Post-Impressionist school. There is never any likelihood, for instance, of one of Seton's grizzlies being mistaken for a view of St. Paul's in a rainy sunrise. The product of his pencil is always so definitely and distinctively what it sets out to be, that the most austere of scientific naturalists may accept it as a label. At the same time we nature-lovers, who care more about the personal characteristics of a beast than about the number and configuration of his molars, are given that intimate individual touch which we are always seeking.

Photo by John Fossum. **Bull Elk Charging.**
From "Wild Animals at Home," the new book by Ernest Thompson Seton, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing this month.

But when Ernest Seton undertook to convey his rich knowledge and fine enthusiasm, he found he had much more to say than brush and pencil could express. His own pictures drove him to writing about them. With the true instinct of the story-teller, his funds of authentic and verified material fall naturally into the form of fiction. The result was that fresh, vital book, "Wild Animals I Have Known." To the credit of the popular taste be it said, this pre-eminently sane and convincing book won instantly a success as emphatic as that of the most sensational novel. It was no mere "boom" success, however, but an enduring one. His other books in the same vein drove home the triumph; and the modern Nature tale was established in a popularity which neither travesty nor attack has been able to undermine.

Photo by E. T. Seton. **Gray Wolf.**
From Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's new book "Wild Animals at Home."

But to the temperament of this vigorous nature-lover even the pen and the pencil together did not seem to offer outlet enough. He had mimetic and dramatic faculty, a powerful and flexible voice accustomed to carrying across the wooded valleys, and the gift of telling a story vividly beside the camp-fire. These gifts he impressed to the task of interpreting his shy wilderness friends to the public. He went on the lecture platform; and hundreds of thousands who had been left cold by the printed page were reached and roused to interest by his magnetic personality. With his tall, lithe form, sinewy from much following of the trails, his lean and swarthy face, his wavy black hair worn rather longer than convention prescribes, his dark and watchful eyes, his head held somewhat up as if to sniff the air and search the hillsides, he looks his part as interpreter of the wilds. And when he adds to the convincing force of his narration his amazingly accurate mimicries, reproducing the calls of the beasts, the pipings and the cries of birds, the spell is so strong that the lights and the intent audience fade away, and once more one goes furtively with alert eyes and restrained breath, through the transparent but confusing shadows of the ancient forest.

In this brief note I have concerned myself excusively with Seton's work as interpreter of the animal world to the world of men. Because of this work of his, men everywhere are growing more considerate of their feathered or four-foot kin. But his wholesome activities are by no means limited to this one field, broad as it is. Himself incorrigibly a boy, his understanding of boys and his enthusiasm about them led him to a novel venture. He bethought him that innate in the heart of the natural boy was the desire to play Indian. He felt—and I think most of us will agree with him—that the boy could hardly be better employed, when not learning arithmetic and Latin verbs. Upon this theory he founded the "Seton Indians," an organisation to promote the art of "camping out," to spread the cult

of wild life. It taught scouting, trailing, swimming, canoeing, and courage, insight, truth, endurance. It found its material wherever boys were boys. It spread; and it formed the foundation of one of the most virile and admirable movements of modern days—the Boy Scout movement—of which, in America, Seton is naturally the inspiring influence. When the effect of this movement begins to manifest itself, as it must, in the finer, more unselfish, and more robust ideals of manhood of the generation now maturing, it seems to me that the kindreds of men, no less than the kindreds of the wild, will have reason to be grateful to Ernest Seton.

THE COLOUR OF CHRISTMAS.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE NEW GIFT BOOKS.

By A. St. John Adcock.

STRICTLY speaking, every good book is a Christmas Book. For example, here is the new complete edition of Tennyson,[1] edited with a memoir by Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and annotated with the poet's own notes; and here, too, are the Oxford Press Shakespeare[2], illustrated with three portraits and numerous black-and-white reproductions of famous paintings; and an excellent and marvellously cheap re-issue of Mr. Wheatley's edition of Pepy's Diary[3], in eight volumes—the only satisfactory edition yet published of one of the most curiously fascinating Diaries ever written. Who that cares for books could wish, at any time of the year, for better gifts than these? Nevertheless, it has come about by a sort of natural evolution in the publishing world that there is a special type of volume which is regarded as the essentially Christmas Book. It may be an old book with new illustrations; or old illustrations with a new book written about them; or both book and pictures may be new. But it must be tastefully bound; beautifully produced; the illustrations must have real artistic value, and for preference they must be printed in colour. Every Christmas offers such books to us in such rich plenty that we who are general readers are touched for the time with Stevensonian bliss and move through our book-world feeling it is so full of a number of things that we ought to be—and probably we are—as happy as kings. For there is not only beauty to choose from, there is such an almost bewildering variety of it, that it is impossible to believe there exists a man of such unique taste in literature that no one among this multitude of Christmas books can appeal to him and give him pleasure. The most studious, serious-minded person must at least be delighted with the British Empire Universities Modern English Dictionary[4], with its coloured plates and monotones, its duograph charts and maps. In addition to its enormous list of words and definitions, it furnishes special glossaries by sporting and other experts, articles on "Great English Writers," by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch," on "Versification and Prosody," by Professor Saintsbury, on "The Origin and History of Dictionaries," by Dr. Foster Watson, on "The Dictionary as an Educational Factor," by Sir James Yoxall, on the Origin and Development of the English language, on the British Empire, and on divers others subjects—all which serve to make it at once a work of reference and a book you can read for pleasure as well as instruction. After all, though, who can with safety say that a Dictionary is best suited to the most studious of readers, when obviously it is the least studious that are most in need of it? On the same principal I would not recommend this sumptuous and finely illustrated edition of Mr. E. V. Lucas's already classical anthology, "The

Cymbeline.

From "The Complete Works of Shakespeare," Illustrated (Oxford Press).

ACT III. SCENE VI. *Wales. Before the Cave of Belarius.*

Imogen (in boy's clothes). . . . Ho! Who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.

[1] "The Works of Tennyson." With Notes by the Author. Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

[2] "The Complete Works of Shakespeare." Edited, with glossary, by W. J. Craig. 4s. 6d. net. (Oxford Press.)

[3] "The Diary of Samuel Pepys." Edited, with additions, by Henry B. Wheatley. 8 Vols. 5s. net each. (G. Bell & Sons.)

[4] "The British Empire Universities Modern English Dictionary." 20s. (Syndicate Publishing Co.).

Open Road,"[5] exclusively or even especially to those who love the broad highway and the wind on the heath. In its earlier form it was in every sense "a book for wayfarers," as Mr. Lucas calls it, but no wayfarer could fit this splendidly large volume into his pocket, for it is as big as a knapsack, which is a just recognition that it is not meant for the carnal tramp only, but also for the tramp in spirit, and to sit by the fire and revel in this joyous, breeziest collection of good poems is as healthful and tonic a thing as a walk of many miles and, moreover, leaves you untired at the finish.

Cuchullin Hills, Skye.
From "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith (Nimmo).

For all who are susceptible to the lure of the road, and also for those who are contented to stay at home and read of the places it runs to, and for that happy, active section of the community that loves to work in gardens, or to study the life of the woods and fields, here are several books next on my list that were made for their enjoyment. You may not agree with Mr. Forbes Gray in his introduction to "A Summer in Skye,"[6] that Alexander Smith's memory is "kept green by this one book," but, much as you might like to, you cannot truthfully deny that it has proved the most popular of his works. Its prose is the nervous, imaginative prose of his "Dream-thorpe" essays; it gives you a magical pen-picture of Edinburgh that even Stevenson has scarcely equalled, and when in its leisurely, graciously discursive fashion it has landed you in Skye, it describes the place in such fashion that you grow to realise all the beauty and strange charm of that wild island while you are becoming vividly acquainted with the outward aspect of its places and people. Only a poet could have written such a guide-book, and it is very high praise to say that Mr. John Blair's colour pictures are worthy of standing here beside the prose of Alexander Smith. Mr. Reginald Farrer takes you farther afield in "The Dolomites,"[7] to a stranger, more wonderful country that lies like a vast garden among the Alps of South Tyrol. He gives you all the practical information you require for the journey, describes the passes and valleys, the villages and villagers, and the luxuriant blossom and bloom that make this mountainous region a very wonderland of fragrance and living colour, and describes them with reminiscent enjoyment and a practised cunning that make picturesque and attractive reading. Out on the Alps, but on a very different part of them, you find yourself again in Mr. Benson's "Winter Sports in

"The Shambles of the Plain."
From "Hoof and Claw," by C. G. D. Roberts (Ward, Lock).

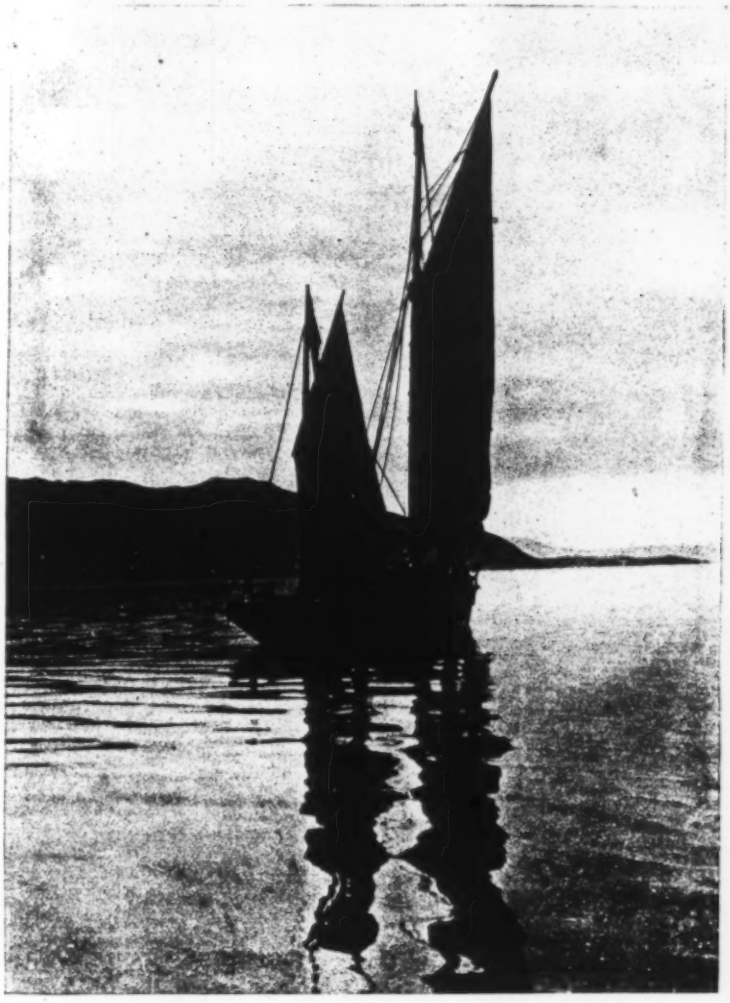
[5] "The Open Road." Compiled by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated in Colour by Claude A. Shepperson. 21s. net. (Methuen.)

[6] "A Summer in Skye." Illustrations in Colour by John Blair. 5s. net. (Nimmo).

[7] "The Dolomites." Painted by E. Harrison Compton. Described by Reginald Farrer. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Switzerland,"[8] a charmingly written, well-informed, thoroughly useful guide to the skating, tobogganing, curling, ice-hockey, ski-ing, and kindred sports of the high Alpine pleasure resorts. It is written so well, with such knowledge and gusto and genial humour that, as with Lucas's "Open Road," to stop at home and read it is almost as invigorating as going to Switzerland and skating and curling and tobogganning like the strenuous people in Mr. Fleming Williams's illustrations. "The Land of the Blue Poppy"[9] lies in Eastern Tibet; it is a land of flowers, like the Dolomites (the blue poppy being that from which opium is made), and Mr. Kingdon travelled through it with a naturalist's eye for its plants and trees as well as a wide-open ordinary human eye for whatever of mortal interest he passed by the way. It is a fascinating travel book, whether you go to it as a student of natural history or as an average reader in search of amusement, and by the time you are at the end you will understand the hope its author utters in his preface, that before his book was published he might be "back in the Land of the Blue Poppy." The illustrations are not in colour, but are such excellent photographs so well reproduced that they suggest the atmosphere and almost the colour of the scenes they reveal. In "To Norway and the North Cape"[10] Mr. C. C. Lynam gives us the log of another of his cruises in *Blue Dragon II.*, the yacht that took him on the voyage that he described in that other breezy volume, "The Log of the *Blue Dragon II.* in Orkney and Shetland." If you have read that I need say nothing more of this than that it is vivid and high-spirited and as variously entertaining as its predecessor. If you are yet a stranger to Mr. Lynam's logs, then I recommend you to make haste and repair your fault by reading "To Norway and the North Cape." It is as unconventional a travel book as Mr. Lynam is an unconventional traveller. He conducts you round the capes and through the fjords of Norway, and writes of his experiences in the blithest of spirits and with the quaintest touches of humour. The sketches and maps, the photographs and water-colour paintings, with which the book is illustrated, add considerably to the brightness and the interest of it.

Or if Norway and Switzerland are too wintry for you even to read about by the fireside and you are for letting your imagination riot in the golden warmth and gorgeous colouring of the Orient, go with Mr. Villiers Stuart to the "Gardens of the Great Mughals,"[11] which seem to have been designed, more or less, on the pattern of the Moslem Paradise pictured in the Koran. Mr. Stuart's careful and interesting account "of the famous old Imperial Indian gardens which played so great a part in the history of their royal makers, and still loom large in the memory and imagination of the Indian people," is full of valuable suggestions in garden designs that are gloriously old in the land of the Mughals, but would be new if some modification of them could be introduced into our own country. There are sixteen beautiful reproductions of water-colour drawings by the author, a number of garden plans, and reproductions from photographs of Mughal paintings and specimens of Mughal handicraft.



Light Airs.

From "To Norway and the North Cape," by C. C. Lynam (Sidgwick & Jackson).

With the new and charmingly illustrated edition of that delightfully written book "The Roll of the Seasons,"[12] we are at home again among the familiar changing scenes of our English year; and at home we are still, and in English gardens with Mr. H. H. Thomas's

[8] "Winter Sports in Switzerland." By E. F. Benson. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by C. Fleming Williams, and 47 from Photographs by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond. 15s. net. (Geo. Allen & Co.).

[9] "The Land of the Blue Poppy." By F. Kingdon Ward. Illustrated with Photographs. 12s. net. (Cambridge Press.)

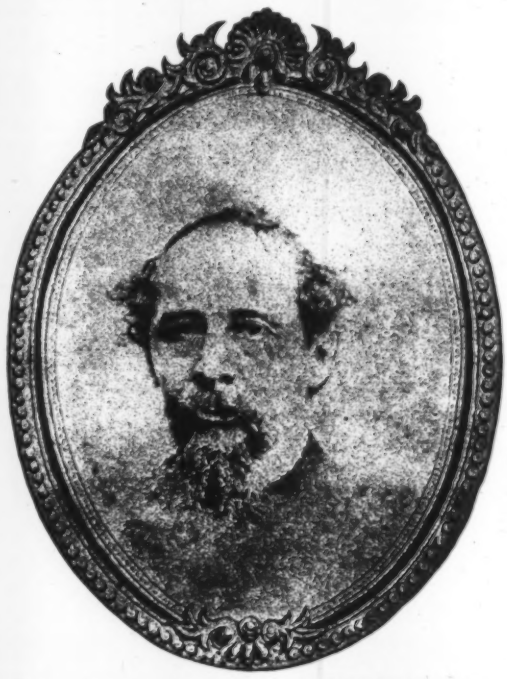
[10] "To Norway and the North Cape in *Blue Dragon II.*" By C. C. Lynam. Illustrated in Colour and with Photographs, Sketches and Maps. 6s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[11] "Gardens of the Great Mughals." By C. M. Villiers Stuart. With 40 Full-page Illustrations, 16 of them in Colour, and 8 Ground Plans. 12s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

[12] "The Roll of the Seasons." By G. G. Desmond. With 12 Illustrations in Colour. 6s. (Duckworth.)

"Rose Book,"[13] and Mr. Walter F. Wright's "Garden Trees and Shrubs,"[14] two invaluable books of garden lore that should be on the shelves of every gardener, amateur and professional. The paintings of different classes of roses in Mr. Thomas's volume are a joy to the eye; and if I refrain from saying much of Miss Beatrice Parsons' exquisite painting of the Double White Cheery, of Mr. A. C. Wyatt's of the Clematis in "Garden Trees and Shrubs," it is because where all are so good it might seem invidious to single out this or that for special praise.

From these about gardens we pass by an easy transition to a book about British birds, the first volume of "The Bodley Head Natural History,"[15] by E. D. Cuming, which has in J. A. Shepherd its ideal illustrator. Mr. Shepherd has rightly been more concerned to get into his sketches a general impression of the characters and appearance of the birds than to make them scientifically accurate, and his deft, impressionistic method presents them, in all their simple grace and pretty quaintnesses, exactly as they look to the eye of the unsophisticated observer. Mr. Cuming is of necessity scientifically accurate, but he carries his knowledge lightly, and his chapters on the manners, habits and characteristics of many varieties of our British song-birds are written with a clarity and simplicity that greatly increase the value of a concise and eminently well-informed work by making it delightfully readable. He is devoting a second volume in the series to a continuation of his studies of bird life, and in later volumes will deal with the birds of prey and the general wild animal life of our countrysides. One must say a word on the production of these volumes. Mr. Shepherd's illustrations are largely decorative; there are a few full-page pictures, but for the most part his birds perch and hop and fly round the margins of the letterpress, and both as presentations of bird character and as decorative art they



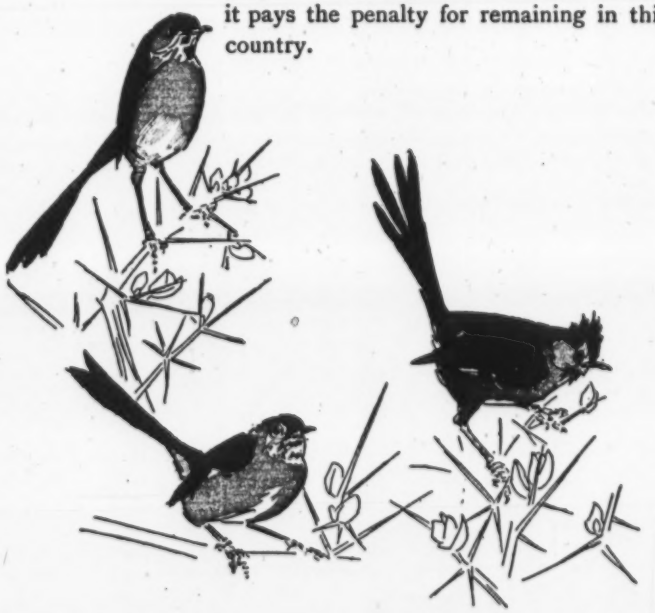
Charles Dickens
(aged about 50).
(From a hitherto unpublished photograph).
From "Memories of Charles Dickens," by Percy Fitzgerald (Arrowsmith).

[13] "The Rose Book." By H. H. Thomas. Assisted by Walter Easlea. With 8 Colour Photographs by H. Essenhigh Corke, and 64 Half-Tone. 6s. net. (Cassell.)
[14] "Garden Trees and Shrubs." By Walter F. Wright. Illustrated in Colour. 12s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.).
[15] "The Bodley Head Natural History." By E. D. Cuming. With Illustrations by J. A. Shepherd. Vol. I.: British Birds. 2s. net. (John Lane.)

John Gilpin.

Etching for which the medal was awarded by the Society of Arts. Reduced from 19½ in. by 12½ in.
From "Phiz and Dickens," by Edgar Browne (Nisbet).

approaches the Dartford Warbler leaves the commons, and resorts to the sea coast where it affects fields, gardens and orchards. At this season the birds loses much of its shyness and frequently falls a prey to the cottage cat. In hard winters it pays the penalty for remaining in this country.

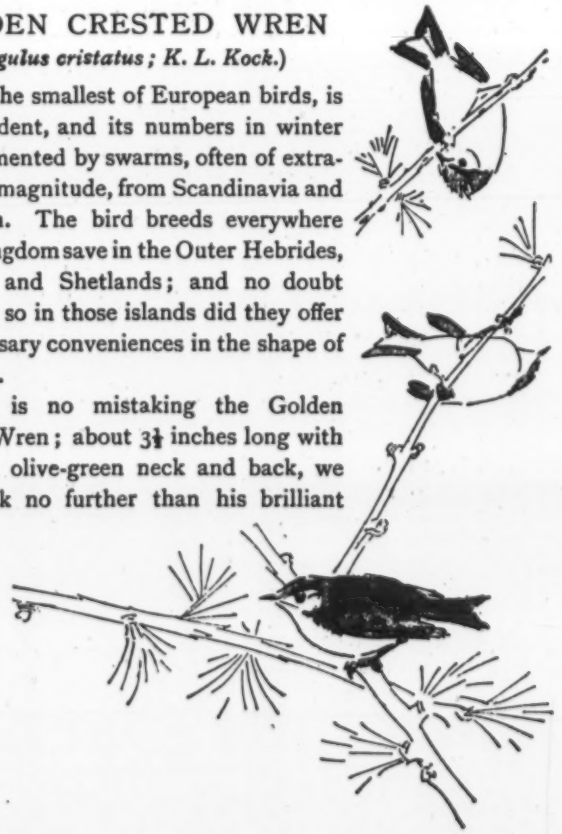


GOLDEN CRESTED WREN

(*Regulus cristatus; K. L. Kock.*)

THIS, the smallest of European birds, is a resident, and its numbers in winter are augumented by swarms, often of extraordinary magnitude, from Scandinavia and the north. The bird breeds everywhere in the Kingdom save in the Outer Hebrides, Orkneys and Shetlands; and no doubt would do so in those islands did they offer the necessary conveniences in the shape of fir woods.

There is no mistaking the Golden Crested Wren; about 3½ inches long with yellowish olive-green neck and back, we need look no further than his brilliant



are strikingly successful, one of the beauties of the book being that though printed in colour it is on antique paper. Akin to this study of bird-life, with a difference, is Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's "Hoof and Claw."[16] The difference is one of method. Though his natural history is as accurate, Mr. Roberts's way is to dramatise the lives of the animals of the wilds and embody the truths about their manners and habits in a tale. His wolves and wild creatures of the woods and wastes are troubled with hopes and fears and poignant loves and hates, and vary as widely in character as human beings do. He has studied them sympathetically, with subtlest insight into their alien psychology, and if the stories he relates of them are imaginary, so much of intimate knowledge of his subject, such qualities of lifelikeness enter into his imaginings and of realistic vision into his descriptions that they have all the grip and power of stark truthfulness. You grow to know his befurred people as closely and to follow their cunningly-related adventures as keenly as if you were reading a novel of the lives and characters of men and women. Mr. Roberts was a pioneer in this form of literature, and "Hoof and Claw" is one of the ablest and most brilliant of his works.

The Marchioness.
From 'The Old Curiosity Shop" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Here, then, are books that will appeal to many and diverse tastes, but many remain, and before we go further I want to come to Dickens. For the fancy that, at the time of Dickens' death, Mr. Watts Dunton embodied in a sonnet was not wholly fanciful, and Dickens is really as inseparable now from the thought of Christmas as is Father Christmas himself. So, appropriately enough, here are two new books concerning him, and a new and beautiful edition of one of his novels in the timely guise of a Christmas Book. "Phiz and Dickens"[17] contains the personal recollections of Mr. Edgar Browne, a son of Phiz. With his father for central figure, he has drawn upon his memory of his father's associates and grouped around him "such people and incidents as seemed most interesting; and as a man cannot be separated from his times, I have endeavoured to describe the manners and customs and the mode of life of that section of the middle-classes among whom I passed my early days." The book is mainly valuable as a contribution to our knowledge of Phiz; its glimpses into his home life are admirable, and there are good chapters on some of the other illustrators of Dickens, on the originals of some of Dickens's characters, and on the general mid-Victorian world in which all these persons lived and moved. It adds little or nothing to what we already know of Dickens himself, but there are illuminating little sketches of Charles Lever, Harrison Ainsworth, Forster, and others of Dickens's circle. There is an excellent portrait of Phiz, and a number of hitherto unpublished drawings of his in colour and in black and white. I am not sure that even Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Memories of Charles Dickens"[18] greatly increases our acquaintance with the Master, but his book is abundantly interesting; he is the last survivor of Dickens's numerous literary friends, and writes of him not from hearsay but from long personal intimacy. Starting with an account of his first introduction to Boz, he goes on to tell of subsequent meetings with him, till he reaches the time when he could count himself among his friends and was working under him on the staffs of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Not the least interesting things in these pages are what Mr. Fitzgerald has to say of many more or less successful minor authors of the period who still live obscurely in the background of Dickens's fame. I confess to a peculiar interest in many of those half-forgotten men who came in touch with Dickens, such as Albert Smith, Andrew Halliday, Grenville Murray. Walter Thornbury. Mr. Fitzgerald met them, and I

[16] "Hoof and Claw." By Charles G. D. Roberts. Illustrated by Paul Bransom. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

[17] "Phiz and Dickens." By Edgar Browne. With original Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne. 15s. net. (Nisbet.)

[18] "Memories of Charles Dickens." By Percy Fitzgerald. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Arorwsmith.)

could wish he had given us full pictures instead of hasty sketches of them. Nothing in his book has pleased and interested me more than the three sections in which he discusses *Household Words*, *All the Year Round*, and the leading contributors to those journals. They are rambling, gossipy, entertaining Memories, and if Mr. Fitzgerald seems a little too insistent on his intimacy with Dickens—well, if you and I had known Dickens probably we would be inclined to boast of it too. There is a hitherto unpublished portrait of the novelist, and six other photographs and facsimiles; none of them in colour; but I place this here among my Christmas books because it is about Dickens. "The Old Curiosity Shop,"[19] very tastefully bound, and illustrated from paintings by Frank Reynolds, is the Christmas Book in excelsis. The pathos and humour, the picturesqueness and grotesque fancifulness of the story are sympathetically and very imaginatively interpreted in Mr. Reynolds's pictures. Note the stuffy, overcrowded dimness of the interior of the old curiosity shop, and how blindly the timorous figure of the old grandfather moves in the shadows of it; the grim oddity of Quilp and the office on his wharf; the quiet beauty of Nell's Garden; the loneliness of the two figures, Nell and her grandfather, tramping along the twilight highway. The best presentment of Dick Swiveller shows him sitting up in bed discoursing melancholy music on his flute; the character studies of the Marchioness and of Sally Brass are little masterpieces. Dickens is no less fortunate in Mr. Reynolds's interpretations than Thackeray is in Mr.

[19] "The Old Curiosity Shop." Illustrated in Colour by Frank Reynolds. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"'I believe,' says he . . . 'I have the felicity of addressing Sir John Chester?'"
From "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Farnol (Sampson Low).

Becky and Rawdon at Miss Crawley's. "'Quite right, Miss Sharp. Right as usual, Miss Sharp.'"
From "Vanity Fair" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Lewis Baumer's paintings for "Vanity Fair."[20] For the first time, in this delightful Christmas edition of it, Thackeray's most popular novel is illustrated worthily. In two of his drawings especially Mr. Baumer has caught not merely the form and features but the very air and outward manner that express the sly and covertly watchful spirit of the Becky Sharp that Thackeray created—and the artist who can draw Becky rightly will find no harder task among Thackeray's characters.

While we are with the novelists, from Messrs. Chatto and Windus come three new editions of famous stories that are sure of a welcome: Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree,"[21] ably and fittingly illustrated by Keith Henderson; Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links,"[22] with a coloured frontispiece and twenty-four other illustrations by Gordon Browne, and that brilliantly perfect short story by the same master, "The Sire de Maletroit's Door."[23] Mr. W. Riley is one of the newest of novelists; his first novel,

[20] "Vanity Fair." Illustrated in Colour by Lewis Baumer. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[21] "Under the Greenwood Tree." By Thomas Hardy. Illustrated in Colour by Keith Henderson. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
[22] "The Pavilion on the Links." By R. L. Stevenson. With 24 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto.)
[23] "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" By R. L. Stevenson. 1s. net. (Chatto.)

"Windyridge,"[24] was published little more than a year ago, but its quiet romance and the gracious, Cranford-like charm of its setting won such a ready acceptance for it that the book has gone rapidly through many editions, and now reaches the crowning distinction of a special Christmas reissue that is illustrated with photographs of the cottage in which his heroine lived, and the village, the hall, and the moors near Windyridge which supplied the scenery of her unsensational adventures. I have sometimes wondered why the publishers did not attempt to revive the short, essentially Christmassy novel that Dickens invented and Thackeray helped to popularise, and am the more interested in "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish"[25] because it is a singularly happy adventure in that direction. You know from his three earlier novels that Mr. Jeffrey Farnol has a dainty gift of sentiment, a whimsical humour, and the gallantest feeling for romance, and all these qualities are pleasantly blended in this love-story of pretty Penelope Chester. Would the apparently hopelessly foppish Horatio Tawnish have undertaken, even for the love of Penelope, the three difficult feats that her father and her two adopted uncles required of him, and, having pledged himself, could he really have performed them quite so triumphantly easily and with such an impudent fillip of roguery? But who cares to be so fiercely critical over so charming a fable? It is a fairy-tale for adults, written in the tenderest, gayest, airiest Christmas spirit, and daintily or humorously visualised in Mr. C. E. Brock's series of colour plates. If it is not real life, it is something better.

In the Orchard.

From "Under the Greenwood Tree," by Thomas Hardy (Chatto & Windus).

Of fairy-tales and tales of boy-life, that were not written for adults, there are far more than even the most robust of readers could hope to read through before next Christmas was upon him with a fresh supply. I shall leave the multitude of brand new books in this kind for others to attend to, and shall content myself by picking out a few specimens of the nursery and schoolroom classics that we who are adults read when we were young, and sometimes yearn to read again because of the delight they gave us before. Of such are "The Arabian Nights," "Hans Andersen," "Mother Goose," and scores of others that arrive this Christmas, newly and beautifully printed and clothed, and newly and beautifully illustrated. Thackeray, writing in 1846, said: "One cannot help looking with a secret envy on the children of the present day, for whose use and entertainment a thousand ingenious and beautiful things are provided which were quite unknown some few scores of years since, when the present writer and reader were very possibly in the nursery state. Such picture books as we had were illustrated with the most shameful, hideous old woodcuts which had lasted through a century.... Some painted pictures there were in our times likewise, but almost all of the very worst kind." Then he goes on to be thankful for the improvement that had been made in such matters with the advent of Cruikshank. Well, what Thackeray said for the new children's book illustrators when he was middle-aged we may say for the newer ones of to-day and justify ourselves in saying it by a comparison of Cruikshank's drawings in the old fairy books with these by later artists. Cruikshank had a rich fund of humour, broad grotesque, fantastic, a real feeling for the weird, the grim, the horrible, but he had little sense of beauty. There is beauty in his line; but I do not remember that he ever drew a face or figure that was beautiful, or even pretty. To illustrate the old fairy tales as they ought to be done there must be first of all something of beauty, prettiness, daintiest grace in the pictures, and with these must go something of quaintness, fantasy, grotesquerie, and, where children themselves come into the tales, a full sensitiveness to the charm, the sweetness, the utter simplicity of childhood. Cruikshank's children were too often little old men and women in disguise. Look at the work of Arthur Rackham, Edmund Dulac, Kay Nielsen (for the stories written with such delicate artistry by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in "In Powder and Crinoline"[26] are the old, inimitable fairy-tales adapted and retold, with the exception of "John and the Ghosts,"

[24] "Windyridge." By W. Riley. Illustrated with Photographs. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

[25] "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish." By Jeffrey Farnol. Illustrated in Colour by C. E. Brock. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

[26] "In Powder and Crinoline." Fairy Tales retold by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch. Illustrated in Colour by Kay Nielsen. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

a new one of his own that is worthy of its company): or note what Monro S. Orr and George Soper have made out of these two selections of stories from "The Arabian Nights,"[27] [28] or what W. Heath Robinson has made of Hans Andersen[29]—then glance back at the Cruikshank pictures and, virile, amusing, amazingly clever as they were and are, you cannot but recognise that in the later work there are qualities of grace and tenderness, subtleties of humour and sentiment, a larger imagination, a more finely human conception of both the worlds of reality and unreality than came within the range of the old Master's art. "Princess Badoura"[30] is Schederazade's romance of Badoura, the beautiful Princess of China, charmingly retold from the Arabian Nights by Laurence Housman, and it supplies Edmund Dulac with a subject exactly suited to his gracious, exquisitely delicate art. In "Mother Goose"[31] Arthur Rackham has it all his own way. He has chosen from the old Nursery Rhymes just "those he knew and liked best in his Nursery Days," and his Old Woman living under a hill, his shocked person going to St. Ives and meeting the man with the seven wives and the innumerable cats and kittens, and the rest of his excellent collection, but especially Jack Sprat and his Wife, are the very perfection in form and colour of the fantastic or joyously absurd ideas that the immortal old rhymes suggest. Kay Nielsen is a young artist of curiously original gifts. There are traces in his drawings for "In Powder and Crinoline" of the influence of Aubrey Beardsley, and there are also an imaginative daring, a fantasy, a fascinating grace and decorative loveliness that are peculiarly his own and make his art unique among the illustrations of this year's books. "The Fairy Book"[32] is an old favourite made up of the best popular fairy stories selected and rendered by Mrs. Craik; and "The Shadowless Man"[33] is another old favourite. If you know of any youngster who has not read this vividly imagined, oddly haunting tale of the man who sold his shadow you cannot do better than send it to him in this new and admirably edited and illustrated edition, Hauff's bizarre, queerly humorous tale "The Cold Heart," is included in the same volume—a tale that takes you among the charcoal burners of the Black Forest, and I never yet lighted on a tale of the charcoal burners of the Black Forest and could resist the temptation to read it, simply because I happened to come under the spell of "The Cold Heart" when I was a small boy.

[27] "Stories from the Arabian Nights." Based on E. W. Lane's translation. Selected, edited and arranged for young people by Frances Jenkins Olcott. With 15 Illustrations by Monro S. Orr. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

[28] "The Arabian Nights." Pictured, in Colour and Black-and-White, by George Soper. 5s. (Headley Bros.)

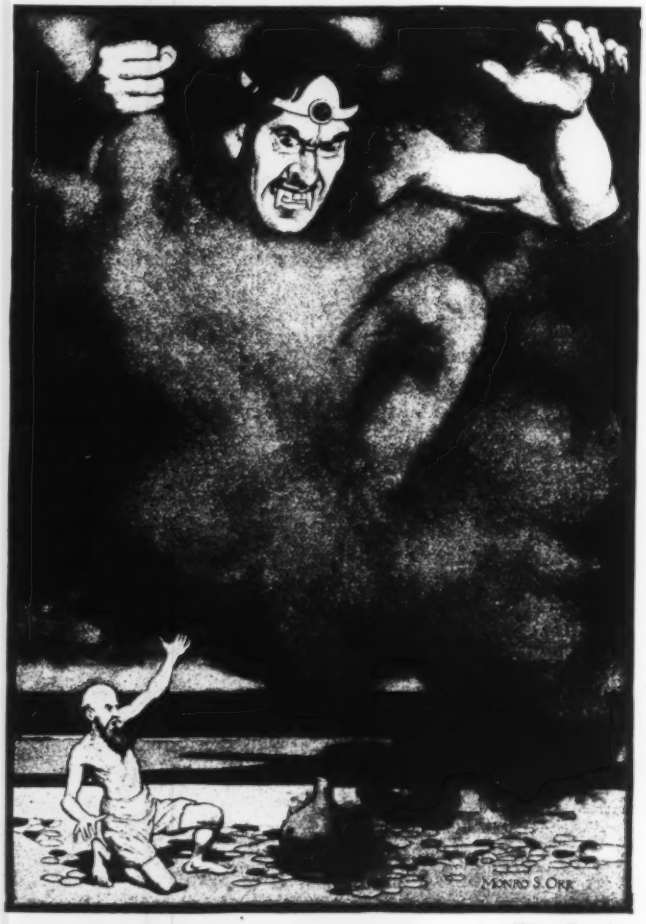
[29] "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales." With Illustrations by W. Heath Robinson. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

[30] "Princess Badoura: A Tale from the Arabian Nights." Retold by Laurence Housman. With Illustrations in Colour by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[31] "Mother Goose." Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

The Butterfly that Stamped

From "Just So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan).



The Genie.

From "The Arabian Nights" (Harrap).

[32] "The Fairy Book." Popular fairy stories selected and rendered anew by Mrs. Craik. 6s. net. (Nelson.)

[33] "The Shadowless Man." With an Introduction by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. Illustrated by Foster Robson. 15s. net. (Holden & Hardingham.)

Two strikingly contrasted books that have won the suffrages of children of all ages are the "Just So Stories,"[34] of Kipling, and Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows."[35] In both the stories are about animals; Kipling's of the larger, wilder creatures, Kenneth Grahame's of the little or more domestic animals of our own country; both are bountifully whimsical and inspired by a tricksey spirit of fun that is irresponsible and irresistible; but the whimsicality and fun of the one are totally different things from the fun and whimsicality of the other. It is the same with the pictures: in their different styles of art and of humour they are equally excellent. "The Happy Prince, and Other Stories,"[36] is a new edition of another comparatively new book. The stories in it are, in essence, the deathless old fairy-tales retold, but retold with such newness of detail, such an exquisite play of fancy, such fresh turns of thought and beauty of phrasing that they are all as new as if they had never been told a hundred times before. There is in some of them a poignant, elusive pathos, a wonderfully human note that is rare in fairy lore, and in all of them are a simplicity and grace of fancy that charm you easily to their own mood. This same simplicity and grace delight you in Charles Robinson's illustrations. Nobody else just now seems to have the secret of drawing children that so perfectly express the innocence and gentle beauty and wonder of childhood, unless it is W. Heath Robinson, and I think he too has accomplished this in some of his charming pictures for the Fairy Tales of Hans Andersen. Andersen himself has not more sympathetically realised the quaint imaginings of the child mind; the pictures of Mr. Robinson are the quaint, dainty, freakish dreams of childhood become visible. One other fairy story, the newest of all, is "The Lily of Life,"[37] by the Crown Princess of Roumania. It is a story of love and self-sacrifice, touched with the sadness that children love to indulge, and with a charm and a spirituality that make even the sadness of it only a higher happiness.

The Princes and the Magic Carpet.

From "The Arabian Nights" (Headley).

I need say little of the four books for boys that chance to be in my bundle, for they are old and well-established classics among literature for younger readers. Lord Kilbracken is stating a plain truth when he says in his Preface to "Tom Brown's Schooldays,"[38] that "no more completely and permanently successful book was, I suppose, published in this country during the nineteenth century." "Tom Brown" is nearly sixty years old; the manners and customs it describes are nearly all changed, but the story itself remains as fresh and as true to the broad facts of life and character as in the year it was written. Mr. F. Sigdwick, in an excellent introduction, identifies the originals of certain of the characters, and tells of the actual incidents on which some of its happenings were founded; there are several good portraits of Hughes and the members of his circle, and the photographs and other illustrations in colour and in black and white are rightly of persons and places that were presumably familiar to the author, who put so much of himself and his own schooldays into this most famous of schoolboy tales. "As a book for boys," says Mr. E. V. Lucas, "'Bevis'[39] I think stands alone in its blend of joy in the open air, sympathetic understanding of boy nature, and most admirable writing;" and this fresh edition of so fine a story with Harry Rountree's colour plates is a gift-book that every

[34] "Just So Stories." By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations by the Author and Coloured Plates by Joseph M. Gleeson. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

[35] "The Wind in the Willows." By Kenneth Grahame. With Illustrations in Colour by Paul Bransome. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

[36] "The Happy Prince and Other Stories." By Oscar Wilde. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 12s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

[37] "The Lily of Life: A Fairy Story." By the Crown Princess of Roumania. With a Preface by Carmen Sylvia. Illustrated in Colour by Helen Stratton. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[38] "Tom Brown's Schooldays." With a Preface by Lord Kilbracken, an Introduction and Notes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[39] "Bevis: The Story of a Boy." By Richard Jefferies. With an Introduction by E. V. Lucas. Illustrated in Colour by Harry Rountree. 6s. (Duckworth.)

normal boy will rejoice to possess. Then what need is there to say anything in commendation of "Ballantyne the Brave"? If there is a better tale for boys than his "Dog Crusoe"[40] (reissued now with some capital illustrations in colour by H. M. Brock) I shall be glad to know who wrote it and where it is. "The Coral Island"[41] is as good; many of us think it even better, and with Sir J. M. Barrie praising, in his preface to this new and comfortably portly edition of it, the author that Stevenson gloried in, any praise of mine would seem but a tinkling cymbal and the idlest presumption. "Ballantyne was for long my man," writes Barrie. "and I used to study a column in the *Spectator* about forthcoming books waiting for his next as for the pit door to open," He says he looked upon Ballantyne as the author of the Hundred Best Books, and if he was not exactly that you cannot name the best dozen books for boys even yet without placing at least one of his among them. Another to go in the list would of course be Stevenson's "Kidnapped,"[42] and here it is in a most desirable re-issue, smaller in size than "The Coral Island," but illustrated in colour as finely. What Stevenson said of Ballantyne we old boys of a later generation say now of him, and it satisfies us that we are right in saying it when we see how the boys of to-day take him with Ballantyne to their hearts and perhaps give him the first place there.

"Snow-white took her little scissors out of her pocket, and cut the end of the Beard off."

From "The Fairy Book" (Nelson).

But if it is only that you may not think I have nearly exhausted the affluent variety of these Christmas publications I should like to mention four others before I come to an end. "The Russian Ballet"[43] is one of the timeliest and most beautifully produced of them all. The subject lends itself unreservedly to artistic treatment, and Mr. Rene Bull gets the barbaric splendour of dress, the lithe grace of figure and attitude, and the vigorous energy of these remarkable dancers into his realistic paintings with the subtlest skill. To supplement and explain the paintings there is a full and very interesting history of the ballet as a form of theatrical art by Mr. A. E. Johnson, who describes the Russian ballets, the dancers, the scenery, the dresses, and tells the story that each ballet unfolds, concluding with an admirable chapter on that Queen of the Russian dance, Anna Pavlova. You should read with this Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth's brochure on "The Art of Nijinsky,"[44] with ten remarkably good colour plates by Miss Dorothy Mullock showing Nijinsky in his principal parts. The Encyclopædia Britannica of 1910 observed, as Mr. Whitworth reminds us, "it seems unlikely that we shall see any revival of the best period and style of dancing until a higher standard of grace and manners becomes fashionable in society." The year after that was published the Russian ballet came to town, and you cannot read these two books about it without recognising once more how unsafe it is for any mortal, even a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, to prophesy. Turn from the ballet to the opera and you have a new edition of Mr. Filson Young's "Wagner Stories,"[45] artistically bound in soft leather and well illustrated; you have also a poetical version of "Lohengrin,"[46] in which Mr. T. W. Rolleston sensitively retains the style and spirit of the original tale, and Mr. Willy Pogany finds again a congenial theme for his exceptional powers in the high imaginings, the terror, and mysticism, the symbolism and supernatural vision of one of Wagner's immortal romances. The whole book is printed on a soft greyish, fawnish-hued paper, and the pages are beautified with decorative drawings that are fittingly in tune with the changing moods of the text.

I could go on, but my space is more than filled. There are many other books as interesting and as beautifully produced perhaps as these, but with one or two exceptions—such as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Memories of Dickens," which makes no pretence to special artistic quality in its illustrations, and relies for its value and attractiveness on the art of the author—I have included no book in my hasty survey that is not, in the beauty of its illustrations as well as in other respects, pre-eminently a Christmas Book that it would be better even to receive than give.

[40] "Dog Crusoe." By R. M. Ballantyne. With Illustrations in Colour by H. M. Brock. 6s. (Seeley, Service.)

[41] "The Coral Island." With a Preface by J. M. Barrie. Illustrations in Colour by Septimus E. Scott. 10s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

[42] "Kidnapped." By R. L. Stevenson. With Illustrations in Colour by W. R. S. Stott. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

[43] "The Russian Ballet." By A. E. Johnson. With Illustrations in Colour by Rene Bull. 21s. net. (Constable.)

[44] "The Art of Nijinsky." By Geoffrey Whitworth. With Illustrations in Colour by Dorothy Mullock. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[45] "The Wagner Stories." Told by Filson Young. Illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

[46] "The Tale of Lohengrin: After the Drama of Richard Wagner." By T. W. Rolleston. Presented by Willy Pogany. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best list of ten New Year Resolutions supposed to be written by any well-known contemporary. Humorous resolutions preferred. They may be either in verse or prose.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best Lyric is divided, and we award HALF A GUINEA each to Miss Violet D. Chapman, of Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset, and Mr. Charles W. Hutchinson, of 22, Rectory Place, Woolwich, S.E., for the following:

A CHRISTMAS CARD.

I may not think of you too often, lest
My thoughts should wing their way through time and space
And bring to you in your far dwelling-place
A sense of separation and unrest;
But now that Christmas-tide is drawing near
I send a little message of good-will,
That you may know my thoughts are with you still,
Just once a year!

I may not write to you too often, lest
Your soul should read between the lines I penned
The longing love-thoughts that I dare not send,
And all the tender yearnings unconfessed;
But now these few brief words, "God bless you dear,"
Shall span the lonely ways that lie apart
And bring a sense of comfort to your heart,
Just once a year!

VIOLET D. CHAPMAN.

THE TRAMP.

When Death shall come at last to me,
Bury me, lads, where four roads meet—
Not as a man who hated Life,
And wrought the ultimate blasphemy—
But even as one who found it sweet,
To whom the Road was Friend and Wife.

Let my poor limbs be gently thrust,
Where passing ever, up and down,
Beggars and tramps and kin of mine
Shall tread my dust into the dust,
And the white roads that I have known
Shall sign me with the holy sign!

CHAS. W. HUTCHINSON.

We also select for printing:

THY GARDEN.

At thy dear garden gate there grow
Madonna lilies, all their snow
White, like thy heart—
I love thee so!

Forget-me-nots of memory
Grow by the box-row tenderly,
With dim blue eyes;
Remember me.

A poppy lifts his passioned brow,
And calls to thee to tell thee how
I cannot wait;
I want thee now.

And where quiet dreams and rapturous roam,
A red rose dwells, closed now and dumb.
Lo, it shall ope
When thou art come!

(Violet Gillespie, 114, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, S.E.)

EUCHARISTA.

Bring now, into this Temple made with hands,
The fulness of Thy Presence, grand and free,
And lay Thy loosing touch upon the bands
That keep each soul from Thee.

The Czarina's Violets. The Old Woman who knew the Story.

From "In Powder and Crinoline." Fairy Tales retold by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch (Hodder & Stoughton).

Le Pavillon d'Armide.

From "The Art of Nijinsky," by Geoffrey Whitworth (Chatto & Windus).

And lift again the shadows from those eyes
That strain thro' mists to catch a glimpse of Thee,
And grant new-opened ears the sweet surprise
Of Love's rich harmony.

Thou knowest, Lord, how, crouching at the door,
Each subtile foe awaits our coming forth.
So give us strength to show, as oft before,
What Thy rich grace is worth.

Tho' fain we would, we may not linger here,
Our suns go swiftly speeding toward the west.
And we must labour that we bring more near,
Thy Kingdom and Thy rest.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Rathmines, Dublin.)

A SERENADE.

If I were a god, dear lady—
Jupiter, Neptune, Mars—
Thou'd'st have the moon for a plaything
And wreathe thy hair with the stars.
I would harness the waves to thy chariot,
I would curb the winds to thy will,
And give the great planets dominion
To shield thee from danger and ill.
But I am only thy lover, dear,
With nothing of power divine,
Yet all that I am and all that I have,
And all that I do is thine.

If I were a king, my dear one,
With a sovereignty fair and wide,
Thou should'st carry an orb and a sceptre
And mount the throne at my side.
Great courtiers and pages of honour
Should tender thee service meet,
And bring the treasures of all the world
As spoil to thy dainty feet.
But I am only thy vassal, dear,
A subject of low degree,
Yet my heart and my hands and my homage
I bring them as gifts to thee.

If I were a minstrel, darling,
I would hymn thee in sweetest strain,
With the borrowed note of the blackbird
And the lilt of the summer rain.
The elves and the timid fairies,
Who dwell in the moonlit glade,
Would leave their dances and revels
To join in my serenade.
But I have no music to sing thy praise
In melody loud and clear,
Yet if I whisper my tale of love,
Perchance thou wilt deign to hear.

If I were an errant knight, dear,
I would ride on a worthy quest,
With thy name as my inspiration,
Thy gage at my helmet's crest.
I would brave the wrath of the giant,
The dread of the dragon's lair,
And all for the sake of my sweetheart,
For the love of my lady fair.
I boast neither valour nor rank nor gold,
Nor dare I for ought aspire;
Yet here at thy feet a suppliant kneels
And prays for his heart's desire.

(Miss A. A. Methley, F.R.G.S., 9, Royal York Crescent, Clifton, Bristol.)

We specially commend the Lyrics sent in by F. Reynolds (Walmer), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), W. Hazard (Castlewellan), Edith M. Sanderson (Preston). J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Winifred Holmden (Ilfracombe), James Scott (Greenock), C. G. Howard (Cambridge), Arthur C. Henry (Keith), James Smith (Bridge of Allan), Helena G. Percival, A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), W. George (Wellingboro'), Ruby H. Nicholls (Birmingham), Almzo F. Freeland (Leicester), Lettie Cole (Prontilas), H. C. (Kilmalcolm), A. C. Harrison (Walsall), Miss M. Denison (Halifax), Mary Cooper (Sevenoaks), Mrs. G. Ford (Oxford), Dorothy Gilman (Dartford), Miss E. M. Warburton (Liverpool), Freda McLaughlin (Ripon), A. H. Pennington (Oldbury), John Carlton (Hornsey), M. A. N. Marshall (Oxford), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Gertrude Westbrook (Anerley), F. A. (Maidenhead), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), Jeffery Kitley (Derby), Beatrice Constantine (Knowle), F. N. Wood (Hull), Alys Watson (Harrogate), E. C. R. L. (Durham), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Mary Chadwick (St. Leonard's), L. E. Tiddimnan (Brixton), Beatrice S. (Ewell), C. W. Kent (Alderley Edge), Mary S. Cherry (Matlock), Evelina San Garde (Accrington), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), G. S. Wilkes (Portobello), H. B. Egmont Hake (London, W.), Irene Ierne Ormsby (Pontypridd), Hugo Irvine (Peterhead), D. S. Boland (Glasgow), A. C. Laughton (Wakefield), Gertrude J. (Middlesbrough), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Howard Booth (Sheffield), W. Johnson (Harrogate), Margaret A. Wilson (California), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), W. V. J. Kitley (Derby), J. B. T. Christie (St. Andrew's), F. J. Popham (Annan), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), J. P. Gross (Seine, France), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), C. Edith Gill (Stroud Green), E. Miller (Huddersfield), Alice Brinks (South Shields), Ida S. Dabbs (Manchester), Berwick Sayers (Croydon), Margery Pegg (Stockwell), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Laura E. Johnson (Tasmania), F. J. Mathias (Cardiff), S. A. Buck (St. Leonard's), W. Sleight (Brighton), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Rev. J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), Mary Alice Powell (Wandsworth), Andrew A. Legg (New Brighton), and many others whose names are omitted for want of space.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss M. Dean, of 8, Highfield Road, Hindley, near Wigan, Lancs., for the following:

HELP FOR THE DEAF. BY E. F. BOULTBEE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Come back to Erin."

Popular Song.

We also select for printing:

THE HANDY BOY. BY A. N. HALL. (T. W. Laurie.)

"He answered to 'Hi,' or any loud cry."

CARROLL, *The Hunting of the Snark.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE PERFECT WIFE. By JOSEPH KEATING. (Heinemann.)

"I don't believe there's no sich person!"
ROBERTSON TROWBRIDGE, *Betsey Prigg.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 159, Holly Lane, Smethwick, Birmingham.)

THE MAN WHO PAID. By REGINALD BOLSTER and AUBREY O'BRIEN. (Alston Rivers.)

"How tartly that gentleman looks!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing.*

(Annie Cowan, Tully, Eyrecourt, County Galway.)

THE MAN WHO PAID. By R. BOLSTER and A. O'BRIEN.

"And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?"
MICKLE, *There's nae luck about the House.*

(Miss H. M. Howie, 56, Sholebroke Avenue, Leeds, Yorkshire.)

III.—This Competition for the best criticism in twenty-four lines of verse of any new Christmas book seems to have proved difficult. Out of the comparatively small number of papers sent in for it, only five call for honourable mention (those by Emily Kington, Blairgowrie, V. C. Kingston, St. Alban's, V. D. Goodwin, Gillingham, Miss Green, Chesterfield, Marie Russell Brown, Glasgow), and the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Mrs. Griffin, of 22, Lansdown Road, Leicester, for the following:

THE GOLLIWOG NEWS.
By PHILIP and FAY INCHFAWN. (Partridge.)

DEAR GRANDPA,
I'm glad that you've asked me to choose
The book I most want. It's "The Golliwog News."
'Twas young Jackie Smithers who told me about it,
It sounds so exciting I can't do without it.
It tells you of Gladys and Tommy and Freda,
And darling John James, who was always their leader.

John James was a golliwog, noble and true,
And *clever*, for he was an Editor, too.
He took the three children to help him get news,
And how I just wish I had been in their shoes!

They went to the seaside and met Peter Bunney,
And then to a football match. Oh, it was funny!
"Cock Robin" they saw, in a playlet so pretty,
All acted by birdies in fair Birdland City.
And then, off to Fish Town they went for a caper,
And John James put everything down in his paper.

Then, inside the volume, you'll find all complete
A real little newspaper, newsy and neat,
A Special Edition, to please and amuse
The children who purchase "The Golliwog News."
Please buy it, dear Gramp. You're the brickest of bricks.
At Partridge's, Grandpa—it costs two-and-six—
Excuse this bad writing, for nevertheless
I still remain, Grandpa,
Your own little
BESS.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words of any recent book is awarded to Mr. Douglas Harrison, of 19, Byne Road, Sydenham, S.E., for the following:

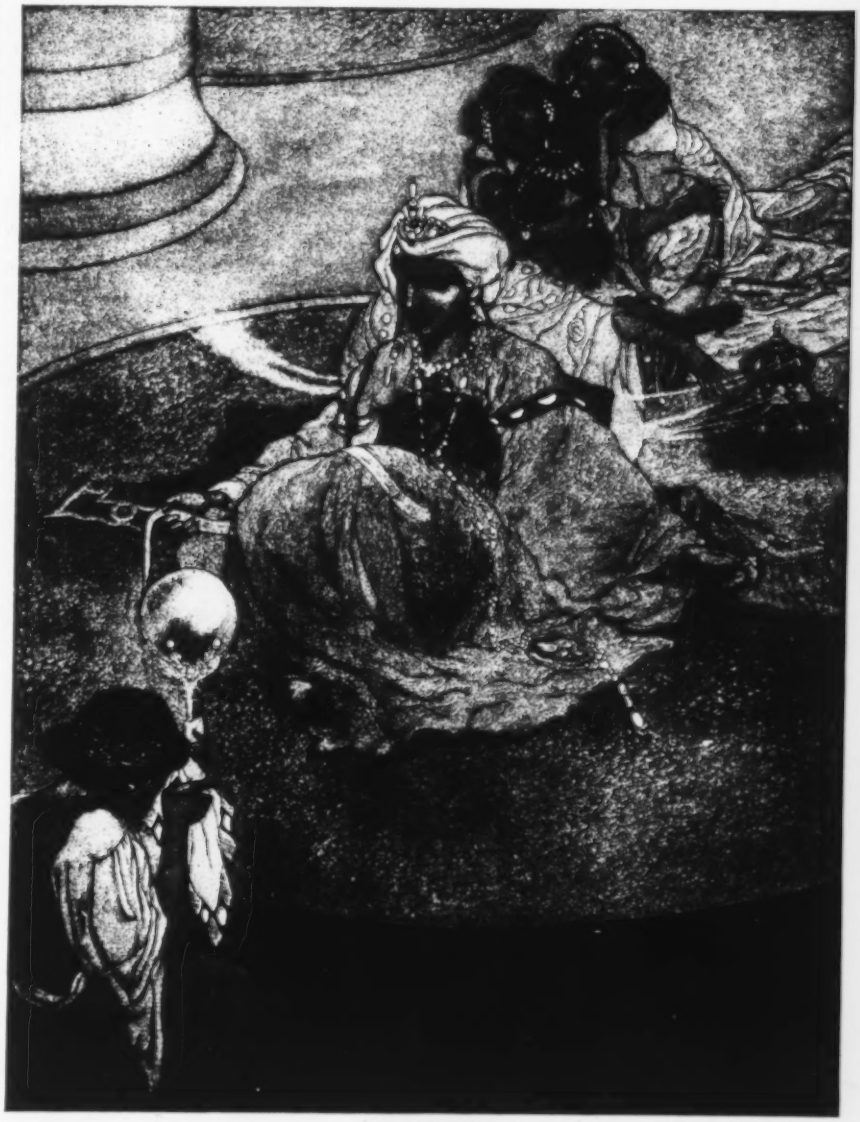
EURIPIDES AND HIS AGE. By Prof. GILBERT MURRAY. (Williams & Norgate.)

"The Quintessence of Euripides!" That is the title which Mr. Bernard Shaw has given to this remarkable book, in which Prof. Murray has assayed the difficult task of so writing of Euripides as to make his life and work intelligible even to those who possess little or no knowledge of ancient Greek literature. The task has been admirably accomplished, with the result that before us lies a book, which recreates for us in an exceptionally interesting manner, the social, political and intellectual life of Athens at the time when Euripides and Socrates were contemporaries.

We also select for printing:

THE SALE OF LADY DAVENTRY. (Herbert Jenkins.)

An anonymous work usually arouses much curiosity. In this volume the author has succeeded in giving prominence to the ups and downs of the literary aspirant in an extremely



The King of the Mountains of the Moon.
Frontispiece to "The Happy Prince," by Oscar Wilde (Duckworth).

"'Oh, have mercy, good lady, and give me a drink of water.'"
(*The Cold Heart*).
From 'The Shadowless Man and the Cold Heart" (Holden & Hardingham).

racy manner. The actual "sale" is an impossible story, but one is forced to admit that after events are the reverse. Love, hate, passion, and tragedy therein find a place. Bruce Daventry's "sin" is to be deplored, but his remorse proves him a fine character. Lady Daventry is a type society can dispense with. Life at Callogan Mansions with Margaret Listers' circle is full of delightful reminiscences.

(W. F. Robinson, Impington, Histon, Cambridge.)

A BOOKMAN'S LETTERS. By Sir William Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

With the publication of this collection of letters from the *British Weekly*, a larger public comes into its rightful heritage. They reveal a well-informed man of the world, and yet more so a catholic man of the spirit. The reader will find plain opinions plainly stated, but all of weighty critical import. Here is a critic full of knowledge, yet very generous without favour. These essays are in the direct line of sane thinking, and make for health. Charles Lamb would have said a different grace before each one; we can say, at least, "thank you" after each one.

(A. Ruan Clarke, 17, Liverpool Lawn, Ramsgate.)

THE PROMISED LAND. By Mary Antin. (Heinemann.)

We can recall nothing more haunting in recent literature than this autobiography of a Russian Jewess, born thirty years ago in Polotz in "the Pale of Settlement," and educated in the Boston Ghetto. It is a human document, written from the heart, and therefore reaching the heart. Her writing is tinged with wonder, for she has hardly yet got accustomed to the fact that freedom is real in the Promised Land; but she writes joyously, for she is in love with life. The book abounds in unforgettable phrases, and in Meissonier-like sketches of life in Russia and America.

(Mrs. John Adams, 23, Tanza Road, Hampstead, N.W.)

LOITERER'S HARVEST. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen.)

A collection of essays, grave and gay, but mostly gay, and all pulsating with that sense of the beauty of the little things of life which makes Mr. Lucas' work so attractive. Here we gladly meet again many old friends, with whom we have chuckled in the pages of *Punch*, and there is an excellent article on the work of Mr. George Morrow, whose pictorial art is in spirit by no means unlike that of his appreciator. Both are loiterers in the byways of everyday life; and the harvest Mr. Lucas has reaped, if small, is ripe and mellow.

(C. Roy Price, Fernleigh, Wellington, Somerset.)

Other good reviews have been sent in by Rose B. Froud (Southsea), J. D. I. Waugh (Toddington), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Miss L. Mugford (S. Norwood), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Dorothy R. Robinson (Wilmslow), Miss E. Webster (Bristol), M. Blacklee (Barrow), D. Lefebure (Johannesburg), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Mrs. Jessop Hulton (Worsley), E. J. Martin (Sheffield), Mrs. M. Stevenson (Birmingham), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), Bessie Eades (London, S.W.), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Maude S. Carter (Brighton), Frances A. S. Holbrow (Maidstone), E. C. Linn (Stoke Newington), Louie Noble (Leeds), Gertrude M. Ellwood (Grimsby), F. M. Mountford (Eastbourne), M. Grene (Dublin), Edward Renny (London, S.W.), Nala (Seven Kings), Euphemia Dalgleish (Leith), Edgar Frere (London, S.W.), E. Bates (Reigate), Annie L. Beal (Barrow), Rev. R. H. May (Hebburn), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), J. Brian Ffoulkes (Worcester), Margaret B. Walker (Grays), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), Mary Chadwick (St. Leonard's-on-Sea), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, N.Y., U.S.A.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke.)

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to "The Bookman" is awarded to Miss Constance Ursula Kerr, of The Manse, Dorlton, R.S.O., East Lothian.

A MAN OF LETTERS.*

By Francis Bickley.

THERE is a drawing by Mr. Max Beerbohm of a sort of inverted Valhalla, in which Mr. Edmund Gosse is displaying to his old friend Stevenson the effigies of eminent living authors. After duly admiring the physiognomies of Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells and Mr. Galsworthy, R. L. S. turns to his cicerone and asks, "But where are the men of letters?" Mr. Beerbohm, if his sense of character had not forbidden the attribution of vanity where it was not to be found, might have drawn a sequel in which, with hand on heart, Mr. Gosse submitted his own claims to his companion's consideration. For Mr. Gosse, though the reference books call him "poet and critic," is to be described, if anyone is, as a man of letters.

He is, therefore, as Mr. Beerbohm's picture implies, something of an anachronism. Before that year of mourning, 1909, someone imagined Meredith and Swinburne as exchanging greetings from two lofty hills, solitary but for one another's proud company. So from two hills of lesser height, though eminent enough and verdant for our pleasure, Mr. Gosse and Mr. Dobson call to one another to-day, the last of the men of letters.

Perhaps I exaggerate. There are those of a younger generation who may not inappropriately bear the designation: such as Whibley, Street and Seccombe. But these are scattered forces, with fame below their deserts. Of those most in the public eye none may be so

* "Collected Essays of Edmund Gosse": i. Seventeenth Century Studies. ii, Gossip in a Library. iii., Critical Kitkats. iv., French Profiles. 6s. net each. (Heinemann.)

described; to call them sanitary inspectors would be at least as near the mark. But in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, there was a group of men as distinct, as closely related and as respected as the sociological dramatists of to-day, who were men of letters first if not last. The group comprised Stevenson, Henley, Lang, Dobson and Gosse. A kindred spirit connects their very diverse works. Four of them were the chief contributors to that famous anthology, "Ballades and Rondeaus," which was dedicated to the fifth. They were linked by friendship. The "Stevenson Letters" are the historical evidence of their bond.

When you try to imprison a man in a definition you will usually find that some stray link has escaped you. Our label will not quite cover the multifarious activities of this quintet. Henley, for instance, who was the perfect man of letters—the man of letters of genius—in his essays, especially the longer ones, such as those on Burns and Hazlitt, was also a great poet, which is an altogether bigger thing. Stevenson was always near the type, never identified with it, and was getting farther from it as he grew older. Lang was the perfect man of letters, with additions; Mr. Dobson, with limitations. The one wandered into such extraneous fields as totemism and psychical research and political history, the other has kept himself too rigidly to a selected theme; too rigidly, that is, for our definition, though not for our delight.

There remains Mr. Gosse, and he, I think, can wear the label we have assigned him with less reservation than any of his friends, perhaps with no reservation at all. The man of letters is one who, though his primary impulse to write comes from books, is not concerned with the contents of books alone, but with the men who made them and with all that appertains to them—their bindings and illustrations, their publishers and critics, all the adventitious circumstances surrounding their birth and their career. He does not deal only with pure literature, poetry and drama and fiction, but with histories and biographies and letters, even with scientific and philosophical works that are sufficiently superannuated to be considered less for the sake of their theories than for their manner. It is not his aim to extract essences or to apply critical canons. He never loses sight of the author. On the other hand, he must have books for a starting-point; so that, while his criticism tends to become biographical, his biographies are mainly of those who write. He is not limited by a century or a country or a school, but by printed sheets between covers. He is learned, but no pedant.

Mr. Gosse answers in every way to this description. He has, it is true, written poetry; but the man of letters, being interested in the craft of writing, nearly always does. Like Lang's and Dobson's and most of Stevenson's, Mr. Gosse's poetry is literary verse rather than the outpourings of a seer. It smells, with no unpleasant odour, of the lamp. Nor is his criticism, like Swinburne's, that of a poet. He has specialised, to a certain extent, in seventeenth century English literature, but in no way to the exclusion of earlier or later centuries or of foreign writers. Only one of his books stands really apart. But "Father and Son" is an exception to all but the laws of its own kind. It is one of those books which lie inarticulate in the breast of every man and, once in a while, get written. Autobiographies can only be compared with one another. Mr. Gosse's other prose books, whether full-length biographies or shorter studies, are all true to type. Whether you like them better or worse than purer criticism, depends on whether you are more interested in absolute principles or human idiosyncrasies. Mr. Gosse has expounded his own preference in the preface to one of his latest volumes, "Portraits and Sketches." "It is less entertaining," he there writes, "to dwell exclusively on the verses of a poet, or exclusively on the incidents of his life, than to attempt the more complicated study of these elements in inter-relation to one another, as has been done, but only too rarely, in the best critical biographies. M. Paul Desjardins, in an amusing and illuminating phrase, speaks of 'la cinematographie d'une abeille dans le mystère de la mellification.' This, I confess, is what I like best in a literary biography, and it is what I have attempted to produce. To analyse the honey is one thing, and to dissect the bee another; but I find a special pleasure in watching him, myself unobserved, in the act of building up and filling the cells." When he called a book "French Profiles," Mr. Gosse acknowledged himself aware of

Princess Badoura.

Frontispiece to "Princess Badoura" retold by Laurence Housman (Hodder & Stoughton).

Sainte-Beuve. His method has much in common with that of the great French critic.

The four books under particular consideration here, "Seventeenth Century Studies," "Gossip in a Library," "Critical Kit-kats," and "French Profiles," form part of a welcome series of five reprinted volumes of essays in uniform bindings, which is to be completed with "Portraits and Sketches." It is instructive to contrast the first three as examples of different ways of approaching the same centre: through literature, through bibliography, and through personality, the result in each case being a set of miniatures of men at their work. "Seventeenth Century Studies," as its title implies, has more unity than the later volumes. It is an attempt "to do for some of the rank and file of seventeenth century literature what modern criticism has done, on a much larger scale, for Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden." From the demarcation of boundaries, as well as from the overlapping chronological sequence of subjects and their careful selection, it is permissible to suppose that the author also intended to paint, or rather to indicate by significant strokes, the features of a century. In this he is not so successful as in his primary object. Truthfully to suggest a whole by the delineation of a part requires a mastery of impressionism which is alien to Mr. Gosse's methods. Moreover, though the lesser writers treated may be typical, the greater ones, Webster and Herrick and Crashaw, stand unique, not only above but in a different air from the contemporaries who are ranked with them for historical convenience. "Seventeenth Century Studies," therefore, is a linked rather than a fused whole. Its parts are excellent, though one may cavil here and there at a minor judgment, such as the attribution of strength, even in the comparative degree, to the character of Sir John Suckling. In considering these essays, one must remember—not as an excuse, but as an additional virtue—that when they were written, between thirty and forty years ago, the seventeenth century poets were far less familiar or accessible than they are to-day. Dr. Grosart's labours were only beginning, and the Muse's Library was not yet in existence. Those wonderful lyrists whom we prize so highly were for the most part in the limbo into which they had so promptly fallen. Mr. Gosse, therefore, was here, as in other fields, a pioneer.

"Gossip in a Library"—one wonders if it was so called for the same reason that William Hunnis entitled his books "A Hiveful of Honey" or "A Handful of Honeysuckles"—displays its author as a bibliopole. He is very humble about his collection, but, though he may be no Huth, he evidently has some very pretty volumes. The Duke of Devonshire, if he has any feeling for the Chatsworth treasures, would probably be more impressed—to refer once more to Max, that mirror of our age—by Mr. Gosse's playbooks than by his jokes. Here the librarian of the House of Lords, whose erudition must be an enormous boon to peers in search of ornaments for their oratory, chats very pleasantly of his possessions, from Camden's "Britannia" to "The Shaving of Shagpat," adding literary criticism and biographical detail to lore of editions and states.

"Critical Kit-kats" has the particular interest of a book dealing largely with personalities known to its author. In that respect it is comparable with "Portraits and Sketches," though containing nothing so elaborate as the chapter on Swinburne in the later volume. Mr. Gosse writes of his acquaintances with a just admixture of reticence and frankness, and though he sometimes comes into collision with the views of others who are equally well informed, his reading of a character is always entitled to respect. An attractive dedication to Mr. Hardy is a feature of this book which must not be missed.

"French Profiles" is a more important book than any of its predecessors. France has done well to honour Mr. Gosse, for he has written of her literature with a knowledge almost unrivalled among English critics. Mr. Symons has displayed a deeper sympathy with, and insight into, the work of a particular school of poets, but Mr. Gosse's views are broader, and even on the Symbolists he writes, for one whose tastes are confessedly classical and conservative, with understanding and something more than tolerance. His essay on Mallarmé evoked the admiration of that difficult poet himself, and that on Albert Samain, who is not included in Mr. Symons's "Symbolist Movement," effectively introduces a delightful poet to English readers. An obvious drawback to the book is its incompleteness. This is a shortcoming inevitable to all criticism of living writers, but here we have it in an exaggerated form which is not inevitable. It is nine years since "French Profiles" was first published, but Mr. Gosse, beyond revising the paper on Mallarmé, and adding one on M. Maurice Barrès, has done little to bring it up-to-date. The apology in his new preface does not do away with the defectiveness of a study of M. Anatole France which takes no account of "Sur la Pierre Blanche," "L'Ile des Penguins," or "Les Dieux ont Soif." Still, these essays on modern writers are interesting criticisms of the books they deal with, and those devoted to earlier writers show Mr. Gosse at his best.

Each of these volumes shows the strength and weakness of our man of letters. Mr. Gosse knows well how to place a writer, his work and his circumstances in proper relation. His sympathies are catholic. He has helped many a foreign author to a hearing in England. His judgments are for the most part sound. He seems to have read everything. On the other hand, he is at times unduly timorous of the creeping of that which is not literature into the works of an imaginative writer. He lays himself open to the charge of being afraid of ideas. Thus he seems to belittle the teaching of Tolstoy, not as a philosophical opponent, but as a rather fussy guardian of the dignity of letters. His care for form, as exemplified in his very just criticism of Whitman (his own visit to whom is admirably described) is another matter, though his allied strictures on the younger generation are too sweeping to be of much account. Moreover, his temperament is averse from, though his method does not necessarily preclude, that deep brooding over art apart from its circumstances, which is an essential, though not, perhaps, the only essential, of great criticism; so that his miniatures, though like as far as they go, are apt to be rather superficial. He accurately depicts the broad aspect of his subject and even its less obvious features, but misses the finer shades. But then, as we have said, he is not a distiller of essences but a man of letters; and of that admirable brotherhood a very excellent member.

A BOOKMAN'S MEMORIES.*

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

DO editors or publishers know what it is, I wonder, to receive from the clippers really candid estimates of their work? Advertisement contractors and news proprietors complain bitterly of the insipidity of their breakfast tables whenever they commit pen to paper. It is a compliment, I think for the Editor of THE BOOKMAN to send me his latest work for full and free comment in his own magazine. Does he expect me to deal faithfully with it in the Palace of Truth? The circumstances, it must be admitted, are not particularly propitious for a slashing review. The essayists' doctrine on the subject seems to me to err on the side of humanity. "Leave the bitter word unspoken." "If you cannot say anything good, better leave the stuff alone." It is wise at any rate to seek a better opportunity of offence than is presented by such a series of book-kindly and friendly-discursive dissertations as are contained in "A Bookman's Letters."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.**

To pursue the comparative method between the new volume and its near kinsman, "The Day Book of Claudius Clear" (which I liked well), the new book has on the whole the advantage. The goods are produced much more handsomely, the humour is not so prolific or so pronounced; but there is a riper tone and a mellowness of touch declaring the author to be consummate in his own sphere of Book Ranger and Book Rambler. He is very seldom dogmatic or arbitrary. Occasionally he takes an ultra-objective view of books or literary problems—trying to arrange the best biographies in order, or telling us on what book we ought to commence an author, and the proper way of initiation. When he talks in this way he exasperates me. The delights of reading ought to be largely fortuitous, uncovenanted blessings. When I see Boswell, Lockhart, Trevelyan, and Gaskell down in a short list of the world's biographies for the million, I begin to doubt whether any merit can reside in them at all. The author, fortunately, is seldom in this vein. His four hundred and thirty pages afford a very rich miscellany to the omnivore among readers. Some of the contents are reviews of special interest to anyone who has had transactions in that *métier*. They often remind me of provisos one ought to have made, aspects one ought to have considered, and things one would like to have said. There are also literary debates, that hardy perennial "Was Thackeray a cynic?" for example, and "Why did Shakespeare retire to Stratford-upon-Avon?" There are a few, too few, romantic stories, stranger than fiction, of the kind that Thomas Hardy might have transmuted into *nouvelles* or *contes*. Some may find the savour of the book to consist principally in its personal memories and reminiscences of such Majores as Meredith, Lafcadio Hearn, Masson, Dr. Garnett, George Gissing, and Mark Rutherford. I was told that after writing these Rutherfordiana (by far the most solid contribution to a profoundly interesting subject that the world has yet seen), the author confessed to complete exhaustion, and admitted inability to pump up another single word on the subject. This is interesting, because these recollections betray no sign whatever of approaching the limit of the material. They suggest rather consummate ease in producing samples—exemplary traits drawn more or less at haphazard from a wallet filled to profusion. The contrast between the apparent and the real suggests a point of some importance, namely, that the journalist who knows too much is apt to be lost. There are one or two beautiful fragments of the *vitae obscurorum virorum* here, fragments which do more than pique the curiosity, they satisfy, indeed, a high ideal of artistic beauty—the "Romance of a Still Life" thus deserves attention as a really beautiful morsel of prose delineation. It is good that this knight has compassion and a gentleness of tone sufficient to conjure up the still, small voice in which alone it may still be given us to hear about the treasure of the humble.

Good things, mots, happy hits are scattered about the volume in considerable profusion. "An old man once said to me: 'I have never known any one better than myself, and I think very little of myself.'" G. A. Simcox, handing back a laboured exercise (Latin Prose) to a pupil, and smiling: "Do you smoke?" "Yes, sir" (expectantly). "Then you can take this (chuckling) to light your cigar." A lady at Lewes always had a chop at 2 p.m., and was waited on by her old butler, who had been in her service upwards of thirty years. One day as chop-time approached the old man dropped dead, suddenly. While the other servants were hastily considering how to break the news to their mistress, the bell was violently rung. On a servant appearing, the old lady asked why the butler did not bring in her

* "A Bookman's Letters." By W. Robertson Nicoll. 4s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)

chop. On being told of his death, she merely said: "That is no reason why I should be kept waiting. Isn't there any one else who can bring in my chop?"

Of Charles Lever (in his later years) it is said piquantly: "He was an expert in depression." This reminds one of the cautious epitaph of a lady aged one-hundred and twelve, buried in Bath Abbey, also cited in this volume: "During the *later* years of her life she was distinguished by both virtue and propriety."

"A hedonist is a man who lives for pleasure, and Fitzgerald found his pleasure in drinking tea with his Woodbridge friends, in hearing the Waverley Novels read aloud, in walking home with a lantern to the little house at Boulge, which of all his dwelling-places seems to me the one that best fitted him." "Holmes's 'One Hoss Shay' is a fierce parable describing the smash of the impregnable logic of Calvinism." "To understand Stevenson fully one must first spit a little blood." "There are also novels which are adapted only for reading in railway tunnels"—an exact and really marvellous description this of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."

The author has given us a memorable picture of the philosophic journalist contemplating the bilge of extinct newspapers—*The Wandsworth Heralds, Shadwell Echoes,* and *Clerkenwell Gazettes*—in the mighty hold at Hendon. To a journalist in these catacombs the spectacle is suggestive of fearful thoughts, and it is of the vanity rather than the glory of his profession that he is tempted to think. Looking at these impregnable tombstones, he cannot but think of the toil and thought that have been spent on them, and about the apparent end of all. Here survives perhaps the only extant and whole copy of many a newspaper of importance in its hour. Many volumes may never have been opened, more still are there that no one will ever open again! The writings have withered like the grass of the field, as soon as the day or week of their allotted existence was over. In a passage of real felicity in this conjunction, the author quotes Gibbon's cheerful submission of his great work to the verdict of posterity in the *berceau* or covered walk of "acacias at Lausanne," commanding a prospect of the country, the lake and the mountains. Few, indeed, have walked under these acacias—have planned, and lived to finish, a great book with the assurance that they have not failed to win fame for the years they are to live, and for many years beyond that period.

There may be an exception here and there, such as Daniel Defoe. But the working journalist can never hope to walk under the acacias of Lausanne. To write a great book of any kind, a great book of history perhaps, above all, an exceptional combination of circumstances must occur. Leisure, wealth, knowledge, physique, sustained labour, curiosity, and endurance must be harmoniously blended with opportunity in a happily compacted individual.

"The great book is a work of time, and its writer must be content to see many showy popularities arise and disappear while he remains in his obscurity, waiting for the day to come. He must be content to take the ordinary risks and hazards of mortal men. His labours may be interrupted by death when his work is but a fragment, and a fragment, however brilliant, must fail of the recognition and the life which are assigned to completeness.

"While all this is true, yet I count those happy—even those journalists happy—who for many years have before them the vision of something which shall last in literature, and which shall worthily occupy their thoughts, and the scant margin of their days. The outcome may be nothing. It may extend to little more than a mass of notes, intelligible only to the compiler. Yet if it has been a happiness to think of it, if it has made the days short and delivered from *ennui*, if it has led the mind along congenial paths, and if it has given life an undertone of hope, it is well that the plan was in the heart, that the dream assisted and consoled to the end. And if a journalist who has written much, and for many years, desires to establish some personal relation with a few readers by writing an occasional book, or even by putting together a few of his contributions to newspapers, let him not be too severely condemned, at least, by his brother journalists. His is a natural and a pardonable ambition. Let it be granted that reprints from periodicals are very rarely of striking and permanent worth. Let it also be granted that they may reveal partially the writer's tastes, and friendships, and ambitions, and disappointments. If this be so, they will not altogether miss an audience, and they may even find, for a time, a large audience. At the very worst, a few copies will survive, marked with the author's name, and who knows whether some investigator of the future may not discover one and hold it up to praise? It is a very, very faint hope. Nevertheless, it is a hope."

Our author tells us more or less symbolically, I suppose, that two hundred anecdotes are about the maximum that a man may possess and live; and that it takes eight anecdotes to make a book. In this case no man should exceed twenty-five. According to the panel (facing-title) the present is no more than his tenth embarcation. He may still essay time and tide fifteen several times. Well, he is justifying our warmest hopes of him. He must persevere. His work promises 'na sae ill.'

THE LITTLE HOUSE.

TO ALICE MEYNELL.

I will have a little house
  When the children are flown,
The feel of a big house
  Would be cold as a stone;
A house full of emptiness
  And we two alone.

But in a little house
  We could creep to the blaze;
We could warm our old hearts
  With the thought of old days;
Him and me together
  When the firelight plays. . . .

The littlest house and garden
  For him and me just,
And all the sweet times we had
  Withered to dust.
A big house would break my heart
  For the children lost.

From "Irish Poems," by Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

New Books.

MR. GARDINER'S PORTRAITS.*

There is no more difficult or delicate work to be done with the pen than the critical portraiture of contemporaries, and the more serious is the attempt, the more does it involve the risks of misjudgment and self-betrayal. Courage, wide knowledge, imaginative sympathy, penetration, humour: these are the qualifications. Now Mr. Gardiner has these, but the secret of his singular success is something else. In portraying and judging other men, a writer will reveal either his temperament or his ideals. He may reveal both, yet one will be foremost. But we do not want to know much about his temperament, because we are concerned with his subjects and not with himself. We do want to know his ideals, because these enable us to perceive by what human standard or tradition he judges men. Herein lies the difference, I think, between Mr. Gardiner's portraits and Hazlitt's. The twenty-five portraits drawn by Hazlitt in his "Spirit of the Age" tell us a good deal more about his temperament than about his ideals. We are conscious of his nerves and their irritations, and of his relations to Dr. Fell. In Mr. Gardiner's sketches we have no such experience. His ideals emerge; and his hostilities are seen in their light. His attitude to a man may be unsympathetic, but it is part of a general attitude that is stable. Thus his hot and cold are related to each other, and both to the everlasting Yea of his adoption. You may find unfairness in the judgment, but not in the judge; severity or blindness in both, if you will, but not levity or any unworthy spasm of feeling.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. G. Wells.**
From "Pillars of Society," by A. G. Gardiner (Nisbet).

In an essay placed inconspicuously near the end of this volume, Mr. Gardiner virtually discloses his criterion when he names, as the greatest living Englishman, Mr. James Bryce. He admits that Mr. Bryce's claim to this distinction is challengeable on many grounds, yet he thinks it is just. Mr. Bryce's qualities appeal to him, not merely by their intrinsic greatness, but by the wind-like freedom with which they play over humanity as a whole, unbounded by barriers of race, polity, or creed.

> "He represents more than any conspicuous figure to-day, except Lord Morley, that noble and temporarily obscured tradition associated with such great names as those of Fox, Gladstone, Mazzini, and Lincoln—that allegiance to humanity, without regard to colour, creed, or country, which is not the negation of patriotism, but its finest flower and fulfilment."

That sentence indicates, perhaps, as well as any Mr. Gardiner's pivot. Again, of President Wilson he writes:

> "He has what Mr. Chamberlain never had, what Mr. Lloyd George, with all his fine intuitions and democratic sympathies, has not—a considered philosophy of politics. It is a philosophy warmed with a generous humanity and a sincere vision."

And once more, of Lord Courtney:

> "He is the lay preacher of national righteousness. Mr. Lehmann once likened him to Isaiah, and the parallel is not inappropriate. He is the Isaiah of our day—Isaiah in a canary-coloured waistcoat. He moves through our feverish time with the cloud of prophecy about him—a figure significant and inspiring, firm as a rock, free from rancour and littleness, speaking the truth, and working without thought of reward or praise for all noble ends. When we have lost a certain reverence for such a figure we shall have lost the soul of goodness."

These passages reveal Mr. Gardiner's central sympathies and, as one turns from portrait to portrait, enable us to understand his degrees and reserves of appreciation. They explain, for example, his dislike of Roosevelt, whose career he sees as "a mad whirl of untutored energy." He allows that he was the first to face the plutocratic tyranny of the States—"he will be remembered as the man who broke the idols"—but he credits him neither with political honesty nor political vision. "With all his volubility, few men of distinction have less to say." If we turn to such a portrait as that of Lord Hugh Cecil, we find that Mr. Gardiner's sympathies are feelingly divided. The scion of Hatfield's political creed is "a perverted and fantastic nightmare—the nightmare of a mind that sees the twentieth century from the fourteenth,"—but it is based, not on selfishness, but on fundamental beliefs. "There is no price on him. He is not in the market. And it is this fact which makes him indeed priceless." It is by his seen standards that Mr. Gardiner places Mr. Churchill, whose abilities and inexhaustible faculty he acclaims, but whose uncertainty he dreads. "It is the ultimate Churchill that escapes us. I think he escapes us for a good reason. He is not there"; and he concludes this sketch with a warning: "Remember he is a soldier first, last, and always. He will write his name big on our future. Let us take care he does not write it in blood."

Although, as I have said, temperament, as a petty and disturbing element, does not enter into these portraits, yet in a larger sense it is here. This could not be otherwise in the chapters on such personalities as Sarah Bernhardt, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and others. Mr. Gardiner's different attitudes to the great French actress and the great English actor will be felt by the reader. To each he does the justice which the admirers of each will demand. Yet there is temperament, as well

* "Pillars of Society." By A. G. Gardiner. 7s. 6d. net. (James Nisbet & Co.).

as critical insight, in his seeing Sarah Bernhardt as Sarah Bernhardt, and Forbes-Robertson as Shakespeare. Of her he writes: "The stage has no triumph like it"; of him: "It is the highest tribute to his reverence and the fineness of his artistic conscience that when we emerge from his Hamlet or Othello we think less about the actor than about the mighty mystery which we call Shakespeare." If, after reading these two sketches, the reader turns to the deeply sympathetic portrait of Archdeacon Lilley, he will find, of course, nothing that bears directly on either, but he will know more about the temperament and the trend of thinking which explain these divergences of feeling.

Mr. Gardiner never falters in attack. His portrait of Mr. St. Loe Strachey is bitten in with the strongest acid. His sketch of Mrs. Humphrey Ward is respectfully disrespectful. He laughs unmercifully at the supple barrister in Mr. F. E. Smith. He turns on Mr. Carnegie with the suggestion that he should stop building libraries and unbuild the Steel Trust. He points to Lord Milner as to "a forlorn, solitary figure in our midst, with no thinkable future." But, in nearly every case, such judgments are the balance of an account in which the debtor and creditor columns have been carefully written up. The correctness of the balance is one thing—it cannot be audited; the sincerity of the endeavour is another—it can be felt.

The forty appreciations contained in this volume, added to those in Mr. Gardiner's earlier series, "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," are a fine achievement. Yet I hope that they may prove in the end to be studies for a larger canvas. Mr. Gardiner's destiny is surely to write a social and political history of his time.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

BUTLER, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.*

Here are two more of the Butler volumes that Mr. Fifield is now re-issuing in a form convenient for both hand and shelf, and at prices suited to most pockets. We say deliberately that no set of books now before the public is so truly valuable, so thoroughly salutary, as these Butler reprints. Whether any body of original doctrine can be extracted from them, or whether Butler is a purely critical spirit (so far as criticism can ever be distinguished from creation) is an interesting topic too large for present discussion; but this at least is certain, that scarcely any writer of the past or present is more efficient as a mental purge. Butler represents logic raised to the plane of inspiration. At a touch from him away fly our assumptions, our fallacies, our false conclusions, our self-deceptions. He is not so much a breaker of images as a denuder of images. The brother-in-law of the haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon, in his own remarkable verses, clothed the Discobolus in vest and trousers. That is the precise opposite of the Butlerian process. He strips away the shams and false shames, and if what he leaves is bare, at least it is clean, pure and real. Another quality that makes him specially attractive to bookmen is his mastery of the instrument he wielded. He had that rare gift, an ear for prose, and he wrote with conscious care and exactness, although (such is the way of genius), he nourished a singular delusion that he was indifferent to style.

The two volumes just issued differ very widely in subject and attractiveness. "The Fair Haven," Butler's Op. 2, is extremely clever and extremely unpleasant. It is the sort of book that you read for the author's sake and not for its own. Mr. Shaw (than whom none has praised Butler more intelligently, and whom, for some reason, certain Butlerites regard with strange animosity), has spoken of Butler's grim, hoaxing humour. "The Fair Haven" is a case in point. It purports to be the posthumous work of one J. P. Owen, prepared for the press by his brother, W. B. Owen. Apparently it is a piece of Christian apologetics written to demonstrate and defend the historic truth of the Resurrection; actually, it is an acute criticism of the Gospel narratives, an exposure of the methods of those who purvey Christian evidences, and an affirmation of his own belief that Jesus was removed from the Cross before death had actually occurred, and that the Resurrection was thus merely a recovery of consciousness.

The pretence was so well managed that the book was taken seriously, in many respectable quarters, as a skilful defence of the miracle (just as Defoe's "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" was taken as a genuine piece of Toryism), and Butler had to explain himself in a preface to the second edition. I find it hard to understand how anyone could have found the book other than what it is, namely, a closely argued attack on the Scriptural story. In that respect it deals with matters beyond the scope of these columns, and I do not propose to say anything on the subject. Considered merely as a piece of reading, the book is not very attractive. It is weighed down by its own machinery. It was meant to strike at Orthodoxy with Orthodoxy's own weapons, and it imitates the manner of the Christian evidence books so well that it has much of their dulness without their excuse of piety. Moreover, the tone of writing implied by the pretence that the author was a defender of what he was really attacking, soon becomes very distressing—if not worse. A man may sham art, or science, or letters, or even love, without great condemnation; but by the tacit consent of mankind, the one thing he must not sham is religion. And even in an age where very broad views of the Christian faith are taken, it may be urged, not unfairly, that the Crucifixion and Resurrection are not subjects for an elaborate literary hoax. Upon me the principal effect of the book, with its ruthless, nihilistic logic, has been to arouse a great desire to hear again that tenderest and most human of tragedies, "The Passion according to St. Matthew"—a longing whose frightful heresy will be appreciated by those who know Butler's fierce Handelian and anti-Bachian convictions. The editor, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, is inclined to think that the book did Butler no social damage, but that it provoked a literary conspiracy to suppress him. Thus he writes:

> "I am convinced that 'The Fair Haven' did him grave harm in the literary world. Reviewers fought shy of him for the rest of his life. They had been taken in once, and they took very good care that they should not be taken in again. The word went forth that Butler was not to be taken seriously, whatever he wrote, and the results of the decree were apparent in the silence that greeted not only his books on evolution, but his Homeric works, his writings on art, and his edition of Shakespeare's sonnets."

—a view so grotesque that I am puzzled to decide whether Mr. Streatfeild is the simplest of mortals, or whether, like Habbakuk, he is *capable de tout*. If the general reader of to-day is not offended by the subject of "The Fair Haven," he will find much to admire in its trenchant cleverness; but he will probably prefer the prefatory memoir of the supposititious author by his imaginary brother. Here he will meet some interesting sketches of the Butlerian personality drawn by the artist himself.

Turn we to something different. The volume of essays entitled "The Humour of Homer" is as pleasant as the other is unpleasant. Here Butler's humour is more genial, and plays about topics in which there is no danger of offence—unless, indeed, good Wordsworthians are scandalised by his proof that "She dwelt among the untrodden ways" can be satisfactorily interpreted only by the supposition that Lucy was an ill-favoured and undesirable entanglement, secretly murdered by the poet! The fantasia, "Quis Desiderio . . . ?" in which that preposterous piece of exegesis is one of the themes, is a genuine piece of sustained and original humour. There are papers, too, on the figures in certain Swiss shrines, supplementing the delightful "Alps and Sanctuaries" (just republished), and interpreting the groups in a way that suggests a slightly ironic Mark Twain. Those who like heavier fare will turn with interest to those papers on the Darwinian controversy,

* "The Fair Haven." By Samuel Butler. Edited with an Introduction by R. A. Streatfeild.—"The Humour of Homer and Other Essays." By Samuel Butler. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Henry Festing Jones. 5s. net each. (Fifield.)

in which Butler is not only a keen combatant, but an exponent of the neo-Lamarckism towards which the tide of evolutionary doctrine is steadily setting nowadays. Then, as a final (or rather, an initial) treat, there is a long memoir of Butler by his intimate companion Henry Festing Jones, a foretaste of that complete biography which we all so eagerly await. Mr. Jones's sketch is closely packed with Butlerian good things, and is itself worth getting the volume for. In the course of it, by the way, he asks for a sight of any numbers of the periodical called *The Drawing-Room Gazette*, to which, in the early 'seventies, Butler contributed some criticisms of Handel. Many readers would be glad if these articles could be unearthed.

Genius is a "name not lightly to be said," especially of contemporary figures that are not quite in focus yet. It may be used safely and emphatically of the author of "Erewhon."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE LATE VICTORIANS.

Here are two books of criticism which are likely to attract a good deal of attention. They are both by well-known writers, and they both deal with subjects which are at once recent and controversial. Mr. Jackson's book[1] is the wider in scope and the more important in intent, and therefore we may consider it first. His aim is to give us an ordered and concise view of the literary and artistic activities of the eighteen-nineties, and to co-ordinate, as it were, the vast material at our disposal into certain recognised channels of energy. To him there is a regular philosophy of motion underlying the artistic recrudescence of this period. In the twenty-one chapters of his formidable undertaking, a bewildering array of names flashes before our eyes—major names and minor names, names which still mean something to us, and names which suggest, if they suggest anything at all, merely the ghosts of memories. Mr. Jackson knows his subject—he has the facts and the spirit of it at his finger-tips. And they need knowing. For the eighteen-ninety "touch" has the elusive quality of a thing which has many manifestations but a very definite range. We feel it in Shaw and in Wilde, in Beardsley and in "Max," but we do not really feel it is such men as Conrad and Bennett. The reason for that may be in a new conception of art and realism. I am not sure. But whatever it is, the student of the most modern tendencies in painting and literature does feel extraordinarily divorced from the spirit of the eighteen-nineties. One cannot read the "Yellow Book" without a yawn, or of the dandies or decadents without a grimace. They are all so utterly "out of it." Mr. Jackson's learned, painstaking, and serious study is quite pathetic. You simply will not get people to excite themselves over dead bones. Who can take Oscar Wilde seriously nowadays, except that type of foreigner who still thinks Byron the greatest of English poets?

Mr. Jackson does not, by any means, obtrude his own opinions too freely, but the very fact of his writing such a book makes it evident that he considers his period an important one. But, apart from the sad history of curious and futile talent, it is hard to see where the importance lies. Already we seem to have cast from us all the influence of that decade. Their ideals are not only not our ideals, but it is difficult to believe that they could ever again be our ideals. Even their survivors appear strangely out-moded. I admit that in all this there is, perhaps, some exaggeration arising from personal prejudice, but, at any rate, it is exaggeration founded on a substantial basis. The Russian novelists of forty years ago are infinitely closer to us than the artificial English schools of fifteen years ago. Time always takes its revenge on precocity.

Of course, I would not deny that the eighteen-nineties were a time of renewed mental activity in the world of English art. What I deny is that this spectacular and glittering display has any permanent interest for students of English letters. It was an era of finished and yet barren achievement. For with all their "smartness" and lively brilliance the writers who are most representative of this period are the mere false dawn of modern tendencies. With all their airs and graces, with all their polish and superiority, they are, at heart, rather crude and rather vacuous. There are exceptions, naturally, distinguished and remarkable exceptions; but it must be said quite frankly that the spirit of the time was a deluded spirit. The pulse of the eighteen-nineties is clammy, feverish, uncertain. It is a period that will long survive historically, no doubt, because it did produce some great men of high genius; but the influence it had on these men

Page decoration from the Morte d'Arthur, by Aubrey Beardsley.
From The "Eighteen Nineties" by Holbrook Jackson (Grant Richards).

[1] "The Eighteen Nineties." By Holbrook Jackson. 12s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

was probably almost invariably bad. The fact is, I suppose, that England had far too long been under the thumb, artistically, of several giant names, and that, in the moment of her recovered freedom, she went head over heels into other extremes. She experimented right and left with intense zest and little wisdom. It took her ten years to find her feet again.

In contrast to Mr. Jackson's monumental effort. Mr. Howe's may be called a modest one[1]. He has written a book of nine essays on as many modern English dramatists—Pinero, Jones, Wilde, Barrie, Shaw, Hankin, Barker, Davies, Galsworthy. His manner is judicial, unemotional, and sometimes caustic, and his style is adequate to his thought. It is a better style than Mr. Jackson's, but, on the other hand, it has not Mr. Jackson's genial familiarity. Mr. Howe keeps us rather at arm's length. There is no reason to object to this except in so far as it prevents Mr. Howe stating his own opinions with sufficient emphasis. His book is one of half-tones, and is, therefore, apt to be uninteresting. But, of course, one must remember that it is written more from the dramatic than from the literary standpoint, and that its popularity, consequently, is bound to be less effective.

Some of his judgments are capital—when he dwells, for instance, on the "efficiency" of Pinero ("efficient" one sees, instantaneously, is precisely what Pinero is); or when he remarks of Galsworthy "The art which tries too consciously to conceal art is the art that does not succeed in its aim; and this, we feel, is Mr. Galsworthy's."

Students of the drama (there are such people one must assume) will read this book with avidity and, perhaps, with profit; the general reader will read it with a certain lack of enthusiasm, I fancy. Writing about the modern drama has become almost as much of a craze as writing modern dramas—most people are tired of both things. Why not give Bernard Shaw, Oscar Wilde, and so on a rest? There are much more exciting persons in the world—even in the world of to-day. That's what one has to drum into the critics' ears.

RICHARD CURLE.

SYNGE AND THE IRISH THEATRE.*

I have found this elaborate volume by M. Bourgeois both embarrassing and attractive. I did not want to read anything more about Synge. The medley of legend and controversy that has arisen around his name and work is a profitless study. "Synge" has become as inartistic an irritant as a persistent patent medicine or cocoa advertisement. It arouses feelings that have nothing of the animation and graciousness which we usually associate with literature. And it bears us far from the thing that matters more or less: the creative and interpretive work of the real Synge himself.

Many of those who have discovered Synge appear to have hastily assumed that they had at the same time discovered Ireland. As a whole she had given up her secret, and, furthermore, every individual unit of her people was revealed in all essentials. We were all disclosed and labelled. Synge had given us away. Some of us are amused at this assumption, more of us resent it; but the measure of resentment is much greater than the measure of amusement. It has militated against a dispassionate and measured appreciation of the Synge of actuality.

I happen to be deeply interested in Ireland, and her inlook and outlook, both from the Gaelic and the Anglo-Irish sides. It is difficult to say on which of these sides we find the greater crop of contentions and theories about the meaning and destiny of the entity we call Éire, or Ireland. I have grown distrustful of nearly all the law and the prophets on both sides, and try simply to understand what Ireland and her various individualities and authors (in Gaelic and in English) are trying to express in their more deliberate moments. I find the task entertaining and animating, but I grow more and more chary of positive conclusions, though I may be able to venture on a tentative theory about it all if I live to a hale old age.

Certainly when I reflect on the Ireland that is associated with the mystic, artist, co-operator, and heroic worker, "A. E."; when I consider the Ireland that reveals herself in the Feiseanna of the Gaelic League; the Ireland that is expressed in the Irish writings of Canon O'Leary; the rare young Ireland that lives and labours in St. Enda's College; the grim and what might be called Ibsenian Connacht interpreted in the writings of Padraic O'Conaire; the deep-hearted and romantic Connacht that shines and sings in the work of Micheal Breathnach; the Ulster of "Cu Uladh"; the Munster of "An Seabhac"; the toiling and tragic Ireland that in mire and misery has begun to think even of the Co-operative Commonwealth; the Ireland that is either obsessed or vexed with ultramontanism, and the psychic Ireland that still has glimpses of fairyland, howsoever the normal consciousness may seek to explain them—when I think of these and others, a mild amusement is pardonable in regard to the positive souls who consider the Abbey Theatre—whose interests, of course, are undoubted—the beginning and the end of art and literature in our country. And though Synge has a distinctive place in this varied realm of life, he is far from being all-important and predominant.

I said at the outset that this work of M. Bourgeois is attractive and embarrassing. He calls ourselves and our mixed concerns before the council and the judgment of Europe; we are vain enough to be attracted and self-critical enough to be embarrassed by the thought of this novel and august tribunal. On the whole, however, we fare well. M. Bourgeois, unlike the majority of English and not a few Anglo-Irish critics, has realised the necessity of understanding something of the Irish language, Irish history, Irish culture, and the ancestral Irish civilisation before one ventures to sum up modern Ireland. His knowledge, interest and palpable desire to spread light rather than to construct a theory at any cost is refreshing. On the Gaelic side he is often really informing, though he

William Butler Yeats.
From a pen-and-ink sketch by John B. Yeats, R.H.A.
From "J. M. Synge and the Irish Theatre," by Maurice Bourgeois (Constable).

[1] "Dramatic Portraits." By P. P. Howe. 5s. net. (Martin Secker.)

* "John Millington Synge and the Irish Theatre." By Maurice Bourgeois. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

falls into the mistake of using the crude and meaningless term "Erse." Where he is most unconvincing it is his general theory of life and destiny that appears to be at fault. Thus he seems to imagine that, generally speaking, things "Pagan" and "pre-Christian" were unspiritual and barbarous. This, to my mind, is a hopeless conclusion. Again, he thinks that the Irish peasantry, as portrayed by Synge in his essays, is closely akin to "the aboriginal Gaedhealtacht," and he speaks of the modern Irishman that typifies a survival of "the dateless Irishman of the sagas." I doubt this survival theory, as he and others put it; there may be a certain survival, but there is also deterioration. The matter, however, is too spacious and subtle to be argued in detail just now.

Extensive and judicial a study as he has made of the formal life and the artistic life of Synge, M. Bourgeois still leaves him an aloof and somewhat inscrutable individuality. He has told us everything that the biographer and commentator can tell, and Synge remains what he was before: arresting, odd, bizarre, morbid, solitary, an eerie visitant in, rather than an expression of, Ireland. He might be called the Sick Man of Anglo-Irish literature, the Sick Man who had something of genius, whose sickness and suffering were broken by phases of psychic intoxication and exaltation, flashes of romance and poetry, bursts of mordant and extravagant humour. When all is said there is no real scope for the biographer and the historian; everything that matters is to be found in the unequal plays. In regard to these, M. Bourgeois is discriminating on the whole, though he is unduly severe on "The Tinker's Wedding." Here, again, he confounds religion and theology, and makes too little allowance for the great human sense of humour. Testy indeed must be the theological sense that treats this rare tinker to the critical bell, book, and candle.

W. P. RYAN.

George Crabbe.

From a sketch taken in 1826, in the collection of A. M. Broadley.
From "The Romance of an Elderly Poet," by A. M. Broadley and Walter Jerrold (Stanley Paul).

LOVE-MAKING AT SIXTY.*

George Crabbe, whose early life was saved from being a tragedy by the friendship of Edward Burke, appears in these volumes in the somewhat unexpected light of genteel comedy. He married the girl he had loved in boyhood and there were seven children, but five of them died, and a nervous disease made her for some years impossible as a companion of his efforts and aspirations. He wrote on one of her letters: "Nothing can be more sincere than this; nothing more reasonable and affectionate; and yet happiness was denied." These lines are a domestic romance when read as the history of eight years' courtship and thirty years of marriage.

When he settled at Trowbridge his days of struggle were over. His income must then have been about a thousand a year, and with his simple tastes this must have been wealth. Compare it, for instance, with the scanty living Johnson wrung from the booksellers!

Soon after the death of Sarah Elmsley, this book reveals him in the character of a comfortable widower looking out for a second wife. In "The Romance of an Elderly Poet" we have a hitherto unknown chapter in the life of George Crabbe, revealed by his ten years' correspondence with Elizabeth Charter, which has been carefully edited by A. M. Broadley and Walter Jerrold. The book is well illustrated, and the portraits are particularly worthy of study.

His efforts ought to have been successful, for they were extensive, as he was corresponding at one time with six young ladies, each of whom was ignorant of the existence of the other five. Matters went so far that there was an actual engagement with one of these damsels, but by a combination of a vixen aunt, a foolish brother, a father who cared for nothing, and a sister who wrote of "carriages and follies of that nature," this course of elderly true love did not end in marriage. On the other hand, a lady who apparently refused him and continued to receive letters from him before and after the rejection, preserved them, and they are now printed and offered to the public.

Love-making under such circumstances must have been difficult. If there was in sight a mirror the elderly poet must surely have seen five disapproving faces looking over his shoulders to see what he had written to the not impossible sixth. Yet they need not have been alarmed, for they show Crabbe incapable of warmth in wooing as he was of writing a letter worthy of being placed in the same casket with those of Lamb, or Cowper, or Fitzgerald.

There is not, then, much romance in the elderly poet's ineffectual effort to combine the courtship of six demure ladies at a temperature that should leave them all free from compromise. But the letters form a curious psychological document as to the poet himself. He was free from some clerical prejudices, for on the day that he was instituted to Trowbridge he went to the theatre and saw Kean in "Hamlet." Perhaps some explanation may be found of Crabbe's philandering in his complaints as to the lack of "congenial intellectual society" and "social intercourse." Yet a manufacturing town is rarely destitute of the elements out of which a sensible man may find for himself friends that shall be both congenial and social, and if the fits of depression to which Crabbe was subject were too severe, there was Bath, which, with its gaiety and fashion, has always combined elements appealing to the intellect. Tom Moore, William Lisle Bowles, Warner the antiquary, were all living within short distances of Trowbridge. But it appears that at all times Crabbe had a decided preference for the society of women, and was sometimes willing to take both their beauty and wit for granted. We shall all sympathise with the old squire who declared: "Damme, Sir, the first time Crabbe dined at my house he proposed to my sister," and also with the lady who complained that "she felt quite frightened by his manner" on a similar occasion. But in his love letters, as here printed, he is more discreet. He generally begins frigidly, and the warmest epithet he has for a lady of his soul is an occasional "Dear," dropped, as it were, by accident into the middle of a sentence. He has as little distinction in prose as in love. We are told that he wrote much, and that many of his MSS. he burned. In this he was wise. His sermons were with a severe economy made to serve on various occasions.

* "The Romance of an Elderly Poet." By A. M. Broadley and Walter Jerrold. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul & Co.).

Miss Charter sufficiently valued his letters to keep the MSS., and these enable us to see in full this unexpected and unattractive side of Crabbe's character. To Miss Charter he does not hesitate to narrate some of his other amatory "excursions and alarums"—all of them apparently as tepid as those of which the documents are given in the present volume. For a man of letters Crabbe has little to say about literature, but we do get some additional details as to the sale of his poems to John Murray for £3,000—a transaction which showed that the poet had more business tact than he gave himself credit for. Doubtless Byron's reference to him as "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best," helped him in the estimation of the public, which was far more familiar with narrative verse than the general reader of to-day. The critics will soon have the opportunity of comparing, in some considerable bulk, the work of two of nature's stern painters—George Crabbe and John Masefield. And it will be remarkable to note how different are the roads by which they reach a similar result. There is a case known to me of a man of mathematical genius who was seriously—and wisely—advised by his friends to read poetry, which he had entirely neglected, as a means of retaining a sense of general culture. Looking over a goodly range of the English poets he selected Crabbe as being nearest in appearance to prose! The implied criticism is not without justification, for Crabbe is a poet of the earth, earthy. Unlike the worthy Vicar of Wakefield, the Vicar of Trowbridge was not an opponent of deuterogamy on any stern principles of ethics or morals, so that when he had to discuss the question it was as a mere question of expediency. One of the "Tales of the Hall"—that of the old Bachelor—is devoted to the wider topic of Celibacy and Matrimony. But there comes a time when he and the widower parson reach a common standpoint. There are nice girls who are specially born to be the wives first or second of elderly parsons, but they are not always easy to find when wanted, and are difficult of identification, as Casaubon found in the case of Dorothea. Perhaps the Anglicans who have so many wiveless elderly clergy ought to found a school for the training of nice girls intended for the wives of clergymen of sixty and over, There would need to be proper precautions, especially against young and impecunious curates, but doubtless under episcopal patronage these lazy (and youthful) marauders would be warded off. The last is an important point, for who has not regretted to see a matronly dame wasting her sweetness on a layman's household when every indication, astrological and cheiromantic, shows that she should have been a vicaress or even a bishopess?

The end of Crabbe's many letters and much deliberation was that he remained a comfortable celibate to the end of his days. The old Bachelor says:

> "I now was sixty, but could walk and eat:
> My food was pleasant and my slumber sweet;
> But what could urge me at a day so late
> To think of women?

What, indeed!

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE INSOLUBLE PROBLEM.*

In their new novels, Mrs. Henry Dudeney and Mrs. Elinor Glyn deal with the same difficult problem of love and marriage; each tries a different way of solving it, and leaves it still unsolved. Guinevere Bohun tells her own story in "The Sequence." She was married at the age of seventeen to the middle-aged General Humphrey Bohun; she was then a simple innocent, and had timorously obeyed her parents' wishes in accepting a man of whom she was afraid, and who was old enough to be her father. She is now thirty-one; still simple, innocent, idealistic, still in fear of her husband, bullied and dominated by him, and has one son, a graceless cub for whom, as for his father, she has little affection. Guinevere is too much of a darling and a beloved; too much given to playing dreamy or passionate things on the piano; and one rather dislikes her habit of self-pity, the vivid consciousness she has that she was such a helpless child when she married at seventeen, and her appealing way of talking of the failings of her elderly husband, and of her son. Nevertheless, she inspires a handsome bachelor neighbour, Sir Hugh Dremont, with a splendid passion for her; and she gives her whole heart to him, but the cruelty of the position is that she is married, and can never be his without scandal and misery. She will not stoop to dishonour, but sends him from her when she feels the situation is getting beyond her, and, reckless and hopeless, he contracts a headlong marriage with a beautiful girl who temporarily fascinates him; but an hour after the wedding he learns that she has negro blood in her veins, and conceives such a loathing for her that they never live together as man and wife. To complete the irony of the situation, General Bohun dies suddenly at this juncture, and Guinevere is free, but Sir Hugh is not. And how this new entanglement is unravelled you may go to the book to discover. It is a clever story, but Guinevere is too yearning and darlingey to win your sympathy. The most likeable person in the book is her sister Letitia, a delightfully worldly woman, whose views on other women, and on the ethics of good society in general, make amusing reading, but are not to be adopted.

Mrs. Dudeney takes up this same problem of the danger of a woman marrying lest she should alter her mind, and meet the right man after she has bound herself to the wrong one. Her Angelina Peachey is a vivid contrast to Guinevere; she is a very charming, baffling, wilful, assertive personality. As a child of ten she has precocious love affairs with boys at her school; later, she is for a time inclined to marry the foolish son of a peer, but is revolted by his first kiss, abruptly runs away from him, and will see him no more. Then she meets, and loves, the staid Antony, nephew of Lady Johns, but, as she is not sure whether her love may be lasting, she will only consent to be his wife in name; they must pretend they have married secretly at a registry office; then if she changes her mind, it will not be too late for her to leave him. He consents to this arrangement, and all goes fairly well for seven years, but when Antony's friend Julius returns from abroad, he and Angelina are irresistibly drawn to each other; she realises that he is the man of her heart, and, having told Antony of her intention, goes away with him. Presently, he leaves her in a lonely place whilst he goes to London on urgent business, and, during his prolonged absence, she hears that Antony has been overtaken by misfortune, his house and valuable collection of old china are burnt, and he is ruined, and stricken with paralysis. She goes to him pityingly, and whilst she is looking after him, Julius returns—he has been to London to endeavour to save his failing eyesight, but the operation was unavailing, and he has come back stone blind. At the finish you find Angelina running a curio shop, the two men living with her, and being maintained by her earnings. The earlier chapters are the best part of the book. The story of Angelina's girlhood, her school-days, and the whole life of the household over the chemist's shop at a corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, is faithfully and powerfully realised. Her father and mother, her sister Blanche, the bizarre old grandmother, and her wistful, likeable maid, Kitty, are veritable creations. The story is admirably written; the atmosphere of central London is very skilfully re-captured in those earlier chapters; but you do not altogether believe in the reality of the grown-up Angelina, and that two such men as Antony and Julius would, even crippled as they were, settle down together under her roof, and consent to be wholly dependent on her is a little incredible, and a little ridiculous. Mrs. Dudeney writes so well that you are bound to go on reading to the end; but because she writes so well you wish she had left those freak

* "The Sequence." By Elinor Glyn. 6s. (Duckworth.)
"Set to Partners." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

problems alone, had kept in the broad, main stream of normal human life and experience, and made this tale as strong and as finely true all through as it is in its beginnings.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' REMINISCENCES.*

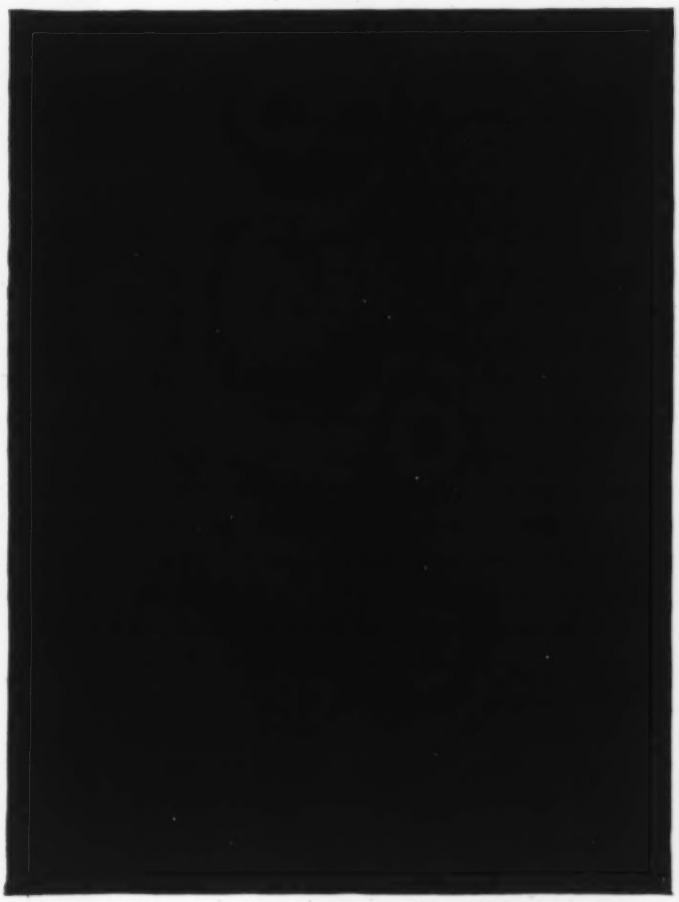
Those who have fallen under the spell of Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson's enchanting lyrics—not to mention those who take delight in her novels—should hasten to acquaint themselves with this book. For it serves a three-fold purpose. It affords an intimate insight of that kindly, genial, sympathetic personality which is revealed on every page; it introduces the reader, on colloquial terms, as it were, to a whole host of interesting people. And it affords an exciting glimpse of that stormiest period of Irish political history which culminated in the Parnell *débâcle*. Of this last Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson writes from a strongly partisan point of view, which probably renders her chapters more convincing, more effective, than any mere unbiassed account could be.

Strictly speaking, two men loom so large in these "Reminiscences" as to overshadow all others,—the author's adored father, a strong and simple Irish Catholic farmer, and her adored leader, Charles Stewart Parnell. These two dominate the whole book. But between these two, one encounters almost all the famous names of later-Victorian literature—W. B. Yeats in particular, Christina Rossetti, the Meynells, the Morrises; the brilliant, unhappy Wildes, mother and sons; Frances Wynne, Dora Sigerson, and countless other interesting people more or less well-known. There is some piece of generous appreciation, of enjoyable description, of amusing anecdote, to be met with at every turn.

The story goes in Cheshire of a certain vicar who called, in his parochial capacity, upon a poor, decrepit, somewhat squalid and sulky old woman. "My good woman," says he in dulcet tones, endeavouring to put her at her ease, "I understand you're Irish; and so am I Irish, too. This should be a bond of union between us. We ought to be good friends." "Ah!" replied the incredulous one, huddling herself closer in her ragged old shawl, "Sure, there's a many that *says* they're Irish. But *they're all sorts!*" The vaguely damnatory charge of being "all sorts" can never be laid against Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson. She is pure unmistakable Irish through and through, racy of the soil. And so skilful is she in enlisting our sympathies, that we are at one with her all along. With her, we are equally ready to enter a convent school, or to join the Land League; with her, to worship Parnell through thick and thin, or to rejoice in the charming communications of the visionary "Willie Yeats." For there is nothing so infectious as enthusiasm; and this author is enthusiastic or nothing. A broad-minded gregariousness and tolerance, a devotion of hero-worship extended to women just as much as men, are here blent with native humour and vivacity. The result is at once enlightening and entertaining as though one chatted with a cheerful friend over the panoramic pageantry of vanished years. There is no cold Sassenach heart but must kindle to some responsive glow over the description of "dear dirty Dublin" in the 'Sixties; and in those of Irish blood these memories will awaken an atavistic, or altruistic thrill, as of happiness pre-experienced by proxy.

The passionate heights and depths of the Celtic temperament find no exponent here. The spiritual dreams and wild imaginings which beset a consciousness suffused with the cognisance of unseen powers, such as you may find (to take two widely differing examples) in "The Countess Cathleen" and in "The Crock of Gold"; these are here subordinated to what one may call poetic materialism. They are lost sight of beneath the tender, gentle, lovable traits, the human, humorous, half-pathetic traits, which make the Irish character what it is. Nature is dear to Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, still more so human nature, but always in their more gracious and homely aspects. With the fiercely overwhelming passions common to both nature and human nature, the hurricanes and volcanoes of existence, she appears to be chiefly acquainted but as an outside spectator. Yet, perhaps, this very absence of anything "high-falutin" will secure for her a wider circle of readers; for whose sake I forbear to spoil a prospective feast by untimely preliminary "tastings." Katharine Tynan has come in contact with so many fascinating folk, celebrities or otherwise,—her record has included so many crowded hours of eventful, if not glorious life,—that, although she has not yet arrived at the hour when reminiscences are usually written, we welcome the "heavenly long-windedness" of hers. We are left looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the two more volumes promised us in due course. For such is the grace of her style, such the charm with which she can endow the smallest episode, that there never seems to be one word too much in these three hundred and fifty pages. M. B.

* "Twenty-Five Years' Reminiscences." By Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson). 10s. 6d. (Smith, Elder.)



Miss Katharine Tynan.

From the Portrait by J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., in the Dublin Municipal Art Gallery.
From "Twenty-five years Reminiscences," by Katharine Tynan-Hinkson (Smith, Elder).

PARLIAMENT AND THE PRESS*.

Visitors to the House of Commons glance at the reporters' gallery and are pleased to see a certain quiet bustle and alertness there. It helps to assure them of the interest of the scene. Whether

* "The Reporters' Gallery." By Michael MacDonagh. 12s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

they commonly reflect that we are represented by its diligent occupants as well as by members on the floor may be doubted; but it is certain that the future student of history, looking back to these early days of the struggle to make of Parliament a truly democratic institution, will find some of its most indefatigable heroes among the reporters of debates. These craftsmen, in fact, have borne the brunt of it. Mr. Michael MacDonagh's new book on "The Reporters' Gallery" makes romantic reading for that reason, and is a vitally important contribution to the political record of two centuries. Reporters maintained for generations, with infinite difficulty and in the face of frequent pains and penalties, the right of the nation to be governed publicly, and not privately. Nor is their full usefulness yet proved. It is to the reporters, as popular government develops, that Parliament itself must look for help in maintaining this right against Cabinets and the Civil Services, if it be unreasonably contested. Who knows? There is no extravagance in supposing it still possible that journalists may have to suffer in the public interest.

In the days before popular government, Parliament was just a secret convention against the King with his standing army. When it got control of the army, it remained secret out of contempt for the people. John Dyer, the first news letter writer, had humbly to beg the pardon of the House for trading in contraband intelligence, and was "upon his knees reprimanded by the Speaker for his great presumption." This was in 1694, and, after nearly two centuries of reporting, the House formally refused, in 1875, to say, on the motion of Lord Hartington, that it would not in future entertain any complaint in respect of the publication of its own proceedings or those of its Committees "save and except those conducted with closed doors or in the case of wilful misrepresentation." The reporters, moreover, may still be turned out at any moment, either on a vote of members or at the discretion of the Speaker.

From the literary point of view, Mr. MacDonagh's book is not only to be praised highly as a thorough piece of work, done with due concern for the dignity of its subject, but to be welcomed as adding to our knowledge of famous writers. How long will "Pitt's reply to Walpole" be printed without Dr. Johnson's name as the author? The whole mass of so-called Parliamentary speeches printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* between November 25th, 1740, and February 22nd, 1743, was a product of Johnson's imagination, and might be printed as the most characteristic example of his rhetoric—his trick, as Goldsmith said, of making little fishes talk like whales. He wrote those speeches in a garret in Exeter Street. Coleridge's labours for *The Morning Post* were far more strictly those of a reporter. No hearsay inspired them. He was down at Westminster by seven o'clock in the morning to get a seat in the strangers' gallery; and, if he sometimes fell asleep towards midnight, that was not his fault. He had to work a twenty-five-hours day on more than one occasion. No wonder he refused to go on, even for a half share in the paper, £2,000 a year, and said on retiring to Keswick that he would not give up the country and lazy reading for two thousand times the sum. But let nobody blame Johnson. He had not access even to the back row of the strangers' gallery, and did his prodigious best in the circumstances. Both men lent the House their brains unstintingly. The result of such labours as they shared with distinction was that members began to wish themselves reported, and Sheridan could plead successfully for liberty of the Press against corruption. That liberty, granted as a privilege, was then asserted as a claim. The reporters boycotted those who grudged it, pushed their way defiantly to the front of the gallery, were turned out for it, re-admitted, and finally given a gallery of their own, with a great suite of rooms. Irishmen played a picturesque part in the struggle. There was Mark Supple, who, bored by the House's dulness one night, cried out "A song from Mr. Speaker!" and Peter Finnerty, who told the attendant he did not care a damn for him.

"A certain noble Lord who was drinking at the Bar which once stood in the Lobby, thought that a newspaper man was watching him.

"'Hallo,' cried he, 'put down in your notebook that I have just drunk a glass of wine.'

"'I certainly would,' was the reply, 'if I saw your lordship drinking water.'"

Wilkes's adroit use of his popularity as a City man to protect offending journalists, and Dickens's career—much more important in this connection than has been understood—are very fully treated. Dickens saw the new gallery provided. There seems no doubt that, even at twenty-three years of age, he was one of its ablest workers, though the story that he could fill a column and a half of *The Morning Chronicle* in an hour is, of course, absurdly ill-informed. He never claimed to have done so. In a brief review, however, the interest of the book can only be hinted at. For all politicians this is as great as for all journalists; and, the scale and treatment being entirely worthy of it, Mr. MacDonagh must be congratulated on a permanent record of the long contest which helped to establish the fact that Parliament is the nation's servant, not its master.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

NOVELS IN SOLUTION.*

No doubt there will be, until the end of time, a fierce and edifying conflict of opinion as to the particular solvent which will effectively assign to works of fiction their quite especial relative values. It is not entirely a question of Art and No-Art, because, although splendidly dogmatic, that definition calls for volumes in its defence. Nor is it entirely a question of accomplishment, because accomplishment is not invariably a sign of the inferior artist, though it is frequently a mark of superficiality. What hampers the critic is that his theory has inevitably to embrace, and even to exalt, his own preferences—those preferences which no man has ever been able quite honestly to explain. For there are books that amuse the critic, there are books that edify him, and there are books that move him. All those books that bore him are ruled out, because the boring books often have—for different reasons—very large circulations, and thus alienate the sympathies of any theorist to whom popular taste is a study in pathology.

By what standard, for example, may one judge such works as "The Joy of Youth," "Gold Lace," and "The Sorrow Stones"? By what standard such stories as "Cake," "Sheila Intervenes," "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," and "The Irresistible Intruder"? The second question is easier to answer than the first, because the last four books conform to a recognisable convention, or to recognisable "conventions." The other three books are "different," as they say.

"The Joy of Youth" is apparently a satire upon the pompous garrulity of youth. It is very largely a series of broken monologues, in which all the characters use an extraordinarily inflated manner of speaking, and argue about themselves and their opinions in a very aggressive style. As was only to be expected, Mr. Eden Phillpotts satirises these objectionable people to perfection, though perhaps, as a *jeu d'esprit*, "The Joy of Youth" is a little heavy in the hand, in spite of its subtle suggestion that all the speakers are as much behind the times as theorists always have been.

"Gold Lace" is a revelation by persistent analysis of the relations of naval and military officers with the feminine population of a district in Ireland. It is singularly able, complex, and sincere, though it is curiously static. Miss Mayne is a really delicate observer, who does not shirk

* "The Joy of Youth." By Eden Phillpotts. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Gold Lace." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. (Chapman & Hall.)—"The Sorrow Stones." By M. E. Williams. (Longman.)—"Cake." By Bohun Lynch. (Murray.)—"Sheila Intervenes." By Stephen McKenna. (Jenkins.)—"My Lady of the Chimney Corner." By Alexander Irvine. (Nash.)—"The Irresistible Intruder." By William Caine. (Lane.) 6s. each.

the conclusions to which she is brought. Her illuminating discussion of the significance of women in the world is both wise and charming, and, while character is of more consideration with Miss Mayne than characters, the portraits in the book are often exquisitely subtle.

"The Sorrow Stones" is a tragic narrative of the Dales and Fells, or rather, the book is a series of sketches of life quite strangely wrought into poignancy by the effect of its tragic rhythm and of one final calamity. I have never read a book in which human speech was so perfectly rendered; and for that alone Miss Williams's work would be memorable. In addition, and in spite of an Imperialistic and injudicious use of the late Boer War, "The Sorrow Stones" is very beautiful and very moving.

"Cake" is a clever and charming book about an eccentric young man who chose to marry a delightful girl. It has many ramifications, and the questions of legacy, name-changing, and an unexpected title, are all satisfactorily settled. The author is a very dexterous and competent writer, and does this sort of thing so easily that one wishes he would do something else not quite so easily. But that wish is not meant to imply any reflection upon "Cake," which is the reflection of a particularly jolly and nonsensical mood.

More ambitious is Mr. McKenna's "Sheila Intervenes," in which an alluring busybody nearly wrecks four lives before fate steps in and leaves everybody happy. The book is written with great confidence, but it is rather conventional, and the parade of political knowledge is less convincing than the frequent gay conversations which lift the material above the commonplace. Mr. McKenna does not shrink from a blood-spitting hero, and a rather vulgar little heroine; he has other portraits which are more pleasing.

"My Lady of the Chimney Corner," which has its sentimentalities, in the main tells with considerable emotion the story of an Irishwoman who lived through horrible privations with undaunted courage. Mr. Jack London is quoted upon the dust-cover as saying that "no more beautiful thing of the spirit has come out of Ireland."

Mr. William Caine tells, in the person of a middle-aged bachelor, a rather simple story of love, and a surprising little boy. The abrupt change from amiable romance into an almost passionate recital of an unexpected plot, laid by an apparently charming lady, against the hero's bachelorhood, is less welcome. But it is well done, even if it is unbelievable, and the hero's narration is as consistent as one could wish. Only the heroine's plan to marry him is exceptionally mean, and I for one could never forgive her such deceit. The style is Sternian, and well sustained. The Intruder himself is very cleverly steered clear of priggishness: he is a wholly delightful little boy, in spite of an unpleasant imaginary kingdom.

Of these books, to return to the question of a solvent, "Cake" and the "Irresistible Intruder" really amused me; "Gold Lace" edified me; and "The Sorrow Stones" moved me. Mr. Phillpott's book does not seem quite successful, because the young artist in it, who talks almost humanly about bores, seems to be given an unnecessary walk-over. He is a poor sophist, and Mr. Phillpotts would have given more point to his satire by contrasting Bertram Dangerfield's inexpressible ill-breeding and verbosity with the better behaviour of some ordinary humans. Instead, he opposes only pompous folk infected with the same disease, equally tiresome. There were, in fact, moments when I wondered if the book really was a satire. In any case it is purely intellectual. Miss Mayne's book is intellectual also, and it does not move very deeply; but it is tremendously interesting. "Cake" and "The Irresistible Intruder" are simply amusing novels by capable writers, who are content to accept novel-conventions and work originally within those conventions. "Sheila Intervenes" is an acceptance of conventions and an effort to sustain them by cleverness; that is why it lacks real value and why it appears superficial. But "The Sorrow Stones" is really moving: one feels that simple lives are being simply unfolded. Art is certainly involved, although the outcome is apparently artless. Now "The Sorrow Stones" is simple because the life it describes is simple; "Gold Lace" is complex because it deals with complex and not very passionately-felt emotions. "Gold Lace" is urban; "The Sorrow Stones" is among the mountains. It is a finer, purer air, perhaps; but "Gold Lace" is as deeply felt. The difference lies in the material, surely? Urban life is complex, full of subtleties; the life of Cumbria is otherwise. But in both of these books, which do seem to me to rise above the others as distinguished work, there is the one fundamental quality of sober, passionate sincerity to the author's emotional perception of life. I cannot, in the case of prose fiction, find any other universal solvent. We cannot in Mr. Phillpotts's case, find much emotion; the talk is all theorising, and Loveday's transference of affection to her conversational wooer is not moving nor beautiful. In the other books with which these words immediately deal, there is hardly any attempt to move the reader deeply; the authors are content, and justifiably content, to skim the surface of life and to store the cream in jugs of antique fashion. Miss Mayne, although working with the delicacy of a lace-maker, is really engrossed in her material, and in the presentation of this her true and immediate vision; Miss Williams also, with less subtlety, but with equal preoccupation with the actual spectacle of life, cares more passionately for precise truth than for anything else. But in both books the fundamental attitude is one of sober detachment. Which is to say that both books are unmistakably works of art.

FRANK SWINNERTON.

ART AND MORALS.*

It is dreadfully the fashion amongst critics to apologise for Boucher, measuring his genius by unapplicable standards; to regard him rather as the baleful-beautiful iridescence on the surface of the festering cesspool of French eighteenth century society than as the supreme artist and expresser of his age and surroundings, as authentic in his own way as Velasquez or Franz Hals in theirs.

One might just as well apologise for the rose, because it expresses in terms of beauty the ordure from which it has drawn its sustenance.

And Mrs. Bearne is no exception to the rule. True, she disclaims any intention "to write a technical book on the life of Boucher," and indeed is not to be taken as a serious critic, but she adopts the general tone, mixing up morality and art as though they have of necessity anything in common. This is a matter which calls for serious protest. Take the following passage, which surely misconceives the function of art in the completest possible way. Boucher's talents, she writes, which:

> "might have served to raise the whole aim, tone and character of the French art of the day were only made instruments of its degradation. The subjects chosen by Boucher and the manner in which he painted them were exactly calculated to excite the admiration and encourage the tastes of the society in which he was everyday more popular and successful!"

And this, if you please, of one of the supreme decorative artists of all time, whose function was not to preach but to mirror the spirit of the age in which he lived. Possibly, though this may be questioned, it would have been better for him to have turned Puritan and abandoned art altogether, but, having chosen his mistress, he would have been but a faithless servant not to have served her wholeheartedly.

Unconcerned with morality, he was concerned with Beauty, and must be judged in the Court of Taste, not in the Court of Arches, must be weighed by the avoirdupois of æsthetics, not by the troy-weight of didactics.

So much by way of protest against an assumption for which I admit Mrs. Bearne must be held only indirectly responsible. For her book is rather the result of an industrious collocation of other people's writings than of her own original thought or judgment. It is, in fact, a

* "A Court Painter and His Circle: François Boucher." By Mrs. Bearne. 15s. net. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

not unamusing *mélange*, without any very direct bearing upon its avowed subject, of the scandalous happenings of those very scandalous years which preceded the French Revolution, and of which Boucher was at the same time the product and the prophet. That the facts are ill-digested and poorly marshalled will probably not trouble the average reader, who reads not for instruction but for the killing of time. Nor will it trouble him that there is throughout the book an eccentric use of punctuation, which I take it is as much the fault of the publisher's "reader" as of the author. But those things should warn the serious student that this is no book for him. And this is a pity, for not only to have placed Boucher in his proper surroundings but to have shown him part and parcel of his environment would have been well worth the effort. And this because Boucher was not only a great artist. He was the founder of a school, the discoverer of the true French art-soul, doing more than any other to rid his country of foreign domination, and to set up in its place a domination native to her genius. It was a Frenchman who said, "Les grands artistes n'ont pas de patrie," but this does not mean that the picture painted for a French boudoir has as proper a place in an English gallery, nor that a Pieta by Michelangelo should be ravished from an Italian chapel and set up in a New York drinking bar.

Analogously, it is a good thing to write of an artist in his proper surroundings, not as an isolated marvel, independent of circumstances and influences. And, so far as this has been her object, Mrs. Bearne is to be commended, but, as I say, she has failed to digest the results of her industrious research. Good stories there are in plenty, with which to pass an hour or two, stories of Madame de Pompadour, of Madame Geoffrin, of Madame du Deffand, of Louis XV., and his disreputable relations, legitimate and otherwise, of John Law, the Comte de Charolais, Watteau, Chardin and Vernet, of that amazing sisterhood Les Demoiselles de Nesle and a score of other so-called ladies, but real demireps. But, as often as not, these *chroniques scandaleuses* have no direct bearing on the subject in hand, which seems rather to have been used as a peg upon which to hang the many piquant stories which the writer of the book has culled from various sources. In a word, this is one of those volumes which have no relation to literature, but which are turned out in ever-increasing numbers "to supply idle minds" (I quote the words of this morning's paper apropos of something else) "with such mild stimulus as will banish boredom for a few hours each day." Doubtless it will find its quota of readers. Economically perhaps it may be justified by the fact that it occurs in response to a demand. None the less it is pitiful that such a demand exists. It is the public that is to blame. If it demanded sound literature the publisher would not be slow to give it. But the publisher has to live and cannot, except in the rarest cases, take the risk of supplying what the large paying public will not have at any price. This volume is lavishly illustrated and its format does credit to the taste of its producer.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE STATESMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.*

The President of the French Republic having just given us a picture of "How France is Governed" at the present day, it is not inappropriate to receive from M. Barthou, the Prime Minister, a study of France during the first phase of the Revolution, written round the life of Mirabeau, the one man who might have reconciled the monarchy and the national liberty, and so spared France the Terror. M. Barthou possseses to the full the lucidity and sense of proportion which have placed so many Frenchmen among the best biographers in the world. He has been fortunate, too. in being able to include some unpublished letters, which throw not a little light upon the real character and personality of the great orator whom Gambetta regarded as "the most glorious political genius this country has had since the incomparable Cardinal Richelieu." This eulogy remains unqualified in spite of the acknowledged blot of corruption upon his escutcheon. Mirabeau, it is admitted, was in the pay of that "inert creature," Louis XVI., but he never sacrificed his principles to his pecuniary interests; just as some of our own statesmen in earlier days proved it possible to accept pensions from abroad without sacrificing any of their loyalty to their own country. Mirabeau received money from the king in order to save the king, according to his own friend, M. de la March, and even his enemy, La Fayette, was generous enough to admit that "Mirabeau would not for any sum have supported an opinion destructive of liberty or dishonourable to his mind." He was the one man with a clear consistent policy in that chaos of ideas, but neither the king nor the queen would follow his advice. Mirabeau died, and the inevitable Revolution came, not by the way of Law, as he had proposed, but by the way of Terror, as he had foreseen. Could Mirabeau have saved the situation had he lived? It is a point which many historians have disputed. M. Barthou has no hesitation in declaring that Mirabeau's scheme was doomed to failure before his death by the Assembly's suicidal Ordinance of November 7th, 1789, by which no member could take office under the Crown while holding his seat, or for six months afterwards. Limited as Mirabeau thus was to the obscure position of secret adviser to the Court, he possessed neither the confidence nor the esteem of those whom he was advising. They consulted him, but never heeded; and the Assembly, which at that period, as Minister, he might have mastered by the magic of his personality, afterwards grew out of hand, and would have brutally upset his plans.

"The decree of November 7th," as his biographer says, "broke the only power which could consolidate the Revolution by moderating it. It was on that day really, and not on the day of Mirabeau's death, that 'the ruins of the monarchy became the prey of faction.'"

The book is valuable for its intimate glimpses of Mirabeau's storm-tossed private life, as well as of his public career. The one reacted upon the other to an exceptional extent in his case, especially in regard to his inherited vices and virtues, justice to both of which is done by Mr. Barthou.

"His life and genius, his prodigious greatness and his lamentable weaknesses, everything in his eventful career will remain an irritating enigma to all who do not connect him with the line of his ancestors."

Some of the letters, now published for the first time, also reveal the full extent of the tragedy of Mirabeau's early marriage, the fatal mistake of which was largely responsible for those excesses of his youth which he lived so bitterly to repent.

FRANK A. MUMBY.

* "Mirabeau." By Louis Barthou. 10s. net. (Heinemann's "Eminent Figures in French History" Series).

A STUDY OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

France, upon the whole, has not taken to the works of Meredith.

> "The first step that she steppit in,
> She steppit to the knee;
> An', sighin' sair, says this lady fair,
> 'This water's no for me.'"

Like the heroine of the Scots ballad, France has been disinclined to go deeply into the study of an Englishman who loved her as few Englishmen had the courage and insight to do, during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, This is the phenomenon which stirs the loyal soul of M. Photiadès. "There is in all countries, and above all in France, a certain class, which, by reason of its character and culture, is predisposed to read Meredith; but many well-informed people do not realise this, because the poet-novelist is little known, and still less translated." His aim in this book is to encourage the French to step into the waters of Meredith's prose and verse.

* "George Meredith: His Life, Genius, and Teaching." From the French of Constantin Photiadès. Rendered into English by Arthur Price. 6s. net. (Constable.)

It is from this point of view that the volume must be criticised. The sub-title is too large. English readers will not find in these pages very much original or fresh criticism of Meredith's philosophy. M. Photiadès does not supply even literary estimates of a particularly brilliant order. He writes for the outside public of men and women, especially women, and does his best to interest them in the personality and aims of the great English novelist. The opening chapter describes a visit to Box Hill on September 22nd, 1908. Meredith loathed interviewers, and told M. Photiadès so. "America, that cradled Hercules, infects us with the too free manners of her cowboys and rough-riders. These trappers communicate to us their eccentricity; that mania for besieging persons of note to expose their innermost secrets. Such effrontery stupefies us; we are too apt to take this unceremoniousness for strength. And now, behold, the English journals are enviously imitating the most insolent habits of their Transatlantic brethren!" What would Meredith have said if he had known his visitor was to make copy out of his visit? The next chapter, on Meredith's life, put together the main facts about his career, partly based on Mr. Clodd's article in *The Fortnightly Review*. But is it quite true to say that Meredith came out of the ordeal of his first marriage "matured, purified by grief, with a fund of indulgence and pity towards women"? The chapter on Meredith's genius is disappointing; it is a paraphase and analysis of "Harry Richmond," nothing more. For the purpose of interesting the French, one would have imagined that "Beauchamp's Career" would have been more suitable. The next chapter on his art is better. But what does M. Photiadès mean by saying that "a character of Dickens passes for ever from our remembrance as soon as the thread of adventure is broken"? So far as that is true, it is just as true of Meredith's characters. The last chapter, on his teaching, does not go into any profound estimate, though it contains an interesting remark of Meredith upon Goethe. "He, to be making love to young girls! I hate an old man in whom passion is dead, and who yet desires to crush a young flower on his breast; I loathe it because nature loathes it."

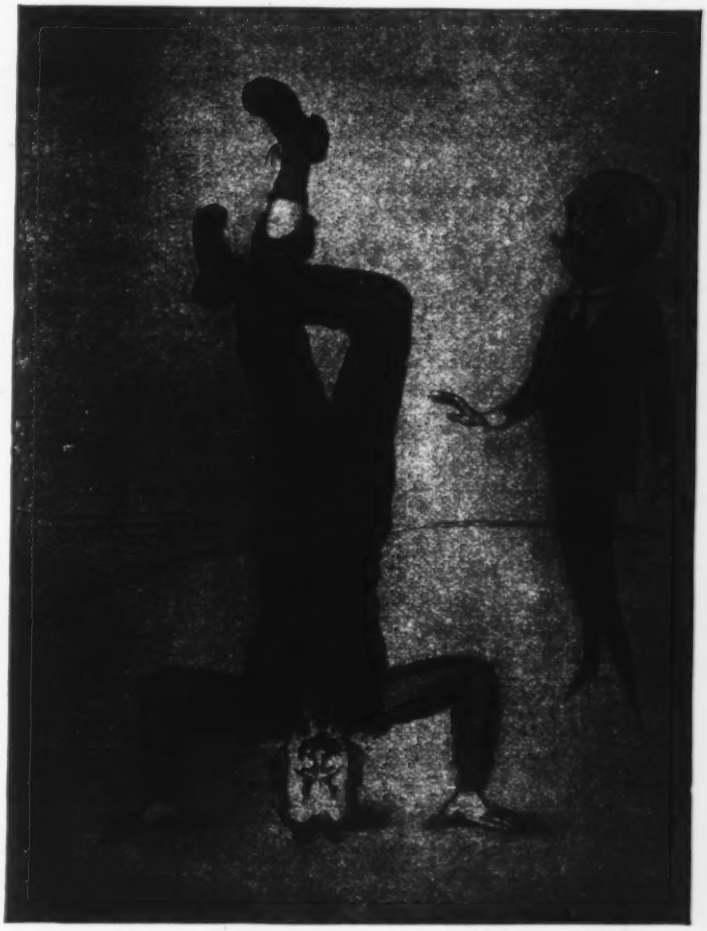
It is doubtful if a book like this was worth translating. Its audience lies on the other side of the Channel. But if it stimulates French people to read Meredith's verse and prose, either in the original or in a translation, all success to it!

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.Litt.

MORE MAX.*

Mr. Max Beerbohm has become a national institution. To say so may seem to overburden him with a deadly weight of ultra-respectable solemnity, but the fact remains, and to be caricatured by him is the hall-mark of fame. He is a national institution, like Guy Fawkes Day, Mrs. Grundy, and the Income Tax, but he is all unlike these or any other of the institutions that have taken root in the national heart. He stands alone; he is unique; even his resemblance to Guy Fawkes Day is merely superficial, so superficial that I don't suppose it would have occurred to me if this new collection of his caricatures had not come into my hands on the memorable Fifth.

He is not only unique among English institutions, but among English caricaturists. Most of our caricaturists, since the days of Gilray and Rowlandson, have been either admirable artists who could draw good portraits, or very indifferent artists whose portraits were not good, and whose virtue lay wholly in the humour of their ideas. But a true caricature is a very different thing from a true portrait; it is a subtler and actually truer thing than that, for it takes account of its subject's invisible characteristics as well as of his obvious features, and suggests these by a cunning exaggeration of the salient points in the face, figure, attitudes, manner and expression of its original. Mr. Beerbohm has done this often before, and in these "Fifty Caricatures" he has done it again triumphantly. Lord Halsbury, for example, is not like the broad, squat, dogged figure that stands for him in the picture labelled, "The Rising Hope of the Stern Unbending Tories," yet the broad, squat, dogged figure is exactly like him, and not merely suggests his outward appearance, but the whole personality of the man. It is the same with the delightful sketch of Justice Darling requesting his marshal to "get some bells sewn on" to the black cap; in the presentation of Mr. Thomas Hardy "composing a lyric"; of Mr. Arnold Bennett sitting at ease on a milestone, whilst Hilda Lessways reprimands him for keeping her and Clayhanger "standing about here," waiting to be disposed of in the long overdue third volume of the Clayhanger trilogy. Or take the drawing of Mr. Masefield leaning over a cottage roof, looking down into a squalid village street in which a row is brewing among the natives; the nose is not really Mr. Masefield's, nor the mouth, nor the drooped eyes, nor the collar, and yet, so far from the final likeness being lost in the slight exaggeration, it is curiously emphasised, and you are made to realise intimate characteristics that before you may have seen without seeing, and the little legend underneath:



Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mild surprise of one who, revisiting England after long absence, finds that the dear fellow has not moved.
From "Fifty Caricatures" by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann).

* "Fifty Caricatures." By Max Beerbohm. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

"A swear-word in a rustic slum
A simple swear-word is to some,
To Masefield something more,"

completes the picture.

Mr. Beerbohm is our greatest living caricaturist, our most satirically humorous draughtsman, but the humour of his drawing is always edged and accentuated by the humour and often biting truthfulness of the thought that lies behind it. Usually his satire is so genial, for all its shrewdness, that even his involuntary sitters must be moved to laugh at themselves, and if now and then it cuts to the bone and deeper, and is mercilessly revealing—well, it would be a poor and ineffective satire that invariably left its victim rejoicing. But there is no need to go on. It is enough to say that these "Fifty Caricatures" include some of the most amusing and most brilliantly clever things even "Max" has given us; they may not be things of beauty—they were not meant to be—but they are certainly a joy for ever.

RECENT POETRY.*

The greater part of this poetry is of the humbler kind, a versification of thought and fancy that is not always perfectly intelligible to the stranger. When it is intelligible it is often homely, as when Mrs. Spender begins:

"Such a perfect April, on the Suffolk Coast!
'Plain and flat and humdrum, are its features,' said mine host.
Humdrum! with the ocean roving, brawling on the beach . . ."

or when Mrs. Cameron sings of "Grandmother's Garden":

"Over the mountains and over the sea,
In the land where we never again shall be,
There lieth a garden of long ago,
Where children played that we used to know . . ."

or when Miss Gregory praises Mentone:

"There is a place I know, and love, upon a Southern shore,
A spot on earth most dear to me, I love it more and more;
Where oranges and lemons grow, and feathery palms abound,
And olive-trees with grey-green leaves grow on the terraced ground."

From these homely records of their affections they range to attempts at expressing their fancies or aspirations. Thus Mrs. Cameron begins her first poem:

"In Arcady I live. Great Pan himself
Hath taught me what I tell . . ."

and another poem tells us:

"Yet this is sure: each has his key,
His magic 'Open Sesame,'
Wherewith to enter Fairyland.
Mine—was a doorway in the Strand."

Her chief success is a version of a familiar tune, of which the first verse is:

"Once I went joyously. Friends of the morning
Walked with and guided me, and low in my ear
Whispering, 'Prudence and wealth be your scorning,
So shall we tarry a while with you here.'
Then was I happy with dreams for companions."

The last line is slightly varied for each of the six verses. Mrs. Spender resembles her in crying "Romance! Romance is here!" in a London night, and in exclaiming:

"Take my hand, I'll lead the way,
To our Silverwood to-day;
For I feel in fairy mood
And 'tis ever understood
That silver woods are fay . . ."

* "Grey and Gold." By Mrs. Hugh Spender. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald).—"In Arcady and other Poems." By W. J. Cameron. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald).—"Dreams of Arcady." By Octavia Gregory. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald).—"The Flood of Youth." By Sherwood Spencer. 1s. net. (Fifield).—"Moods, Metres, and New Lyric Poems." By Charles Newton Robinson. 5s. net. (Constable.)—"The Flute of Sardonyx." Poems by Edmund John. 3s. 6d. net. (Jenkins.)—"The Diwan of Zeb-un-Nissa." With Introduction and Notes. 2s. (Murray.)

Miss Gregory prefers Greek gods to fairies, and says:

"Of the classics I grow fonder
And of quaint old Grecian lore;"

but it is doubtful whether she has seen them in the flesh, and she is really more at home in her gentle tributes to Mrs. Browning, Lamb, Lady Hamilton, and her own pet cranes.

Mr. Sherwood Spencer's verses are more interesting as poetry. They are hasty juvenilia "writ in the flood of youth" and nevertheless expressing more of youth itself than juvenilia often do. In "A Whistling Boy":

"Lusty, young and glowing,
Carnal and unabashed,
Song to the four winds throwing,
Out of the wood he flashed,"

and in the feeling that pervades or visits even less perfect poems, there is more than the shadow of youthful joy, vigorous and profound. The author went to Tripoli in 1911 and was at twenty-one "the youngest, the highest-paid war correspondent in the world." Whether he would achieve such glory at poetry I cannot foresee. It is more likely that he will not attempt it, but if he does, he has, or had, a spirit which might do very much if it combined with experience and greater skill.

Mr. Newton Robinson was a fencer, a connoisseur, and the organiser of the "Land Union." He died this year at the age of fifty-nine. This, his last book of verse, must be a pleasure to his friends for its many-sided personal revelation. For those who did not know him its value is less, because it lacks both subtlety and vigour and the verses have to be read with far more attention than they command if they are to yield anything. But "October"—and especially the last verses "So, Mary, bring a brace of trout," and "Bring up the eighty-seven port," down to:

"Thanks, kindly rill of Paradise!
My pint of 'eighty-seven;
For just a glimpse of Anna's eyes,
Sweet, dark and bright as heaven——"

is good light verse.

Among these poets Mr. John is the one whose grasp equals his aim. His verses are full of love and of remorse, of Greek or Græco-Roman gods, who mingle in a half-Christian, half-Pagan temple with acolytes, and with Salome, "Our Lady of the Ivory Tower," and many other ladies, real and imaginary. If it were not that initials are put at the head of some of the erotic poems it might be supposed that they were the result chiefly of reading Wilde and the early Swinburne. "For my Desire" he sings:

"For my Desire, for Love and Song and Pain,
Now hid beneath dead rose-leaves of regret,
I would walk joyous in the Devil's Net,
And welcome death and hell—for you again."

He is full of voluptuous epithets and substantives arranged with firm, hard rhythms and plangent rhymes which produce the effect of imitation bronze work. He is cold with all his use of passionateness. He is scarcely more real than one of his women, whom he says Love made "from tears and cassia and a rose." He is melodramatic and declamatory. But his grasp is always equal to his aim, and though he conveys only a general sense of amorousness, luxury, melancholy and exhaustion, every poem, every verse, every line, is visibly the work of one who has mastered his trade, and must unlearn it if he would be a poet.

A good versifier also is Miss Jessie Duncan Westbrook, and she is able to reveal something of the poetry of that tragical great Indian lady, the Princess Zeb-un-Nissa, who called herself Makhfi, The Hidden One (1639–1689). Truly she said of her soul that it wore suffering like a kingly garment, and that in spite of all she was blessed because she possessed the "jewel of song divine." It might be said of her, as she said of the moth:

"How strong hast thou become, O Moth, how great,
Worshipping thus the flame!"

As a lover at least she is the peer of Dante, and Miss Westbrook's translation suggests a poet who combined in a unique degree, sadness and pride, fervour and humility.

EDWARD THOMAS.

MONTROSE.*

This is an altogether attractive book, and may be reckoned a serious piece of history; it is interesting throughout. It cannot be said that the writing is exactly brilliant, yet the concluding pages have a genuine eloquence arising from the author's enthusiasm. The publisher has done his part well, the illustrations are carefully chosen and excellently reproduced; the book would make an acceptable prize for boys, and should find a place in every school library. The serious historian will value it because the evidence is always carefully weighed, the notes contain an adequate biography. Mr. Buchan shows that Montrose was a very great soldier, although he never took part in any battle which profoundly modified the course of history. In nature like so many of the finer type of soldiers, he was loyal and simple-minded, an upright liver and a religious man. But besides being a man of action, Montrose held with deep conviction opinions which were the result of much thought. His confession of political faith, "a Discourse on Sovereignty," is worthy of consideration as an expression of the leading principles of his life, and must be taken into account by every student of politics. He was a poet; the last four lines of the following verse are amongst the *most* familiar quotations:

"Like Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone:
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

He was handsome and dignified, caring for pomp and fine clothes, although these always took a very subordinate part in his life. Mr. Buchan brings before us the outward picture of the man with great distinctness, though he does not help us so much in understanding his deeper nature. We occasionally feel that the biographer is not quite fair to those who opposed his hero; he does not conceal his dislike of the Covenanters, though he can see—as could Montrose—that there was some wisdom in their original intentions. In his relations with Montrose, as with so many of those who fought and suffered for him, Charles I. cuts but a poor figure. We suspect that the parts of the book which Mr. Buchan most cares about are those actually concerned with fighting, and when he comes to the fighting Mr. Buchan is always actual and vigorous.

JANE AUSTEN.†

It may be admitted, perhaps, that few biographies, if any, could be more difficult to write than that of Jane Austen; as there are few authors about whose work it is more hard to speak at once freshly and adequately. Occasional paragraphs of enthusiasm, like those of Scott and Macaulay, will seem often to express just the right thing. It is not so easy to analyse and estimate at any great length. For the fact is that Jane Austen's genius can scarcely be described in words. It is mainly a matter of instinct, a gift for creation, which is unerring and inevitable. She accomplished the final achievement of art by making her characters alive. There can be no question about whether all they said and did was right or wrong; simply because they did it, and could not have done otherwise. So far as Mr. Warre Cornish attempts to explain this mystery, he has selected an original, and suggestive, point of view, which is in itself absolutely sound:

"The miracle in Jane Austen's writing is not only that her presentiment of each character is complete and consistent, but also that every fact and particular situation is viewed in comprehensive proportion and relation to the rest. . . . *She knew what every one of her people did yesterday and would do to-morrow, and what had happened, and was going to happen, to make them do it.* . . . Small facts and expressions which pass almost unnoticed by the reader, and quite unnoticed by other actors in the story, turn up later to take their proper place. *She never drops a stitch.* The reason is not so much that she took infinite trouble, though no doubt she did, as that everything was actual to her. . . . She has no need to construct her characters, for *there they are before her*, like Mozart's music, *only waiting to be written down.*"

We cannot so readily accept his summary of "obvious faults": that "she has no remarkable distinction of style," whereas every word tells; that "her plots are neither original nor striking," whereas they never obtrude because they are absolutely true to life; that "she has little tenderness," when we remember Marianne and Anne Elliot. Her limitations, of subject and emotion, were deliberately self-imposed. It would be idle to dogmatise upon what she had, or had not, the power to do. It is well said, however, that her "admirers, whether critics, authors, or men and women of the world, are innumerable, and their homage takes the form of unweariedly reading and re-reading her books." That, after all, is the mystery, that no one ever grows tired of her characters. Our delight in them increases at every reading. The more we talk about them, and wonder over them, the greater their fascination. There are not many people in real life of whom one can say the same.

It is very doubtful whether our ignorance about Jane Austen herself need be honestly regretted by any one. Inevitably we welcome the smallest item of information about one has who given us so much pleasure. Gratitude craves a personality for its expression. But no work could be more absolutely independent of its creator, so intimate, and yet so impersonal. The artist conceals herself; her work needs her not. To the credit of humanity we are glad to know that she was beloved by her own family, particularly the young people. Nothing else really matters. The letters confirm what the work proves, that her keen insight and sparkling humour was given as freely to friends as to the public; that she enjoyed life and humanity, if she saw through a great deal of it.

In the course of analysing the novels, Mr. Warre Cornish announces a conclusion which will come as a surprise to many, and certainly merits careful attention. As an explanation of Elizabeth's rather abrupt forgiveness of Darcy, it is far more satisfactory than the usual reference to Pemberley: "I can find no solution of this problem unless it be in Jane Austen's belief in the overmastering power, and the sufficiency of love."

Moreover, in the opinion of our critic, this "high-flown sentiment" may be found nearly everywhere in her work:

"In her philosophy love prevails over prudence, family feelings, social condition, worldly propriety. When love comes in at the door, all other considerations fly out of the window. Wickham and Willoughby in 'Sense and Sensibility,' would have been forgiven if they had been true lovers. . . . She has no condemnation for Marianne Dashwood. . . . her disapproval, in 'Persuasion,' however moderately expressed, rests not upon Anne, but upon Lady Russell, who gives the foolish-wise counsel of prudence. To her mind, the call of love, which comes to few, ought not to be resisted, cannot be resisted, when it comes."

We are so accustomed to hear Jane Austen criticised for lack of deep feeling, that the above paragraph seems to suggest an entire revision of judgment; and we must confess to a difficulty in reconciling it with other dicta by Mr. Warre Cornish himself. He says: "There is little passion in Jane Austen's lovers," and stigmatises the raptures of Emma, and Fanny, and Anne, as "moderate." He calls their life "real, not ideal, lived among moderate hills and valleys; for summits and abysses we must go to greater writers."

In all probability the confusion arises from the impossibility of finding words to estimate so fine an art. The first, and more original, opinion here enunciated, is too crudely expressed. The second, more conventional, criticism is superficial. We may assume that Jane Austen understood human nature sufficiently to recognise the infinite power of emotion—and we are grateful to Mr. Warre Cornish for emphasising what her delicacy may have obscured. We may admit, without cavil or regret, that the passions which the Brontës were the first

* "The Marquis of Montrose." By John Buchan. 7s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

† "Jane Austen." (English Men of Letters series). By F. Warre Cornish. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)

women to reveal, lay outside her sphere. She penetrated the heart without dissecting it; and never stimulated our sympathy by any abnormal appeal. It is her magical control over expression which may have blinded us to her essential romance.

It is not possible, unfortunately, to go over this whole volume in any detail. The discussion of persons so familiar to all readers as the characters in Jane Austen would quickly exceed the proper limits of a review. While, since every one must have his own ideas on the subject, he will appreciate those of Mr. Cornish without any comment from us. There is no occasion for any dogmatism on such matters; we do not expect to agree about them. We each have our own favourites, our own interpretations. The opportunity afforded us by Mr. Cornish, of studying them once again through the eyes of a friend, will be very welcome. At times even, we may be tempted to change our minds.

For our critic is an enthusiast who knows his subject, a sympathetic observer of detail, a patient chronicler of these delicate touches which mean so much, and may so profitably be compared one with the other. Miss Austen's work will bear the most microscopic analysis. Her sentences may be detached from their context without fear, for the most searching examination. A passage, when thus isolated, may have a message which we have overlooked hitherto; simply because it fitted so perfectly with what came before or after.

Wherefore we welcome the appearance of a volume on Jane Austen among the "Men of Letters," and we find pleasure in going over her work again with Mr. Cornish.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

A GREAT CHINESE STATESMAN.*

The editor of these memoirs modestly conceals his name on the title-page, though the initials W. F. M. and the address Shanghai, at the end of the "Editor's Foreword," give a clue to those who know the China Coast. It appears that Li Hung-Chang left behind him at his death a vast mass of memoirs in manuscript, scattered about in various cities of his native land. His family collected these, and 170,000 words of them have now been translated into English, from which the selection in the present volume has been made by the editor. We are not told whether it is in contemplation to publish more hereafter, but we do not doubt that the interest aroused by what is now before us will be such as to encourage further publication. Some day, perhaps, we shall see the diary, if not in its entirety, at least in a form that will satisfy readers that they are listening to the real and undiluted opinions of Viceroy Li himself. For, however able and conscientious the translators and editor, it is impossible to resist the suspicion that preconceived notions have influenced the selection. Just as no brief anthology from his works will enable us to understand a poet, so no scattered extracts from a diary will permit us to master the writer's character.

Li Hung-Chang certainly had a character worth mastering, if such a feat ever be possible in the case of a great statesman, East or West. The Hon. John W. Foster, once U.S. Secretary of State, in his Introduction does not err on the side of rating Li too low. To him Li "was not only the greatest man the Chinese race has produced in modern times, but, in a combination of qualities, the most unique personality of the past century among all the nations of the world." If we must deal in superlatives, we would rather call Li the sublimest opportunist of the nineteenth century. He took for his motto in statecraft a maxim in the old Chinese work, known to us as "The History of Great Light":—"Force can only be successful in combating what is weaker than itself . . . but weakness can overcome what is far stronger than itself." This idea of "the policy of the weak," as he called it, was no new and startling intuition of genius; but to the way in which he worked out the idea we will not deny more than a touch of genius. Few statesmen were ever put in a more difficult position than he was in guiding the porcelain jar of China down the stream among the brazen vessels of the "barbarian nations."

These fragments of diary give us a more pleasing picture of the great Viceroy than we might have expected. With all due deference to the Hon. John W. Foster, they do not set at rest all suspicions that he was under the undue influence of Russia. Such extracts as are presented show, indeed, that he was not ashamed of his conduct with regard to Russian aggression in Manchuria. This, however, we knew already from the letter which he wrote shortly before his death to the Empress Dowager's kinsman Jung-lu, by Europeans the most misunderstood of all the Manchu statesmen. What we do not know, and cannot expect to know from a diary (since very few diarists are like Pepys), is how far self-interest blinded his eyes about Russia. Before and since Li Hung-Chang men have conceived patriotism to be pointing the same way as their pockets. We may allow that he did not wittingly sell his country for gold. But we cannot see that the memoirs show him as one of those who would resolutely say to the tempters: "You must go away, gentlemen—you are getting near my price."

There is a simplicity which has no little charm in much of this diary of Li Hung-Chang. We like both the occasional great humility and the self-esteem, the early debate about the advisability of marriage and the enduring admiration of fair ladies, the filial devotion to his mother and the strict attention to official duty which made him acquiesce in the Throne's demand to shorten his display of mourning, his love of "old custom" (such as Westerners in the coast-ports find so irksome in their Chinese dependents) and his recognition of the advantages of progress, his bluntness and his appreciation of a diplomatic lie. Quite a new light, we imagine, will be thrown for most readers upon his literary ambitions and his far from inconsiderable literary achievements. On few things did he pride himself more than on his poem on Shen Nung, the Divine Husbandman, the patron of agriculture. (The translators give a full version of this.) How happy would he be, he writes, if he could speak as well of all his official and private acts as of this poem!

The translators appear to have done their work well, for the most part, though there are occasional oddities of style and a few Americanisms which strike a strange note amid their surroundings.

PHILIP W. SERGEANT.

* "Memoirs of the Viceroy Li Hung-Chang." With an Introduction by the Hon. John W. Foster. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE YOUNG IDEA.*

Boys are harder to please than men; perhaps that is how it is you can number the famous authors of boys' stories on the fingers of one hand; and more difficult is it than writing their fiction to write a book of good counsel for boys—that boys will read. It cannot be done except by one who has very special qualifications for the task, and the first of these is that he should himself be something of a Peter Pan; he must have a wide knowledge of the world; he must have done his fair share of worrying, practical work in it, and have made a success of his own life; but through it all he must have remained at heart one of those wise boys who never grow up so fatally as to become middle-aged. Because when you become middle-aged you forget your own boyhood, and forgetting that you forget also what appealed to it, and so do not really know how to impart to other boys those broad truths they will understand and believe, and be the better for knowing.

Mr. Arthur Mee has these qualifications; you cannot read his "Letters to Boys" without realising that. Moreover, there is tangible evidence that he has this fine and

* "Arthur Mee's Letters to Boys." 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

none too common understanding of the mind of youth, in the fact that some few years ago he commenced the issue of *The Children's Encyclopædia*, and it proved so great a success that he has never been able to stop it, and as *The Children's Magazine* it is still "running," and, combining instruction with amusement, it is unique among periodicals of its kind. On the same principle, his "Letters to Boys" are both instructive and entertaining. He begins with an address "To the Boy who will be Prime Minister." Of course, some of the Prime Ministers of the future are at present at school; they are necessarily a strictly limited number, but there are hundreds of possible Prime Ministers, and they will be the nobler men for the post—or, if they miss it, for any other post—if they adopt the manly, high ideals towards which Mr. Mee would lead them. An admirable letter too, is that "To the Boy who is leaving School"—the whole book, indeed, is as inspiring as it is eminently common-sensible. There are letters to "The Boy who loves a Game," "To the Boy who will manage a great Business," "To the Boy who gets over Difficulties," "To the Boy who loves a Hero," "To the Boy who loves a Book," "To the Boy who loves the Highest." These, and the rest of the letters, are all written in the happiest, most genial spirit, and in a simple, lucid, pleasant English that enlivens and emphasises its teachings with anecdotes and aphorisms, and makes easy and interesting reading. It contains just those things that every boy ought to know, and we commend it as an ideal gift-book to all who are concerned for the welfare of the men of to-morrow, for, in a word, it teaches the young idea how to shoot straight and at the highest things.

GERHART HAUPTMANN.*

It is one of the ironies of art that those who undertake violent revolutions so often come to turn their backs upon the thing for which they stood. Ibsen in "The League of Youth," and later in "The Doll's House," overturned some conceptions of drama by setting to work to build a house of naturalism; yet in the end, from "The Master Builder" onwards, he, in his own work, wrote a severer criticism upon that self-same naturalism than any of his critics had done in the noise of the first battle. And Time comes along with its own further irony by delicately giving a dullness, a staleness, to nearly all the plays written between "The League of Youth" and "Hedda Gabler," and an increasing freshness to the poetic plays written before that period, and to the semi-poetic plays written after that period.

Something of the same is to be found in Hauptmann. In the "consistent naturalism" on which he based the first of his plays, "Before Dawn," he needlessly sought to eliminate all trace of stage subterfuge; and not only of stage subterfuge, but that other subterfuge that is known as artistic order. He did not wholly do so. Dramatic beginnings and dramatic endings are part of that artistic order: their place, strictly, is only as the effective opener and closer of a plot, or sequence, that in its total effect provides a significant, or, at least, knowledgable, microcosm of the larger and less wieldy masses of life. In "Before Dawn," however, Hauptmann casts away that plot, that apt sequence, and in five acts, that is to say in five distinct and chosen scenes, displays a number of characters, many of whom have little relation with many others, recounts conversations whose only justification is that they occur, leads the mind (fed by an antiquated sense of "plot," and so of expectation) to anticipate developments that are not proceeded with, to take as clues what are no more than events sufficient in themselves, and concludes with what seem to be (again from our antiquated sense of things) a number of loose ends throughout the play. All show of plot, thus, has gone, in the name of fidelity to Life—though to call mere happenings Life is to ask a challenge at once—but the beginning and the ending of a plot, that is to say a dramatic opening and dramatic conclusion, are still retained. Loth's entrance and Helen's desperation preserve those foundations of dramatic semblance; and they at once raise the question whether artistic cause and effect, which, after all, is what is meant by plot, may not be as truthful as the necessity for a beginning and an ending.

In "The Weavers," the second of the plays given in these two volumes containing the "Social Dramas," the result is rendered still more amorphous by the vast number of characters he brings on to his scenes. None of these characters may strictly be considered as of minor importance. That is part of the method. If there is no action to be carried forward it follows that there are no primary or secondary characters, and that, therefore, each figure must receive equal attention in the transfiguration of personality. Over the five acts the figures of the weavers surge to and fro, unforgettably, but without gathering any drift or direction. Yet here, too, there is a carefully chosen opening, and a conclusion even so conventional as a gun-shot. Between one and the other the hungry, terrible figures of the weavers shift and pass in such a tumult of disorder that we watch them almost as we might watch a riot from a hotel-window, yet a little listlessly too, because we know that it is not real after all. The scenes have not the conviction of life; nor have they the other conviction of art; and this in spite of the epic character of the whole.

It is as though we were listening to some narrator. There is always the sense in Hauptmann's naturalistic plays that a narrator is seeking to make his narrative into a panorama. And here it is that the irony of his development enters. The insufficiency of this assaults him continually, until at last in "Hannele" "The Sunken Bell," and "Henry of Ane" the things he has rejected compel his service in the name of an Art that alone can satisfy spiritual craving. We will not speak of these now, for they are yet to be produced in a later volume of this collected edition; it is only necessary at this time to note how the significance of a poetic content compelled the significance of form, of order, of artistic cause and effect, and so wrote Hauptmann's own criticism on his earlier, and amorphous, naturalism. Poetic content and poetic form—those are the only things that remain in drama, as is best proved by the things that depart from those ancient significances. In some words that Mr. Lewisohn quotes from Hauptmann's "Griechischer Frühling" the dramatist writes:

> "The Green Gleam, which mariners assert to have witnessed at times, appears at the last moment before the sun dips below the horizon. The ancients must have known the Green Gleam. I do not know whether that be true, but I feel a longing in me to behold it. I can imagine some Pure Fool whose life consisted but in seeking it over lands and seas, in order to perish at last in the radiance of that strange and splendid light. Are we not all, perhaps, upon a similar quest? Are we not beings who have exhausted the realm of the senses, and are athirst for other delights for both our senses and our souls?"

As Mr. Lewisohn justly remarks: "The author of 'Before Dawn' has gone a long journey in the land of the spirit to the writing of these words"; and we may add, possibly, that he comes to see that it is not the ocean of humanity merely, but the ocean with the green gleam upon it that gives his material to the dramatist who satisfies both himself and us in his art.

One feels that in the first of these two volumes, where the dramatist (both actually and for us in the course of this edition) begins his travels toward that discovery. In "The Weavers," and the figure of Mrs. Wolff in "The Beaver Coat," we may see how that travel is rooted in humanity. "The Weavers" is almost epical in its darkness and its terror, when the people, rising from under the heel of industrialism and its concomitants of hunger and degradation, surge wildly over the pages. It is too epical, indeed, to be dramatic, though its skill is wonderful. In Mrs. Wolff we see a coarse, shrewd woman, with a love of scrapes almost Falstaffian, thriving by outwitting the pomposities of this same social system. We cannot help admiring her for her success.

* "The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann." Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Vols. I. and II: "Social Dramas." 5s. net. each. (Martin Secker.)

The second volume contains work much later of production, though Hauptmann includes them under the same classification. "Drayman Henschel," "Rose Bernd" and "The Rats," indeed, weave in and out, in point of time, with such plays as "Hannele" and "Henry of Ane." Mr. Lewisohn in his introduction suggests that they are a reaction to naturalistic methods even while the dramatist was seeking to discover the green gleam; but to contrast them with "Before Dawn" is to see how far Hauptmann has progressed from his "consistent naturalism." "Drayman Henschel" and "Rose Bernd" are very skilfully woven plays, and "The Rats" is in fact most elaborate of construction. In the last of these plays Hauptmann takes the opportunity of giving, through Spitta's lips, his opinion of tragic people in drama; though in his own practice now he condemns himself, since we do not feel tragedy in the death of Mrs. John, whereas there is tragedy in the death of Henschel; not because Henschel is simply a carter, but because Hauptmann, led by a sure instinct, made him of heroic mould. Naturalism receives further criticism in all the plays of this second volume by the clear dramatic need (to which Hauptmann, like the skilled technician he is, gave full play) of free entrances and exits. Nowhere do people come and go so freely, arrive so desirably and punctually, have such unlimited access to other people's rooms, depart so precisely when their hour is done, as in these plays. And they are the better mirror of life for that. They, in their own ritual, catch and portray the wider thing outside; and the result is an increased intensity that is of the very essence of truth. There is a considerable increase of art (artifice, indeed, if one will) in the second of these volumes; and it has meant an immeasurable increase in significance. Mr. Secker, we need scarcely say, has produced the books with his customary sense of the fitting in dignity and artistry; and they will introduce Hauptmann to many readers to whom his vernacular original is out of the question.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

LADIES AND OTHERS.*

The delightful qualities which charmed and fascinated us in "The Crock of Gold," with its freakish humour, its exuberant joy in life, its fantastic philosophy, greet you again in Mr. Stephens' new book, "Here are Ladies." He sets before your intellectual palate a wonderful assortment of viands, or, rather, he flings them at your head, as who should say, "Take them or leave them and be hanged." Many of the sketches—they are not stories in the accepted sense of the term, but fragments of life—are concerned with courtship and marriage, with the disillusionment or catastrophies which interrupted love's young dream, with selfish husbands and dominant wives, and with the desperate monotony of two people sharing the same house, looking at the same face and hearing the same voice day after day until some god or devil ended it.

Another writer might in dealing with such similar subjects produce a sense of sameness, but Mr. Stephens does not, since he gives you different aspects and revelations of the elementary facts of life.

"I'll tell you what is in my mind," said the discontented stone-breaker as he paused in his work by the roadside, "a person that has neighbours will have either friends or enemies, and it's likely enough that he'll have the last unless he has a meek spirit. And it's the same way with a man that's married, or a man that has a brother. For the neighbours will spy on you from dawn to dark, and talk about you in every place; and a wife will try to rule you, in the house and out of the house, until you are badgered to a skeleton; and a brother will ask you to give him whatever you value most in the world. There are three things a man doesn't like: He doesn't like to be spied on, and he doesn't like to be ruled and regulated, and he doesn't like to be asked for a thing he wants himself. And whether he lets himself be spied on or not, he'll be talked about, and in any case he'll be made out to be a queer man; and if he lets his wife rule him he'll be scorned and laughed at, and if he doesn't let her rule him he'll be called a rough man; and if he once gives to his brother he will have to keep on giving for ever, and if he doesn't give in at all he'll get the bad name and the sour look as he goes about his business."

"Maybe," answered the Philosopher, "your wife would be a good wife to some other husband, and your brother might be decent enough if he had a different brother."

"The Blind Man," who after he had been dispossessed in favour of a younger brother married a farm of ten acres, is a powerful little tragedy, as inevitable in its issue as fate. "A Glass of Beer," although a very effective piece of work, rather mars the congruity of the whole, the scene being laid in Paris, which is more remote from the Ireland of Mr. Stephens' inspiration than heaven or hell. But the humorous extravaganza called "The Threepenny Piece" is pure and bewildering delight. It is in representing the personal relations between mortal and immortal, human and divine, that Mr. Stephens excels all others. His very daring compels conviction. You ask no questions, but believe it all with the greediest credulity. "I hate these sinners from the kingdom of Kerry," said the Chief Tormentor, when Brien of the O'Brien nation had thrown hell into confusion, and threatened even the serenity of heaven, because the Seraph Cuchulain had stolen the threepenny-piece, which had been given him at his wake; "I hate the entire Clan of the Gael."

A delightful book, and as unique as delightful. We look forward with eager impatience for what Mr. Stephens will next give us.

H. A. HINKSON.

* "Here are Ladies." By James Stephens. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

ELLEN KEY.*

Those who already know of Ellen Key through her writings will be glad to learn, through this translation of Louise Nyström-Hamilton's well written biography, something of the woman herself; those who learn of her first from this biography will, if they are interested in psychological and moral questions, pass on from this story of Ellen Key's life to the revelation of the woman herself in her writings.

At first we do not connect the name of Ellen Key, the Swedish lecturer, writer, and "liberator of woman's soul," with the Sutherlandshire clan M'Kay, but from this volume we learn, in the chapter devoted to "Ancestry," that "the Key family is of Scotch-Celtic lineage," and that M'Kay, the earlier form of the name, is best interpreted by "war-flame," or "fiery," or "warlike." And certainly it would seem that in spite of Ellen Key's thoughtfulness, self-control, and very gradual development, she does possess much of the spirit of the soldier, and is strong to fight in defence of her beliefs.

In the earlier chapters of this biography we see the child, Ellen, clever, serious, individual; with a precocious love for literature and a passionate love for her beautiful country home. It was a real grief to her that the world contained ugliness and was not entirely just and harmonious. And through childhood, girlhood, womanhood, we see her gradually growing towards that day when she should preach and labour for the happiness and the beauty of life as she understood it. Restless, questioning, inwardly chafing and striving, she was long in coming to the fullness of her life's work, but she was coming to it through careful thought and strong conviction, and, in reality, her way was straight and undeviating. When about the thirtieth year of her age, Ellen Key, owing to her father's loss of money, left the country for the town to earn her livelihood by teaching. With eagerness and individuality she strove to form the minds of her pupils, and gradually she spread

* "Ellen Key, Her Life and Her Work." By Louise Nyström-Hamilton. Authorised Translation from the Swedish by A. E. B. Fries. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. 5s. net. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

out her powers beyond the schoolhouse, and began to give courses in history and literature. Gradually, again, the force within her expanded and she began to speak for various societies, leagues, and unions, her sympathies being ever with the cause of liberty, justice, and beauty of life, as she understands these things.

"Ellen Key's individualistic morale of happiness has given rise to both amazement and indignation." But these are her own words on individualism. "No individualist persuades himself that he lives for anybody's sake but his own, or for any other object than to develop and ennoble all the resources of his being. But the more fully he attains his self-realisation, the more strongly does he feel the complexity within; he is as sensitive to the weal and woe of others as he is to his own."

Ellen Key "believes in humanity's development according to natural law, through its own powers to achieve the earthly harmony which is its goal. Not only does she lay bare the faults, the present conception and its consequences, but she also knows that right through these progress must go. She analyses the many and varied reasons of happiness and unhappiness; she points out what it is that holds the marriage intact, and what sunders it." Storms of abuse have beaten about this woman's head, but to hundreds of people beyond her own country she stands as "a brave and noble priestess of high personal culture."

THE ART OF SHADOW.*

The world is fond of paradox, though it never believes in it. Yet it is the paradox more than the platitude that implies the significance of truth. For instance, there are few people who would believe offhand that from one æsthetic aspect the Victorian era was heterodox, subversive, even revolutionary in its effects. Yet, inasmuch as it crushed the free impulse of artistic reaction into a common mould of ugliness and garishness, it certainly made overtures towards its most embittered foe. The process was more positive with the plastic and ornamental arts and emphatic with the gentle art of silhouette. For in the thirties of last century, the chaste traditions and dignities of the eighteenth century profilists were not only undermined by all kinds of crude and charlatan innovations, but practically annihilated. An art almost as gracious as that of miniature was degraded into the abortions of "papyrotomy" and "scissorgraphy." And so violent a departure from loftier standards of achievement postulates a very definite convention in the heyday of the art. This had not so much to do with methods and material as is currently supposed. "Cut-paper," for instance, though it was largely enhanced by the great masters—the Augustans of silhouette—like Charles Miers Rosenberg, Frith, Foster, Mrs. Beetham, Lea of Portsmouth, who painted much of their best work on chalk and convex glass, was a device before their day, and Edouart, the Puritan iconoclast of the Victorian horrors, painted backgrounds, bronzing, gold-tinting, lavish colouring, freakishness and the "profeel-machine" of Sam Weller—cut both full-length and from paper. No; the canon was that a shadow is a shadow, and that decorative effects other than plain black are meretricious. That is all very well, but there are grades between the austerity of the shadow profile as such and the orgies of the pseudo-picturesque. I agree with Mr. Coke that a tempered variation from the ideal is even more felicitous than the ideal itself. So, apparently, did the masters themselves. Some of Miers', Charles's and Mrs. Beetham's most irresistible busts are relieved from the black by delicate patches of silvery grey, in a cravat, a frill, a hat, or a dressing of the hair. Mrs. Beetham's aptitude for meticulous detail adapts itself most appropriately to the fineness of colouring, and it serves to throw into more salient relief the lucidity of her outlines. Mr. Coke, in particular, points to a singularly delightful silhouette of the Misses Awdry, by Beaumont, dated as late as 1844, in which there is no trace of black at all. Even small threads of gilding may be indulged, without entirely losing sight of Pisgah. Unfortunately for taste, to ornament degenerated into a fashionable vice.

Mr. Coke devotes a chapter to that elusive purist, Edouart, and makes merry over his egoism and capacity for self-advertisement. But the profilists of the golden age were not a whit behind him. Mrs. Beetham, whose art certainly cannot be accused of the antics and expansiveness of the mountebank, could yet, early in her career, descend to these abysmal depths:

"Mrs. Beetham has enabled herself to remedy a *difficulty*, much lamented and *universally experienced*, by PARENTS, LOVERS AND FRIENDS, *the former*, assisted by *her* ART *may see their offspring in any part of the terraqueous Globe*; nor can death obliterate the Features from their fond remembrance. LOVERS, the POETS have advanced, *'can waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole,'* she will gratify them with more *substantial*, though ideal, intercourse by placing the beloved Object to their view."

And so on, in this immortal strain. It is indeed strange how opposite are the personal conventions of the arts of literature and silhouette. The latter at least has avoided the habit of an affected diffidence and modesty.

Mr. Coke's discursive annals make no pretension to an historical survey of his subject. They are rather a collector's scrap-book, embodying occasional and leisurely impressions. There is little padding, and the book is full of interesting side-lights. But Mr. Coke would have been better advised not to stumble into the pitfalls of fine writing. Many of the reproductions are exquisite.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

Mr. Liston in his own character.
(Cut by Edouart).
From "The Art of Silhouette," by Desmond Coke (Secker).

* "The Art of Silhouette." By Desmond Coke. 7s. 6d. net. (Secker.)

A MASTER OF ART: LEONARDO DA VINCI.*

There is no figure in the history of art which has gathered round it more of mystery than that of Leonardo. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the process, begun by Vasari and continued by the German art-critics, of ascribing to him whatever in the period they found beautiful and unnamed. The very fragmentariness of much of Leonardo's work, too, when found in conjunction with such power, has made for glamour. But his many-sided genius, his science, his gift for catching life in movement, his mirror-script note-books only interpreted in the nineteenth century, all these to the student of art are subsidiary to the fact of the power of inspiration for future ages contained in his sketches and few completed works. As the centuries passed, so the true Leonardo became obscured in a nimbus of cloud woven of men's dreams ; the man who made a new epoch in painting by his "Adoration of the Magi" was forgotten in the man who planned the tunnelling of mountains and the mastery of the air. It is the task of Dr. Jens Thiis, in the book before us, to remove the rubbish of accumulation round this great figure and to lay bare its essentials of greatness as shown in the germinating period, Leonardo's youth in Florence.

More especially Dr. Jens Thiis is concerned with three things. He has to disentangle Leonardo's work from that of his master, Verrocchio ; he has to trace to its source the origin of that culminating achievement of the Florentine Period, the "Adoration of the Magi," the unfinished altar-piece in the Uffizi which revolutionised European art ; lastly, he has to prove how that painting showed the way, not only to a new method in art, but also to a new interpretation of human life and its mystery. Incidentally, too, we get in one chapter an illuminating study of the stages in the development of Florentine landscape painting from the first topographical charts to the panoramic backgrounds of Piero della Francesca, of Verrocchio and of Leonardo himself. It is a brief abstract of the evolution of aerial perspective, that feature which, for all the subtlety or conflict of Florentine work, gives to their pictures such a sense of peace and dignity. Here we get the human being set visibly in the background from which it springs, the land, the people that gave it birth. The shining rivers, the carved escarpments of the hills explain the Leonardesque smile, the virgin dignity of Verrocchio's women as well as the deep-graven lines of his Colleoni statue ; woman and soldier are nourished by the light and rigour of the land we see in these backgrounds.

Of the forty-two works in the Uffizi usually ascribed to Leonardo, Dr. Jens Thiis will allow only seven to be genuine, some of these false ascriptions being due to forgery or carelessness, but most to a connoisseurship prepossessed by the idea that Verrocchio was painstaking but uninspired. By a minute study of the "Boy with Dolphin," of the "Doubting Thomas" in Donatello's marble niche, of the great equestrian statue of the Condottiere Colleoni in Venice, Dr. Thiis proves conclusively that not only did Verrocchio know how to "marry" sculpture to architecture, but also how to transform sculpture from a purely decorative work to an art capable of expressing the undulations of life itself. This it was that made him the true forerunner of Leonardo, who in turn showed Raphael and Michelangelo that the body is a medium by which the soul of man may express itself, who made of art a sensualism that is all soul. In the figures of the "Adoration," in the smile of the Monna Lisa, in whole sheets of drawings, we have the inner man leaping to life through the outer. This is Leonardo's secret, but it was Verrocchio who showed him the way to it. Dr. Thiis's vindication of the old bronze-caster is a magnificent piece of analytical criticism.

The whole book culminates in the work of tracing the genesis of Leonardo's "Adoration of the Magi." In the Royal Library at Windsor is a sheet of studies of eleven profiles by Leonardo, with others on the back of it. These are extraordinary indications of his thought as well as of his art. For these profiles are all drawn from one type of face—old age, youth, maiden, woman, Roman emperor, bestial man, dragon and lion—all one type of face in different stages. It is a study of transmigration ; it also contains in detail sketches of heads that were afterwards to be used in the great altar-piece of the "Adoration." Dr. Thiis's analysis of that work, of its geometrical grouping, its architectural design, of the wide vistas of conflict in the background, is a monument of subtlety and acumen. Practically every outstanding feature of the picture has been traced to the drawings that were its source. Also it is proved that two of the greatest works of Leonardo's later years, the fresco of the "Last Supper" and the destroyed picture of the "Battle of Anghiari," that conflict of man and beast which gives a whole vista of evolution, sprang from the studies for the "Adoration." But this fine piece of criticism only subserves a greater task, an analysis of the reason why that picture is regarded as giving a new reading of the eternal mystery of the procession of human life across the planet, through the simple well-worn device of the Madonna and Child and worshippers. All types of humanity are represented in the sixty figures of the picture ; whole ages of the past are suggested by the background with its half-ruined buildings, its warring groups, as in the foreground the philosopher and the wayfaring man, the ascetic and the man of pleasure, gather round the Child and his Mother. All these spectators are men ; the centre is the woman. The idyll and the pastoral have been used to show the human bending before the divine ; here the idyll and the pastoral give way to drama and the mystery has become the merely human, a child, wise with promise, a woman, natural and modest. Behind her is the welter of past history, as in front are the nations, asking the eternal question of "Whence" and "Whither" of this strange panorama of life.

Dr. Thiis has every gift required for his work—judgment, knowledge and discrimination combined with enthusiasm. To gaze at the beautiful reproductions and then to compare them with the letterpress is to be convinced of the truth of his conclusions. His appreciation of "quality" is particularly refreshing in England, where art criticism is so constantly made a vehicle for moral platitudes. The whole of the editing, translating and reproducing is excellent, though it is a pity that so many misprints should have been left in the proof-reading.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

* "Leonardo da Vinci : The Florentine Years of Leonardo and Verrocchio." By Dr. Jens Thiis. With 277 Illustrations. Translated by Jessie Muir. 42s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

FIVE BY SEVEN.

The seven authors of the four novels and the one book of travel that chance brings together on our table, are all writers of considerable accomplishment, and three, at least, of the books are works of some distinction, while one of them, and that by two new writers, is a really notable achievement. "Undergrowth"[1] besides being one of the most challenging first novels we have read for many a long day, is the only one of the books that is really contemporary, in any precise sense, informed as it is through and through with the young and ardently anti-materialistic spirit of the new Georgian era. In the nineteenth century, we all thought, in our exclusive complacency, that we had subdued the supernatural powers by disproving their existence. We refused to recognise them ; at the same time taking infinite pains to explain to them, in elaborate and ingenious detail, that they were really not there at all, and that if they thought they did exist, they were only suffering from pitiful superstitious delusions. And how could superstition exist in the clear, cold light of that new Age of Reason, the Nineteenth Century ? Strange to say, the supernatural powers do not seem to have minded very much. They hardly appear to have even realised they were being snubbed ; or, if they did, they merely chuckled,

[1] "Undergrowth." By F. and E. Brett Young. 6s. (Secker.)

Leonardo: The Condottiere (about 1478.)
(Silver-point drawing in the Malcolm Collection, British Museum.)
From "Leonardo da Vinci" (Jenkins)

and bided their time. And it would seem that their time has come again. On all hands, there are signs that man is becoming conscious that his vaunted reason is but a farthing dip after all, which can at most illuminate only a few inches of the universe at a time; and that there are more things in heaven and earth than can be accounted for by any system of purely intellectual philosophy. So that, as in art is to be found the highest expressions of man's consciousness at its intensest and most urgent, we already find this new spirit improving the work of the more distinguished of our younger artists. The elders will doubtless shrug their shoulders, and mutter the word, "Reactionary!": but the earth is for the young; and this time youth has allied itself with the oldest powers of the universe. The publication of "Undergrowth" is a significant symptom of the tendency of this new and vital movement. The tale is the story of the struggle of Forsyth, a Scots engineer, against the primeval forces. Being under contract to build a reservoir under the shadow of Pen Savaddon, a Welsh mountain, he gradually

discovers that he is not merely pitting himself against a material mountain of estimable stone, but against a spiritual mountain of incalculable forces. He fights with every weapon he can clutch—reason, common-sense, drink, and the Calvinistic theology of his childhood—to retain his sanity, his self-possession; but the mountain is too much for him. Everything goes wrong with the work; every conceivable and inconceivable "accident" overtakes him, and in the end the supernatural forces triumph, and the primæval "undergrowth" closes over him and all his puny works. The tale is admirably told. The style has a tautness and realistic precision which adequately expresses the intensity of the imaginative conception. In the expressive American phrase, it bites. The grip never fails throughout, and the character-drawing is admirable.

Anything that Mr. Hewlett writes must carry itself off with a certain distinction; but his new novel[1] must be accounted as one of his less notable achievements, if, indeed, it can be considered to be anything but a positive failure. Though he has prudently attempted to avoid the charge of having drawn a false portrait of a great man by calling his Byronic hero Bendish, and by making him live at a later period than Byron, we do not think that he can altogether plead "not guilty." The circumstantial evidence against him is too damning. Byron, undoubtedly, has been taken as the prototype of Bendish, but it is a Byron who never was on sea or land, a Byron who never existed except in that inconceivable menagerie of "celebrities," the journalistic brain. Byron has never been one of our heroes; but, at his shallowest and most satirical, he could never have been the sawdust puppet that Mr. Hewlett labels "Bendish." Byron was flesh and blood, at least. Mr. Hewlett's hero seems to be made up of hints picked up from the worst of Byron's verse, and, even taken as a study of the temperament of a weak and blustering charlatan, the portrait is quite unconvincing. The character is never presented from within; it is only described superficially. And Mr. Hewlett is scarcely more successful with his other characters. He seems almost pathetically eager to persuade us of the charm of his heroine, Rose, but to the end she remains a pretty doll; and Gustave Poor only bears as much relationship to the real Shelley as Bendish does to the real Byron. Mr. Hewlett's failure is singular, because one would have expected him to have some understanding of the nature of poets. Needless to say, there is much in the book that is entertaining. Mr. Hewlett always writes with a graphic and picturesque pen, though too many passages of the present narrative read rather too like Mr. Max Beerbohm's parodies of Meredith.

"The Yoke of Pity"[2], which has been admirably translated from the French of M. Julian Benda by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, is, within its limits, a masterly and dexterous performance. It is a novel written according to a thesis, and the fact that the thesis seems to us to be utterly false, and its exposition consequently ineffectual, does not detract from our approbation of the fine workmanship of the book. M. Benda sets out to prove that it is impossible to live "the intellectual life," and maintain the ordinary decent human relationships at the same time, while, of course, the truth is that only he who lives in the completest and most familiar relationship with his fellows can attain any spiritual or intellectual life worth having. M. Benda never gives any precise definition of his conception of the intellectual life; but we gather that it is a sort of sterilised existence, wherein a man may attain to immunity from the disease of human emotions and sympathies.

"The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany",[4] though the work of two expert novelists, is a singularly amateurish performance. Mr. Hueffer, who himself supplies the preface and two of the chapters, thinks otherwise, and somewhat complacently assures us that his collaborator has written "a very good book about a country." Miss Violet Hunt has a quick eye, but we find that her observations are superficial in the extreme, as her comments on what she sees invariably are; and her writing is too desperately light-hearted, too strenuously airy, too pathetically facetious, to be anything but unutterably tedious. And we cannot really feel that we are worthy of sharing the domestic confidences which either collaborator, in turn, thinks fit to lavish on us. No doubt it is flattering, but it only makes us feel shy!

In "Youth Will be Served,"[5] Miss Dolf Wyllarde relates how Gillian Joyce, the girl-wife of the grizzled Colonel Joyce, is gradually taken captive by her own unwanted child, Clarvis, who, in the end, saves her from the fascinations of her husband's kinsman, Lionel Sinister. It is a pretty, harmless tale of the development of the maternal instinct, told without any distinction of conception or expression.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

[1] "Bendish." By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
[2] "The Yoke of Pity." By Julian Benda. 5s. net. (Unwin.)
[4] "The Desirable Alien at Home in Germany." By Violet Hunt and Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

MRS. PIOZZI'S LETTERS.*

It is an arguable point whether too much attention has not been bestowed by commentators and biographers on that frivolous, if rather captivating little lady, who is equally well known as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Piozzi. The lover of letters owes her a debt of gratitude because she and her first husband between them provided a haven of refuge for Dr. Johnson in which he could expand and meet with the softening influence of feminine society. A second and even greater service she did both to her friend and to posterity by recording in her "Anecdotes" her impressions of his character and table-talk; never in so small a space has a better portrait been furnished of Johnson, and this notwithstanding that the light-headed hostess failed sometimes to catch the drift of his conversation. Were it available for general study, it is likely enough that another work of hers, still apparently kept under lock and key—the diary which Johnson urged her to start and she was advised by her brewer spouse to entitle "Thraliana," would put students of her times under fresh obligations; though, to judge from extracts issued in Abraham Hayward's volumes, and additional quotations to be found in a just-published booklet of Mr. Charles Hughes, its indiscretions are far in excess of matter that is genuinely informing. For the rest there are her letters, since any other books of hers, even her account of her Italian travels, have passed into Limbo, and Mrs. Piozzi, while a vivacious, was in no sense a brilliant letter-writer. Hers was an alert and sprightly intelligence; for a woman of her day she kept surprisingly in touch with what was going on in politics, literature, society, and even science; her disposition was mercurial and friendly; she had the desire and the capacity to please; and the charm of her personality found its way into her correspondence. But her circle was too limited, her talents were too irresponsible, her interest in life was too superficial, too much concentrated on trifles, for her letters to repay perusal to any readers save those who are curious about the manners and culture and social atmosphere of her age. Her correspondence with Dr. Johnson, published after his death, is noteworthy mainly on his account; other letters, addressed to men of parts or to literary women such as Fanny Burney, prove that she could hold her own with accomplished persons and carry no little learning easily. And the latest batch to see the light, some two hundred letters sent, save for an interval of fifteen years, quite regularly to her friend Mrs. Pennington, from 1788, not long after she had married a second time, till 1822, the date of her death, and now edited by Mr. Oswald G. Knapp, have the merit of being lively, confidential and unaffected, but are narrow in their

[5] "Youth Will be Served." By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

* "The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788–1821." Edited by Oswald G. Knapp. 16s. net. (Lane.)

"Mrs. Piozzi's 'Thraliana.'" By Charles Hughes. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

range and far from profound in their observations. It is a right instinct which attributes more significance to Mrs. Thrale than to Mrs. Piozzi, and regards her association with Johnson as her real passport to fame.

The editor of the new letters cannot be felicitated on the system of annotation he has adopted. He has been at enormous pains to elucidate references to all persons and events not likely to be familiar, but instead of placing his notes at the foot of his pages or at the end of his volume, he has incorporated them in the text along with his running comment. So that it is impossible for the reader to get away from them even if he would, and the fact of no distinction being made between Mrs. Piozzi's own talk and the explanatory material gives the work a look of stodginess with which, when all is said, its main contents do not deserve to be credited. If the letter-writer is curiously discursive, inconsequent and casual, she is never dull or apathetic. She, at any rate, pays her correspondent the compliment of being interested herself in the topics of her gossip. It is the fault of the topics, as a rule, and of her own confined circumstances, that her chatter proves monotonous. Mrs. Piozzi was getting on in years when she began this correspondence—turned forty-eight—and she was soon living in an isolated corner of Wales. Her marriage with her Italian and Papist husband had cut her off from most of her literary friends, as well as from her daughters, and Johnson had been some while dead. Her correspondent, Penelope Sophia Weston, was a spinster lady who ruled over a little literary coterie at Ludlow, in Shropshire, and married the gouty master of ceremonies of the Clifton ball-room; so that Mrs. Pennington's situation did not permit her to feed her "dearest friend" with very first-rate material. Bulletins on their husbands' respective attacks of gout; rumours about women-writers and blue-stockings they had known but ceased to meet, such as Mme. d'Arblay, Anne Seward, Hannah More, and Mrs. Montague; confidences about the actress they both esteemed and the illnesses of the Siddons girls; a rivalry of admiration, when they were old, over the handsome young player, Conway, for whom both had a doting fondness—such, together with forebodings as to the issue of the war and laments about the high prices it caused, are the exchanges they made each other generally over a generation and more of time. It is startling to find that the one celebrity (if Miss Farren and Tom Moore and Rogers are excepted), with whom Mrs. Piozzi came into direct contact in these years, was Sarah Siddons. As for her comments on the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, they were such as any clever woman might have made, and her forecasts were just as often wrong as right. She is for ever "mounting a turnip-cart to predict the end of the world," to quote her own words. She suffers, like her neighbours, from invasion panic. She grumbles over Nelson's "playing double or quits too often and tempting fortune too far." Her concern about the Terror gains half its intensity from the fact that a girl she knows, Helena Williams, has trusted herself to the tender mercies of the sans-culottes of Paris, and is reported to be living there under the protection of an English Jacobin. In general, like the rest of us, she is much more excited over the love-affair of an acquaintance than the tragedy of a nation. Will Harriett Lee marry the Marquis Orotti? Will Conway be accepted by Miss Stratton? are questions that mean more to her romantic heart than the fate of the French aristocracy or the progress of the generals of the Revolution.

Needless to add, Mrs. Piozzi's uncomfortable relations with her children occupy no small portion of her correspondence. She was the sort of mother, conscientious and yet flighty, whose society her children escape at the first chance of freedom. And they were the kind of children, sedate and self-assertive, who disapprove of sensibility and gaiety in a parent. What wonder that she fell in love again as a widow of forty, and they voted her undignified, and visited her romance with resentment. The elder girls had set up for themselves before her correspondence with Mrs. Pennington opens, but Cecilia was with her still, and it is not difficult to discover that the mother found the duties of chaperonage tiresome. Cecy ill stirred her compassion and tenderness, but Cecilia eager for balls and love and a girl's happiness, draws from her the complaint: "One's arms do so ache with pulling at an unbroken filly that longs to hurt herself by skipping into mischief." And so the youngest went the way of the other Thrale girls—married and forgot her mother, drifted from her so far that she, in her turn, started a lawsuit, became reconciled, and again let love grow cold. Mrs. Piozzi complained, and the Thrale blood may have told, but she must share the blame, especially when we see the drama repeated in the case of her adopted son—a Piozzi—Sir John Salusbury. For ten years of this correspondence the name of Dr. Johnson never appears, so long did indignation last. After that the allusions to him are reasonably frequent. and every now and then we get the echo of his thought and even style. Thus, "There is no real inference to be drawn from people's behaviour in their last moments to the character they would sustain in life, was their recovery permitted. No inference at all. The great Duke of Marlborough was known to show pusillanimity at the parting hour, and people are not weary of saying how Samuel Johnson was afraid of death." Characteristically, Mrs. Piozzi offended the recipient of these letters by some sort of ill-advised speech. Hence the gap of fifteen years.

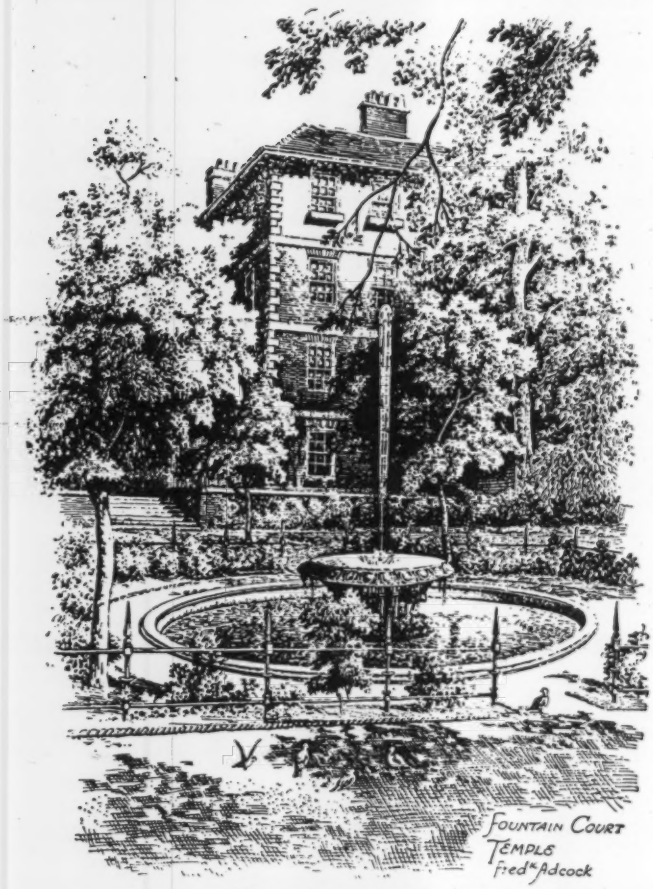
Mr. Hughes' interesting book conveys his opinions on "Thraliana," all six volumes of which he seems to have been privileged to read recently. The extracts he quotes provide scandalous stories of the author's father, paint an ugly picture of Burke at home, offer less favourable estimates of Siddons as actress than the letters to Mrs. Pennington, and hint at a confidence of Johnson's which put him "in Mrs. Thrale's power," but which, to her credit, she never revealed. It is pleasing to discover that her recklessness of speech had its limits.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE BOOKMAN'S BAEDEKER.*

Certain books are invidiously distinguished by the epithet of "problem"; but there is usually a problem in most books. About some the problem is to discover why they exist at all; about others, to discover why they did not exist before. Mr. Adcock's volume belongs to the latter class. It is so inevitable and desirable that every man of letters who sees it will wonder why he did not think of writing it himself. After which he will console himself by doing the next best thing to writing it, namely, reading it. To glance through its pages is to live over again some of the choicest scenes in fiction. Others have described the London of real people who lived and worked in it; Mr. Adcock takes us through the London of those much more real people who never lived at all. Think for a moment of the difference. Bob Cratchit going down the slide on Cornhill in honour of Christmas is a much more abiding person than anyone you may see there to-day. Clerks may come and clerks may go, but Bob slides on for ever. Is he not more really alive than they? We know almost everything about Hamlet; but we know almost nothing about Shakespeare. A thousand are familiar with the life of Micawber to every one that is familiar with the life of Dickens. Cast your mind back several centuries and try to recall something about the London of a distant period, and it is highly probable that you will find yourself thinking, not of the bloodless veracity of established antiquarian fact, but of "The Boar's Head" in Eastcheap, with Falstaff guzzling exhaustively and lying superbly, Pistol swaggering out his vague and tremendous abstractions, Francis bleating "Anon, anon, Sir!" to the sack-thirsty customer, and Mrs. Quickly prattling interminably to some earlier Mrs. Gamp at the round table by a sea-coal fire in the Dolphin chamber. When we try to think of someone whose knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar, we think instantly of Sam Weller, and not at all of the gifted gentleman who compiles the Directory or of the doctors and

* "The Booklover's London." By A. St. John Adcock. With twenty illustrations by Frederick Adcock. 6s. (Methuen.)



The meeting-place of Tom Pinch and his sister in "Martin Chuzzlewit."
From "The Booklover's London" (Methuen).

saints who make great argument whether London is named from "llyn-din" or from some aboriginal ground-landlord called Londinos.

This London of literature, then, this London trodden by the feet of those who step out of the pages of Dickens and Thackeray, Disraeli and Fielding, Besant and Gissing, Defoe and Ben Jonson, is Mr. Adcock's theme, and so happily does he handle it that one knows not which to admire most, the enviable extent of his reading, the gossipy ease of his writing, or the inspiring gusto of his appreciation. It is difficult to see how it could be better done. The author is himself a born Londoner (like his present reviewer) and that counts for much, though it is remarkable that the man who has put all the soul of London (and much of its body) into books was born at Portsmouth. Mr. Swinburne, happily inspired, includes the River Thames among the characters of Dickens. We might go further and include London itself. Walk through and about the heart of London and you will find scarcely a street or a building without its Dickensian associations. That intense energy of characterisation, in which Dickens is not inferior even to Shakespeare himself, moved him as strongly in his descriptions of places as in his descriptions of people. Windsor Terrace is as vivid as Micawber.

The London of joy and pathos, of farce and terror, of glittering lights and foul darkness, is Dickens' London, just as the London of drab, joyless lives, too meagre and neutral ever to be tragic, is George Gissing's London. Through all these streets of light and shade, Mr. Adcock conducts the reader most happily and with scarcely a single stumble—a most remarkable fact when we consider the enormous range and multitude of his literary and topographical allusions. We ask him, however, more in sorrow than in anger, why he makes Pip and Estella dine in Wood Street, when the meal was merely tea for the lady, a distinction of some importance, as the description of that exiguous refreshment is one of Dickens' happiest bits of comedy. Two features of the book strike us as especially excellent, namely, the zest of the writing and the choice of apposite quotations. The author is no hired and weary cicerone who drones out, "This is Blank Street, mentioned by Asterisks in 'What d'you call it.'" He is a reader writing for readers, not afraid to salt and season his narrative with the appropriate passages from old plays and newer stories, not afraid, too, to let himself go in the matter of enthusiasm. That is excellent. There are already too many dull fellows writing books. Give us someone who can write with a communicable relish!

The book is charmingly illustrated by Mr. Frederick Adcock, whose drawings of places where famous scenes were enacted have a double quality, very rare in pictures of this kind; they combine vision and fact. In such a volume as this we want the drawings to look like the places they represent, and we want them also to have the slightly glamoured air of places in a book. Mr. Adcock has triumphed over this double difficulty, and his twenty pictures are both excellent in themselves and entirely in harmony with the subject.

Altogether, the book is one that goes straight to a reader's affection. It is full of the love of literature and the sense of places, and illumined, moreover, by a large and kindly humanity of which we should like to record our special appreciation. If you are a Londoner, Mr. Adcock's book will give a new zest to your walks through the streets; and if you are not, it will be just one more temptation to a holiday in town.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

EARLY WARS IN WESSEX.*

Out of the Heptarchy and its "battles of kites and crows," Wessex emerged as mistress of Britain. Wessex indeed, became England, and—so to say—wedding Normandy, she arrived at great estate. But what of her birth and breeding? Recollections set down three or four hundred years after the events were very misty. Critical readers of this part of the Saxon chronicle find much to doubt. A constructive mind, anxious to see the story whole and thinking that disbelief has been strained, tries to piece out legends with new evidence. In the attempt there may be considerable value, especially if the new evidence is trustworthy; and in this book we have more than a recast of the chronicles. The author is known to many as Hon. Secretary of the Earthworks Committee of the Congress of Archæological Societies, and his knowledge of the hill-forts and defensive dykes in the southern counties is serviceable in reconstructing the strategy of the long warfare in which the Britons may have held them against the Saxons. He does not suggest that all these earthworks were first thrown up in post-Roman times, but that they were re-occupied and defended by the Welsh as the Saxons advanced, step by step, from Hampshire, which Mr. Major takes to be the original Wessex. Its boundaries in 519 A.D. he infers to be those of the present day, and supports the view from the archæological map. At the same time it is admitted and deplored that little has been done in examination of these sites. We can hardly say that they have yielded all the evidence we may expect from them.

When the Saxons are at last brought into Somerset the plot thickens with fuller detail. The editor of this volume

* "Early Wars of Wessex: Being Studies from England's School of Arms in the West." By Albany F. Major. Edited by the late Chas. W. Whistler, M.R.C.S. With Maps and Illustrations. (Cambridge, University Press.)

was for many years Vicar of Stockland near Combwich, and interested in local antiquities. Hence, no doubt, the somewhat elaborate discussion of the Saxon advance from the taking of Glastonbury in 670 to Ine's capture of the Parret valley in 710. This is worked out with the help of early charters, assumed to be trustworthy so far as regards places given to the Abbey after each successive victory. But the point is well made that this long struggle with the West-Welsh trained the Saxons to war, and ultimately enabled Alfred to overcome the Danes when the North and Midlands fell before them.

An episode in the saga is devoted to Watchet and Combwich and their Norse fisher-folk. Mr. Major premises that recent Scandinavian antiquaries have remarked possible connections of Britain with Norway and Sweden from the Bronze Age downwards, long before the registered arrival of the first Vikings. That the seas were sailed and one country known to another need not be doubted; it is fairly evident that the adventurers of 795 knew the lie of the land and the chances of "acquiring property" as they called their freebooting. But a Norse trading-settlement in Somerset before 710 is not easily proved from place-names and folk-lore. Similar circumstances are observed in many parts of the country; place-names of Norse form are found sometimes, in the North of England, even as late as the twelfth century; in survivals of heathen myths the persistence of old beliefs after Christianisation must not be forgotten. But the point is a curious one; if the question raised here will lead to a closer examination of the supposed pre-Viking settlements of Norse, it will not fail of a welcome.

The third "book" expands an argument familiar to readers of the Viking Club's publications. For many years Messrs. Major and Whistler have been accumulating evidence to support their view of Alfred's campaign in 878. Their point is that the fighting must have gone on near Athelney. That view was sketched by Bishop Clifford nearly forty years ago, but his conclusions were hurt by his treatment of place-names. In the form now given to it, beginning with a *catena* of chronicle-extracts and supported by a lucid account of the topography, it reads persuasively. We are taken with the Danes on their rapid ride from Cambridge to Wareham and shown their route. We view the fort where Hubba may have landed and fallen, here located at Cannington Park near Combwich, and the skeletons unearthed from trenches hard by, where the Danes may have buried them; and from the story as told it seems reasonable to believe that here, rather than at Appledore near Bideford, was the *Arx Cynuit* of March, 878. Then, as Guthrum was in daily fight with Alfred, whose headquarters were at Borough Mump near Athelney, what more likely position could Guthrum hold than the ridge of the Poldens, just across the marshes? Edington is actually the name of the hill he must have occupied. Seven weeks after Easter, when the neap tides tempted the Danes to attack across the marshes, Alfred signals to his levies in the east from a Quantock hill invisible at Edington, meets his men in Selwood, rushes on the enemy as they quit their strong position to cross the flats, and drives them westward along the ridge to the old earthwork at Downend. There they are trapped between the river and the Saxons; after a fortnight they capitulate and the Peace of Wedmore is assured.

The story is vividly told. The details hang together excellently. Some difficulties still remain in the place-names. If *Arx Cynuit* be Cannington Park, "Cunyz" (*temp.* Henry III.) for Combwich is the nearest equation for the name. *Aecglea* or *Iglea*, where Alfred mustered his men before Ethandun, is a name common in Wessex, but absent, in this form, here: Mr. Major proposes Butleigh, in early charters *Budeclege*, at the east end of the Poldens. Edington, at first sight near enough to Ethandun, is in Domesday *Eduuinetone*; this, Mr. Major suggests, may have been a mistaken expansion of *Ed'indon*, for Glastonbury documents give the place as *Edindone* and *Edintone*. These doubts remain to shake the full acceptance of a theory which otherwise commends itself to the imagination. It does not carry the conviction of Dr. Neilson's identification of Brunanburh, though it contributes in an interesting way to the solution of this parallel difficulty. If any other sites than Combwich and Edington on the Poldens are now maintained for the battle-scenes of 878 it will be important to work out the topography with no less completeness.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

Novel Notes.

THE MASTERDILLO. A Story of Youth. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

The too-sophisticated, the fatally grown up and growing old should not read this book, for it is not meant for them. Its anonymous author rightly describes it as "A Story of Youth." And its charm can only be felt by those who are still young, or by those who have not lost their own youth with the passing of years, or who, if they have, can remember it sympathetically, knowing they have lost something that was better than all the wisdom and wealth and dignity they have obtained in exchange. People of that happier sort will read "The Masterdillo" and be delighted by it. The young husband and young wife of the tale are just what most of us were before we grew too old to be so joyously and gloriously foolish, or what we shall be when we grow old enough to marry. You blush for them now and then and call them silly and, in self-defence perhaps, tell somebody else who is reading the tale that they are absurdly sentimental, but secretly you are in love with both of them for that very reason, and know in your heart that you were as bad or as good yourself in those days when you first set up housekeeping, and the world was so very a fairyland that you did not grudge paying your taxes. The manner of telling the story is gaily and charmingly inconsequent, but it is exactly in harmony with the laughing spirit of youth in which it is all written and in which it must all be read. It is quaintly, daintily humorous; it is full of tenderness and of the pathos of those little things that are the greatest things in life to the young man and woman who are utterly in love with each other. To repeat the story in any bold outline would be cynically profane; the story is nothing, the freshness and naïve simplicity with which it is told are everything, and you can only make acquaintance with these and realise the book's curious charm by reading it for yourself; wherefore there is no more to be said but go and read it.

HORACE BLAKE. By Mrs. Wilfred Ward. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Wilfred Ward's style has a distinct charm; and her novels have a high seriousness. Horace Blake seems to us so far her best book. The characters develop in a way which is true to life. She has knowledge and understanding; her main incident recalls what actually happened to a well-known literary man; but all will feel that she has not merely copied, but has made an artistic use of her material. Mrs. Ward makes her readers feel the fascination that Horace Blake exerts over every one. Her theme is the salvation of the hero which is wrought by his own clearness of vision and the faithful loving devotion of his wife. His wife is first conquered by admiration for his genius. She helps him loyally and with her help he has won success. She knows him and forgives his great wickedness; her admiration and compassion have turned into true love. She wants his true life to be written, but realising that the world will neither understand nor believe, and knowing how through all he has never feared the truth, she reluctantly gives this up. The story of Trix and Stephen is on a less high note, but is very human.

PERRIS OF THE CHERRY TREES. By J. S. Fletcher. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Fletcher may always be relied upon for a good story, and in "Perris of the Cherry Trees" the author will delight old friends and make new ones. Abel Perris was a farmer in a very small way with a very stunted vision of the possibilities of his farm, the Cherry Trees. He had married a girl who was his superior in every way. When the story opens we find Perris behind-hand with the rent, due to his drunkenness and indolence, and a prospect before him of being turned out by the Steward. The gentleman-farmer of Martinsthorpe (Mark Taffendale) had land abutting on the Cherry Trees, and within his domain were some profitable lime-kilns, the scene of the most dramatic episodes in the book. To him Rhoda goes by night and borrows money on the understanding that she is to manage the farm herself. Now Mark Taffendale was a bachelor, and of course it was inevitable that he and Rhoda should find themselves attracted to each other. Rhoda has as much money as she wants, and on the day when the Steward comes round he is surprised to find the farm in good condition, and the rent ready for him. Abel Perris's only workman was Pippany Webster, who is dismissed by Rhoda for stealing. He resolves on revenge, and finds a means at hand by a chance discovery of the clandestine meetings of Rhoda and Taffendale. It would spoil the reader's pleasure to disclose more, but we are sure that he will not put the book down until he has reached the conclusion, where Abel Perris is revealed in a surprisingly noble light.

JOAN THURSDAY. By Louis Joseph Vance. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Vance's reputation has been made by a number of bright and exciting stories of adventure, very modern and American in spirit, partly melodramatic, partly humorous, partly sentimental. In this manner he is comfortably at home, confidently master of his material. "Joan Thursday," however, is a surprise. It is a careful and painstaking study of theatrical life in America, written with a minute and slightly depressing realism. In fact, not at all the sort of book we expected. However, the reader's disappointment may be tempered by the assurance that Mr. Vance has achieved something that is nearly a triumph. His book might have been better for a trifle less of insistence upon detail, it would have been more likeable had its heroine been less ambitious and mercenery, but for all that it is a very fine piece of work. Practically plotless, what story there is centres around Joan Thursday, a beautiful girl who takes to the stage as a more attractive manner of earning her living than serving in a shop, and her success—at a price—after rather more than a year of varied experience brings the book to an end. We congratulate Mr. Vance heartily upon this very successful example of his versatility.

SUBSOIL. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

"Anyhow, after any big event," says Saffery, the novelist, in Mr. Charles Marriott's new novel, "you are apt to get an upheaval of a different layer of national character—subsoil, in fact. Some queer things get thrown up, but it's native stuff, and we've got to make the best of it, not only in art." This is the idea that Mr. Marriott plays with very plausibly and very effectively. He thinks the Boer War was responsible for a great upheaval, and that its effect upon our national life and, directly or indirectly, on our national art, ideals and general outlook has been broad and deep. Modern movements in art, politics and social economy are discussed by his men and women shrewdly, brilliantly, suggestively; their conversations are, as they should be, vastly cleverer than the studio and dining-room talk that most of us have an opportunity of listening to; but the power and interest of his story lies in the subtlety and vivid truthfulness with which he limns his characters. Saffery is a masterly study. Neither Sylvia Bradley, to whom Sutherland is engaged, nor the widowed Loveday Rosewall, whom he loves in vain, are ordinary women, but they are natural, baffling, charming women notwithstanding. You suspect a touch of cynicism when Sylvia breaks off her engagement with Sutherland because she feels that he keeps her outside the best interests of his life, and they are not suited to each other, and then shortly after becomes engaged to the handsome, conceited, rather shallow young novelist, Reginald Vaughan, and when about the same time Loveday Rosewall rejects Sutherland because, though she loves him, she also has given her heart to the somewhat egregious young Reginald. She confesses that she loves Sutherland, but thinks he is one of the men that "no woman ought to have. . . . You are too big a proposition. We must either lose ourselves in you or keep you at a distance. Perhaps it is a wise and good instinct that makes us spare you and give our nonsense to somebody else." It is very well for her to tell him, with gentle scorn, "Little you know us!" Loveday does not represent the average woman, and perhaps the reader even more than Sutherland will be at a loss to understand her. But she has a large share in making "Subsoil" a story of cunning and compelling interest. It is admirably written; the story it tells grows easily and naturally out of the characters of the persons concerned in it; but if it told no story at all it would still hold you by its searching insight into the hearts and minds of modern humanity and its piquant, provoking discourse of men, women and things in the complex world of to-day.

OTHERWISE PHYLLIS. By Meredith Nicholson. 6s. (Constable.)

Mr. Nicholson's success in this novel is dual: he has created one of the most engaging heroines of recent fiction, and through the medium of a highly interesting story has interpreted with praiseworthy lucidity that sensitive spirit of citizenship which is peculiar to the inhabitants of American mushroom-growth towns. Phyllis Kirkwood is a harum-scarum young lady of the defiantly unconventional type, but possessed of such high qualities of heart and mind that, while she is the despair of her three most proper aunts, she is the darling of the township. Being the daughter of Tom Kirkwood, whose wife, Lois Montgomery, ran off with Jack Holton when Phyllis was a child, the young lady is the central figure for sympathy in a scandal involving the two leading families of Montgomery, in Indiana; a fact which disturbs her not at all. At a crucial period of the town's history when the community is threatened with disgrace through the unsoundness of the Holtons' affairs, Phyllis's mother returns and takes up her abode with her brother, Amzi Montgomery; causing a flutter of interest in the town, and winning the love of her daughter. Amzi is a rival banker to the Holton firm, but when the integrity of the town is in jeopardy, he large-heartedly sinks his personal affairs, and, with the assistance of Tom Kirkwood, succeeds in straightening out the scandal, and saves the situation. In this, Phyllis is a very active agent and, in the end, cements the restoration of the Holtons' reputation by becoming engaged to a nephew of her mother's second husband. Mr. Nicholson has written a powerful book, full of humour, compactly constructed, and reflecting, through a gallery of perfect types, the authentic spirit of the American people.

THE LOVERS OF MADEMOISELLE. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The French Revolution may not have been an unmixed blessing for France, but it has certainly been a fine thing for novelists the world over. It has equipped them with a theme of unparalleled interest, a fund of romantic episodes, a background of breathless suspense and bewildering horror. All these factors are to be found in Mr. Clive Holland's new novel, which gives a very vivid reproduction of the aristocrats and the *canaille* of those stirring times. The story opens in Normandy in the year 1792, with a spirited account of the mob's attack on the chateau of the Vicomte de St. Hilaire, who, with his wife, son, and daughter, Cécile, is taken prisoner and sent (after a brave but futile attempt to escape) to Paris, there to be tried by

the dread Revolutionary Tribunal. Cécile's lover, the gallant Basile, Comte Dubois, is also captured, and one of the big scenes in the story occurs when the prisoners are offered their liberty on condition that Cécile is promised in marriage to the son of one of the revolutionaries—an ex-steward whose sister has been cruelly wronged by the Vicomte in a closed chapter of the past. Dramatic, too, though hardly original, is the ruse by which Basile is enabled to escape from the sinister Conciergerie. The terrors of that melancholy building are made very real in these pages, and one gets a lasting picture of Marcel Tellier, the head-jailer, with his numberless little subtleties of cruelty; he "took a devilish delight in his daily task of reading aloud the list of the condemned, and with a love of theatrical effect posed himself in the light at the foot of the steps leading up to the great door of the chamber, with one of the National Guards with fixed bayonet on either side of him." "The Lovers of Mademoiselle" is just the book for those who cannot resist the spell of Madame la Guillotine.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CAMILLA. By Gertrude Hall. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Without doubt Miss Hall has revealed considerable ingenuity in the conception of her heroine. Camilla's character is one which it would be difficult indeed to summarise in a paragraph. Obviously her governing instinct was to create herself; to make something of life; throwing the limelight on one figure, which all the world should recognise as supreme in charm and distinction. She had her dreams, this child of the people, this intrepid adventuress, to whom the slightest of opportuniities offered such infinite scope. She had absolutely no respect for truth, a very limited sense of honour, and phenomenal concentration in the pursuit of her own interests. Yet somehow she was actually charming, except to those who would venture to cross her ambitions. Moreover, she was extraordinarily competent in a thousand ways, punctiliously conscientious about everything she undertook, and capable of marvellous self-restraint. It is difficult to say whether or no circumstances were really kind to Camilla. She had certainly many exceptional strokes of good fortune; but one and all were attended with serious limitations. The way was never quite smooth for her, entirely straightforward. Obviously Miss Hall has set herself deliberately to expose the Latin temperament, through one supreme example. Camilla is always, or nearly always, governed by a most startling degree of common sense. And yet, as we have said, she dreamed dreams: she could, at least temporarily, risk all for the satisfaction of her fiery emotions. We are inclined to believe that her one experiment in passion was sincere; and we recognise that it was foredoomed to failure. There was a good deal of Becky Sharpe in Camilla. Her denouement was more picturesque, as fitted the skies of Italy; but it had all the essential elements of greyness and subdued satire. "The Truth about Camilla" is a remarkable, and an artistic, production. Its permeating and profound cynicism just escapes unrelieved bitterness; since Camilla is quite human. The characterisation of her lovers, her benefactors, her enemies, her allies, and her family is managed with a firm hand; all are interesting in themselves, all skilfully fitted into their place in her development.

THE MISCHIEF MAKER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To get the full flavour of this capital story we recommend a visit to a Soho restaurant fairly far on in the evening, and a chapter of "The Mischief Maker" in between each course. We say a Soho restaurant, because on a certain evening Sir Julien Portel, former Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and his journalist friend Kendricks, were to be found dining there. And what brought so high an official as Sir Julian to so low a quarter? A grave scandal, which drove him out of public life, and to a resolve to travel the world over. But a little message from a mysterious woman at the Soho restaurant caused him to travel no further than Paris. The message contained instructions to call on a certain Madame Christophor, who turns out to be ———; but let the reader discover her identity for himself. Another character, whom we soon detect as disguised, is Herr Freudenberg, of Leipzig, maker of toys. Herr Freudenberg is Prince Falkenberg, of Germany, the inveterate foe of England and the uncompromising opponent of the Anglo-French *entente*. The remainder of the book is a breathless account of the contest between the two statesmen, resulting in the ultimate downfall of Falkenberg, engineered by a magnificent journalistic "coup" which was suggested by Kendricks, the journalist, and performed by Sir Julien. Then follows Sir Julien's return to power and the establishment of friendly relations between England and Germany. The spice of international politics, combined with a strong love interest, make "The Mischief Maker" a most delightfully exciting book, and one which we defy the most lethargic to fall asleep over.

Mr. Clive Holland.
Whose "My Japanese Wife," and two other of his novels have just been published in shilling editions by Messrs. Lynwood.

THE MERRY MARAUDERS. By Arthur J. Rees. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This amusing and unconventional book describes, in the form of letters, the adventures of the Merry Marauders Dramatic Company during their tour in New Zealand. The writer obtained the post of advance agent, after selling his watch and chain in order to provide the necessary guarantee of his commercial probity. Needless to say, the company was brimful of talent, from Miss Audrey Bendalind, the leading lady, to Mr. Barney King, the stage manager, who had "packed a bewilderingly diversified stage career into his thirty-five years, having played in his time the widest range of parts—from leading man to the hind-quarters of a stage bullock." Such versatility, indeed, was constantly needed, for while the stock pieces of the company were such straightforward things as "Demon Drink, the Destroyer," and "The Unkissed Bride," constant adaptation had to be made to meet local prejudices and requirements. On some occasions, too, the stage-manager could only secure his full caste by bailing his men out, through an arrangement with the local police. We cannot pay this book a higher compliment than by saying

that it is true to the tradition of the first and greatest of its kind, the *Roman Comique*. Mr. Rees writes with insight and humour, and his cheerful tale of vagabondage will prove a pleasant departure from the more usual grooves of the season's fiction.

WATERSPRINGS. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is an intimate book. Mr. Benson is always intimate. In certain moods one is apt to be angry with him. Here, as elsewhere, he gives one the feeling that one is guilty of eavesdropping. But, like the Don of this story, which is at once something less and something more than a novel, he contrives to carry out his programme and to carry the reader with him, Though the background is Cambridge, the opening pages of his new book are eloquent of the unfamiliar medium in which the author is working. They contain phrases and sentences such as are common in the work of the 'prentice hand. But by and by we get into touch with real life. Jack Sandys the frank undergraduate, his father the talkative Vicar, Mr. Redmayne the caustic Vice-Master of Beaufort, Mr. Gretton the Dean, Aunt Graves, her companion Miss Merry—these are real people. Howard Kennedy, Fellow and Classical Lecturer at Beaufort, and Maud his young wife monopolise attention, but their views rather than their personalities arrest one. The passages about the dream-child recall "Elia." But the real charm of the book lies in its reflections on the problems of existence, religion and science, reason and instinct. For example, "Instinct is the only guide for women; if they begin to reason, they get run away with by reason; that is what makes fanatics." Jack's description of the tutor's life: "Just learning things till you are twenty-three, and then teaching them till you are sixty-three." The same young man's choice of books: "The books I like are those in which people say what they might say, not those in which they say what they have had days to invent." Or this remark of the author's: "The old untroubled necessary work of the world flows on in these fields and villages, peopled with lives hardly conscious of themselves, with no aims or theories, just toiling, multiplying, dying, existing, it would seem, merely to feed and clothe the more active part of the world." There is the suggestion of this thought at the back of the mind of many a teacher—of the futility of it all, the lack of real confidence in the things taught. One cannot but sympathise with the view that "there are such a lot of fine and obvious things in the world, perfectly distinct, absolutely necessary, and yet the moment they become professional, they deprive one of all spirit and hope." Mr. Benson's quiet humour is often compelling, as in this observation of Howard Kennedy's: "I have to talk over their careers with a good many young men, and it generally ends in their saying they would like a secretaryship which would give them interesting work and long holidays and the command of much of their time, and lead on to something better, with a prospect of early retirement on a pension." As might have been expected there are delightful bits of scenic painting, impressions of "the charmed dusk and the fragrance of hidden flowers." And there is mysticism too—of a kind that belongs to something far removed from those "vague and even muddled emotions of which scientific psychology would probably dispose."

THE DREAM SHIP. By Cynthia Stockley. 6s. (Constable).

It is hard to see just why the hero of this book should be all he was merely in virtue of being Irish. A great surgeon, difficult, idealising, incapable of understanding other people's lives and ideas, hard to live with, and sentimental . . . why should it all be harped upon as the outcome of his Irishry? The real portrait of the novel is his wife, Val Valdanha, a charming young woman, a man's woman, a journalist whose free lance articles from every corner of the globe had won world-wide fame for her pen-name, Wanderfoot. Married first to a wastrel, meeting Garrett Westenra on a cross-Atlantic steamer just after Valdanha was supposed to have died heroically in South Africa, she and Westenra come together like meeting flames, marry, and begin their troubles. Incapable of domesticity, she finds it impossible to run Westenra's private hospital, and when Valdanha turns up she runs away from Westenra, taking her boy and an adopted daughter. Misunderstanding with Westenra makes life barren and hard, but in the long run Valdanha dies, and Westenra comes to a proper sense of Val, and life begins over again in deep love. The skill and completeness with which Val is drawn and made alive for us, and the comprehension of a complex, rich, sympathetic character, are most admirable. Val is real and modern, and it is difficult not to imagine that she has a prototype, though a prototype the details of whose life are not to be identified with the incidents of the novel. The subsidiary characters fall into their proper places, and preserve their proper proportions, without sacrificing one jot of their reality. Altogether "The Dream Ship" is a notable piece of character study and of story making.

CRUMP FOLK GOING HOME. By Constance Holme. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

There is the fragrance of the brown earth, the music of the wind, the freedom and freshness of the hills in Miss Constance Holme's new novel, "Crump Folk Going Home." With the background of Crump, a stately, ancestral hall, in the possession of the Lyndesays, Miss Holme weaves an interesting story around a group of wealthy, propertied people, centring it on a girl's wounded pride. Betrothed to the Master of Crump, not for love of him, nor for the sake of position, but for sheer passionate attachment to the land that she feels is hers, yet has no actual claim to, Deborah, the reserved, self-controlled heroine, is saved from the tragedy of marrying the wrong man by his sudden death. But the subsequent discovery that he is already married to another woman flings her into an abyss of humiliation, making her the target for scornful glances and spiteful snatches of scandal. She braves this mortification, and growing to love, with a true, self-sacrificing love, the new Master of Crump, she is able to renounce him and to shut out all hope of owning the land that is so dear to her. But after all they both care too much to let the story end on this unhappy note, and in her fluent pleasing style, with touches of humour that make the book all through delightfully attractive, Miss Constance Holme drops the final curtain on her happy Crump Folk, wending their way home at last across the evening-shadowed land.

THE GARDEN WITHOUT WALLS. By Coningsby Dawson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There is so much that is fine and human and beautiful in this story that one marvels at its striking want of balance. Sex-obsession cramps, distorts, overbalances and devastates the novel. The life story which is here developed, and which in its early stages readily kindles the reader's sympathy and enthusiasm, is swamped and surfeited with a tempestuous passion which rages unhealthily like a destroying blast through the greater part of the story. The trouble with Dante Cardover's father was that he was "an emotionalist ashamed of his emotions," which he carefully suppressed; Dante's trouble would appear to be that he was an emotionalist impelled by a restless and inflamed imagination. The plot of the story may be summed up as the tragedy of a young man who, after repeatedly playing with the fire, attempts to drug a hopeless passion for a married woman by succumbing to the physical fascination of another woman. And like most tragedies of this nature, the young man, Dante Cardover, is not the only victim involved. Many alluring and delightful characters figure in the novel: one remembers with special pleasure Dante's youthful-hearted uncle, Obadiah Spreckles, who is appropriately nicknamed "The Spuffler"—"A spuffler is a gay pretender, who hides his lack of success beneath the importance of his manners. . . . The prime

requisite (for a spuffler), is that he should affect the prosperity of a bank-president, and be dependent on some quite obscure source for his pocket-money." As might be expected from the clever author of "The Road to Avalon," his new novel is studded with brilliant descriptive gems, and it is good to note that from beginning to end the story is rich with the promise of bigger achievements ahead.

A MASTER OF LIFE. By Philip Gibbs. 6s. (Cassell.)

Titus Harsnett, the leading character of Mr. Philip Gibbs' new novel, is a kind of Hamlet of the modern industrial world, burdened not with the purple or with revenge, but with introspection, hesitation, a conscience that speaks of duty to those who have helped to make the huge fortune of two-and-a-half millions left to him by his father, the artistic temperament, and a mother who drops her "h's" and can no more drop her servant-like devotion to her late husband's memory than she can enter into the humanitarian ideas of her only son. One feels that but for the constant coaching from his old tutor Gerard Langbaine, and his cousin's wife, Mrs. Jack Lavington, Titus would have made a hopeless mess of his life and his inheritance. As it is Titus and Mrs. Lavington betray a woeful ignorance of the ways of a censorious world, and pay very bitterly for their blindness. Mr. Gibbs is one of the most interesting of our younger novelists, and in his latest book he displays a marked increase of power, power of maintaining the reader's attention, power of depicting character, of displaying the warp and woof of modern political and social life. There are constant flashes of epigram, particularly in the pages devoted to the philanthropic Duchess; and the style is sustained throughout at a high level. It was, perhaps, a pity to make Will Jennings accept the bribe. But if there is cold cynicism here, there is cynicism enough in the portrait of the "living image of Nell Gwynne," who "would rob a graveyard or bleed a millionaire to death, or flirt in a disgraceful way with Satan himself," for "the sake of her precious societies." The *dénouement* is cleverly disguised, and as much as anything else sets a mark of distinction on a book which will make every reader eager for its successor.

THE HEART OF A HERO. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Morice Gerard has written this novel round the simple love story of a great soldier—General Wolfe. At the outset he gives an animated picture of the gay city of Bath with its elegant ball-rooms, its crowded pump-rooms and fashionable coffee-houses, and introduces an interesting character in the exquisite person of Beau Nash, a venerable figure at the time the story opens. Wolfe's love story begins in the year 1757 with a momentary glimpse of the beautiful Katherine Lowther, the toast and belle of Bath, and thanks to the assistance of his devoted friend and admirer, Lord Dion Blair, Wolfe manages to win Katherine's heart before setting forth on the great venture which culminated on the Heights of Abraham. It is, however, the love story of Lord Dion which gives to the novel its peculiar poignancy; for Lord Dion was himself in love with Katherine, but, because of his affection for Wolfe and his own unhappy physical deformity, he elected to stand aside and facilitate Wolfe's courtship. The character of Lord Dion—a noble figure in spite of his humped shoulder and his slightly crossed eyes—is sketched with sympathy and understanding. "Perhaps his friendship for James Wolfe grew out of, or at any rate was stimulated by, a longing to play a similar part in the world. He felt in a curious way that his soul and that of the fiery, intrepid young officer were fused together, linked by the same spirit: that Wolfe was engaged in doing what his own courage would have effected, had his body been fitted for martial service." What the courage of the one man and the great heart of the other effected is set down in these pages with a dignity and restraint worthy of the theme.

MARTHE. By Reginald Nye. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

The one doubt you have about "Marthe" is whether Marthe, loving the large, good-natured Bovril, would give herself body and soul to John Blaine on purely artistic grounds, and in order that his career as a singer might be furthered and his wonderful voice not lost to the world. But Marthe was an altogether exceptional girl. She is not to be judged by ordinary standards. She is charming when, at the outset, a mere pretty slip of a girl, she passes along the road in France, and John and his stolid friend, who answers to the absurd nickname of Bovril, see her and hear her singing as she goes; and she is charming at the close but pathetically charming, after she has sacrificed herself wholly to Blaine's welfare and, when she is dying, he can leave her almost without a pang for another love and a new artistic triumph. Blaine is a vacillating, eager, likeable creature, afflicted with an artistic temperament. He can paint cleverly; he writes neat verses, composes music, swims excellently, and is a good horseman; he can do many things well, but his supreme gift is song; he has a marvellous voice, and it is Marthe who discovers this and urges him to his right work, and willingly offers herself up on the altar of his ambition. The characters are all drawn very skilfully; Blaine, with his foolish, insatiable love of play, his instability in whatever he undertakes; his keen sensitiveness to his own sufferings, and his sheer inability to feel much for the sufferings of others; "Bovril," the genial, easy-natured, loyal friend, who tells his story here, and, to say nothing of the gay, beautiful, gracious, tantalising Helen Pendred, and many minor characters, Marthe herself—in all her sweetness, sagacity, recklessness, a very fascinating and finely sympathetic creation. For its freshness, its skill in characterisation, its vivid pictures of life in France, and the poignancy and interest of its story, "Marthe" is emphatically a book to read. We believe it is a first novel, and as such it is an achievement that is full of high promise.

Mr. R. R. Nye.

The Bookman's Table.

THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By Francis Grierson. 6s. (John Lane.)

This new edition of Mr. Francis Grierson's memoirs of his early career is beautifully illustrated by Miss Evelyn Paul. The book is a study of American life in the days of the Civil War, and especially of the farming communities just before the outbreak of the great conflict. The moonlight of history has already fallen over the scene, dimming the trivial details and throwing out in a sort of looming majesty the figures of the famous heroes of the battlefields. Mr. Grierson paints it all with quiet, wistful touches of romance, and Miss Evelyn Paul works in the same manner. Her thirteen pictures are in colours, and each of them has a charming air of romance about it. Some of them, indeed, have a jewel-like splendour—such as the study of a Red Indian Medicine Man, sitting in his wigwam in some strange ritual of magic. Excellent also are the pictures of battle; but to our mind the scenes of farm life are the most charming. They are painted in the pastoral manner, and remind one of the grace and beauty that our artists import into their pictures of eighteenth-century England. In both cases the facts are seen in a mist of sentiment,

but the sentiment is in itself a natural fact, just like the blue veil of air that lends an enchantment to a distant landscape. Romance is largely a matter of distance, and if Mr. Grierson now sees the scenes of his youth in the light that never was on land or sea, well, that is exactly the charm that the years bring us in compensation for all that they steal as they pass.

THE YEAR'S MIND. By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This volume is very like previous works by its author; indeed, at stages there is more than a suggestion of repetition. It belongs to no definite branch of literature, being a mixture of gossip about flowers and folk, of placid old-fashioned fiction, with dashes of melodrama, and of comments on existence, naïve or candid, rather than deep. One feels that the writer would be very genial and interesting in a garden, or by a quiet fireside; the commentary and conversation would have an agreeable flavour, and would leave a pleasant memory. But set on paper, and turned into a book of nearly 350 pages, the offering is another matter altogether, and its continued appreciation demands patience as well as simplicity of nature. However, there must be a goodly number of simple and conventional souls to whom it will appeal. It might well be a quiet classic for various orders of housekeepers, or mean animation for gentle ladies with a passion for flower-pots. While it is entirely innocent of glow or inspiration, its homely, human nature, despite the slowness and occasional tedium of detail, is acceptable.

COMMERCIAL GARDENING. Edited by John Weathers. 4 Vols. Fully Illustrated. 36s. net. (Gresham Publishing Company.)

To the craftsman with the spade or the plough the commercial side of gardening is as offensive as the commercial side of painting a picture, writing a poem, or carving a statue is to the craftsman of the brush, the pen, or the chisel. It is an aspect that has not been frankly or fully dealt with by most textbooks on gardening. We therefore welcome these four attractive volumes which have been issued by the Gresham Publishing Company with the efficiency with which they treated agriculture in their Standard Cyclopædia of twelve volumes. The writers on the various aspects of commercial gardening are, we are glad to note, men who have been engaged for the most part in earning their living as growers of fruit, vegetables, flowers, or as nurserymen. We have at any rate been spared another volume from the pen of that "popular writer on gardening," Mr. So-and-so of Fleet Street. It is interesting to find in one considerable writer in this series, Mr. Lobjoit, in what a pleasant style a professional market gardener can express himself. Here and there one notices a little looseness in the editorial control; such as when writers give us the average profits arising from different crops which are somewhat at variance with the introductory chapters. The space devoted to packing and marketing might surely have been greater, and we think that in specialised work like this the essays on the science of plant-growing, excellent as they are, might have been reduced to find room for this and other aspects of growing for the markets. But we will not grumble, for on the whole the compilation fulfils a unique place in our gardening literature. The illustrations are beautifully reproduced. We could wish, however, that the design on the cover had been as artistic as that on the companion volumes which dealt with agriculture.

AN EXILED KING. By Sophie Elkan. Edited and translated by M. Eugenie Koch. Illustrated. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson).

The first thing needful for a good biography is not that the subject of it should be a great man, one who has done wonderful things in the history of the world, but that he should be a man if not of some greatness at least of some strength or peculiarity of character. Gustaf Adolf IV. of Sweden fully answers to this latter requirement. He was neither a great leader of men nor a great statesman, but he was almost equally eccentric and strong-willed, and a certain dark streak of melancholy and a touch of religious mania would seem to suggest that a taint of madness was in his blood. Moreover, he was unfortunate and ended in failure, and misfortune and failure are generally more romantic and nearly always more interesting than success. His hatred of Napoleon amounted almost to a mania. He joined the league that was formed to subdue that scourge of Europe and restore the Bourbons to the throne of France. After Napoleon had harried and defeated him, he fell out with his Allies, and made himself in divers ways such an impossible ruler that his own subjects deposed him and banished him and he died in Switzerland after some twenty-eight years of life in exile. Like most crownless Kings, he fretted miserably in his banishment and cherished a conviction that his people would yet recall him and restore him to his throne, but though neither this hope nor the hope that they would choose his son to succeed him were to be realised, he at least had the satisfaction of seeing his most hated enemy, Napoleon, a broken exile like himself, and of outliving him. He makes a strangely pathetic, rather a pitiful figure, but one's sympathy goes out more readily to the wistful, long-suffering woman who was his Queen. Mrs. Sophie Elkan has gathered all his story up into her two stout volumes, and told it with such narrative skill and such insight into character that the poor King emerges a vividly human being and, with all his loves and hates, his friends and his enemies, becomes the central person in a live and intensely interesting romance. It is distinctly a book to be read for pleasure, but it is none the less sound and reliable history. M. Koch has translated it admirably, and the numerous illustrations add much to its attractiveness.

Notes on New Books.

MR. W. F. SPALDING.

[22, Lightcliffe Road, Palmer's Green, London, N.]

Mr. William F. Spalding is his own publisher, and in **Foreign Banking Appointments** (1s. net), he has written a little book that is not for all readers, but should be of the greatest usefulness to the particular section of business readers to which it is addressed. Mr. Spalding is a certificated associate of the Institute of Bankers, and has made a special study of the requirements of foreign and Colonial banks, and furnishes a lucid and thoroughly well-informed epitome of the conditions governing entry into the principal banks in the Colonies and abroad with some account of the prospects offered to the enterprising young man who is disposed to adventure upon a career in one of them. He not only sets out the remuneration that is paid to different classes of clerks in such banks, but tells you of the climate, general local conditions and gives you a careful estimate of the cost of living in the countries where they are situated. The ambitious young bank clerk who has any idea of trying his fortune in the banks of Egypt, Persia, Canada, America, South Africa, New Zealand, India, China or elsewhere in the East should consult this handy little booklet and profit by its expert guidance.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

In **Green Girl** (6s.), Mrs. Henry Tippett tells an enjoyable story of life in the Latin Quarter, and of a young girl who dislikes the idea of being tied by the marriage bond. This sounds a little risky, but the book is not, in fact, in the least erotic or unpleasant; it is emphatically on the side of the angels. It is a well-constructed tale, and, on the whole, a well-written one, although the characters are inclined to talk too much; and the Bohemian scenes are described with a convincing restraint.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

The philosophy of a nursemaid of an attractive and all too rare type is the most striking feature of **"With Drums Unmuffled,"** by L. A. Burgess (6s.), a pleasant and well-written first novel, which shows considerable promise. The book is humorous and pathetic by turn, and Gibraltar life forms an effective background for the greater part of a story which may be cordially recommended.

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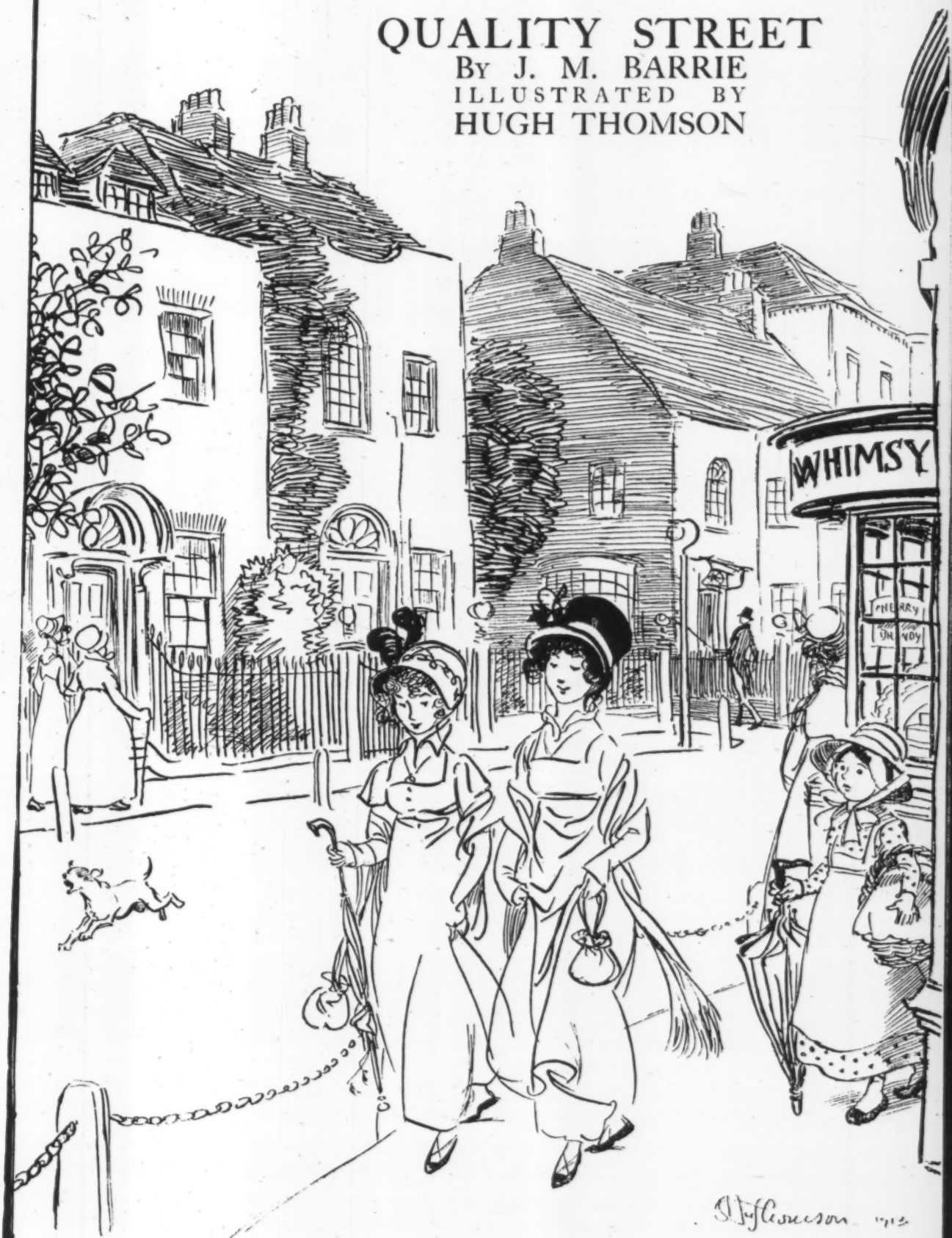

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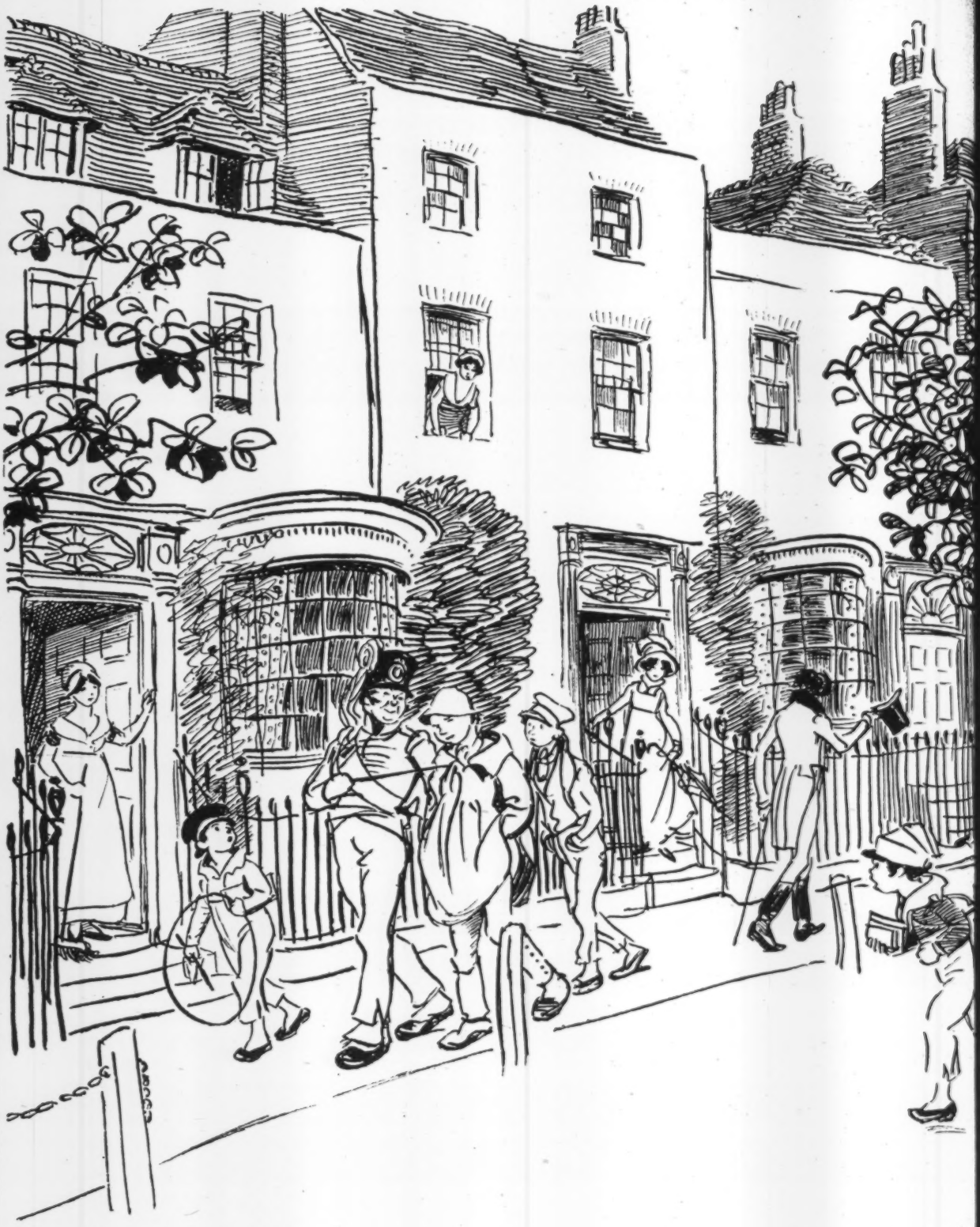

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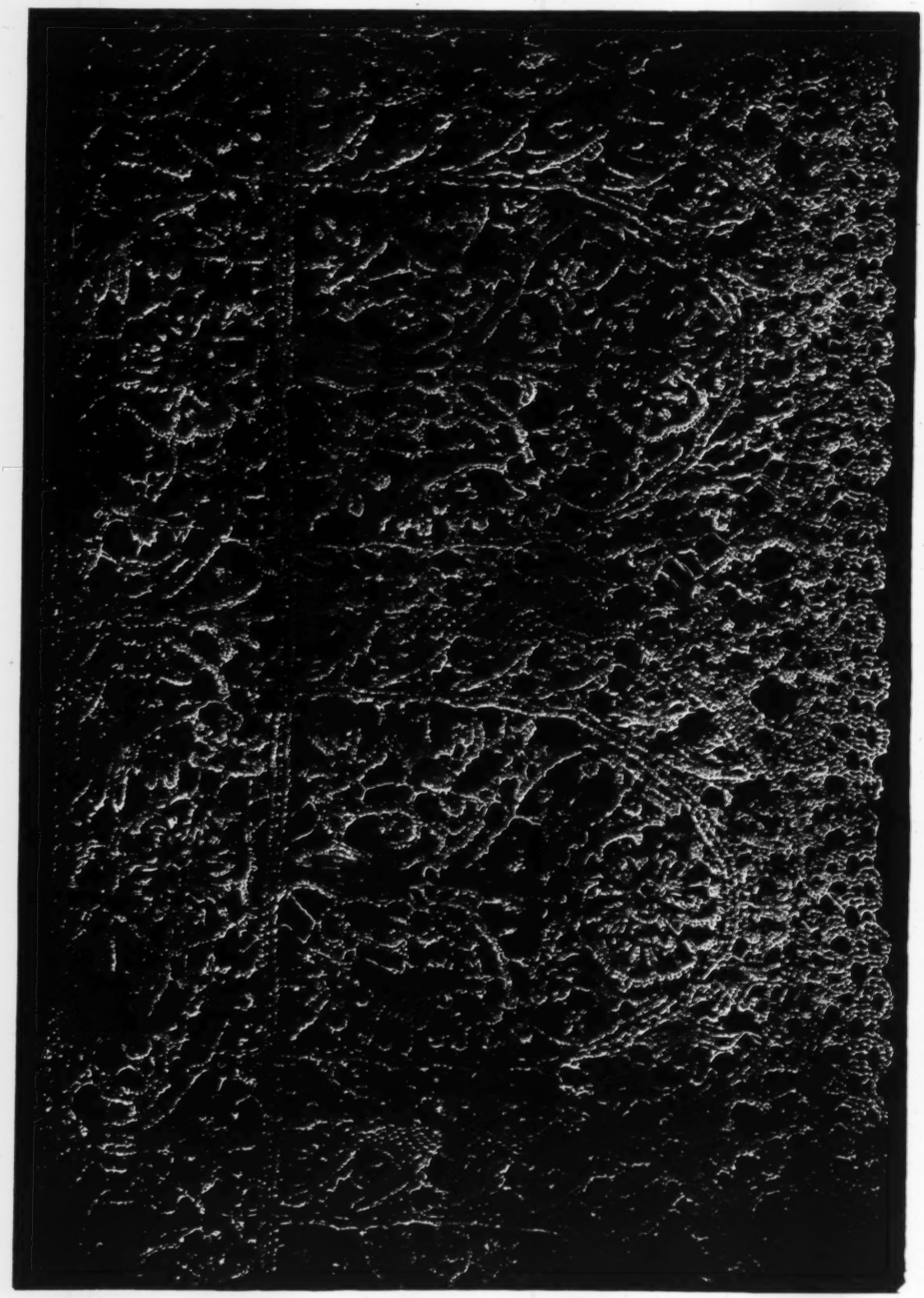
THE BOOKMAN. CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

ART POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

LITERATURE AND ART.

We are always hearing that the public has no love of poetry, yet, perversely enough, new poets are always publishing something and the publishers always busy reissuing the old poets in new editions. I say nothing of the many that must have gone to other reviewers; I am more than satisfied with my share, for, first of all, it includes a handsome volume bound in grey boards, with a canvas back and artistically printed on deckle-edged paper, and this volume contains the "Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson,"[1] the man who in the few years since his strange chequered life ended, has been recognised as one of the great English poets—even one of the greatest among that splendid company of poets that glorified the second half of last century. With this comes a new edition of a very different singer. Thompson was a religious mystic, a visionary dwelling remote among the high and sacred things

[1] "The Collected Poetry of Francis Thompson." 20s. net £2 2s. net; and £5 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



From Old Italian Lace (*Heinemann*).

of the spirit; Stevenson was an essentially human soul;[2] he sang of his friends, of his wistful, mundane memories, and homely, everyday experiences, and just because every man is both mortal and a spirit we are drawn to him on the one side as we are drawn to Thompson on the other. Stevenson's "Poems" comprises also the inimitable "Child's Garden of Verses" which has, hitherto, appeared only in a book to itself.

A steady flow of new editions testify to the enduring popularity of Omar Khayyám. You have a choice of four for this Christmas. One is a new version translated from the well-known Lucknow edition by E. A. Johnson (Pasha).[3] It has not the magic of FitzGerald's version, but the verse is good; there are, moreover, seven hundred and sixty-two quatrains, instead of the hundred or less that satisfied FitzGerald, and Mr. Johnson claims to have kept closely to the original text. It is interesting to compare this rendering with the other, and increases your admiration of FitzGerald as an original, and richly imaginative poet. His version re-appears in Mr. Foulis's "Rose Garden Series."[4] with ten ornately illuminated pages from old Persian manuscripts and a series of illustrations in Mr. Brangwyn's most characteristic manner. Larger in size and more sumptuous in appearance are the editons of FitzGerald's "Omar" illustrated by Rene Bull and Edmund J. Sullivan; the former in colour, the latter with a charming coloured frontispiece and many clever,

From **Old Italian Lace** (*Heinemann*).

[2] "Poems of Robert Louis Stevenson." (Florence Type Edition.) 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[3] "The 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám." Translated by E. A. Johnson (Pasha). 3s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

[4] "The 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám." Translated by FitzGerald. Illustrated in Colour by Frank Brangwyn. 5s. net. (Foulis.)

effective black-and-white drawings. In his unmistakably individual manner, Mr. René Bull has caught in these remarkable paintings of his[5] the spirit and atmosphere of Fitz-Gerald's immortal adaptation; the glowing imagination, the sombre occultism, the mystery and Oriental magnificence of the poem are sensitively and glamorously expressed in them and in his beautiful, ornately decorative work. There is strength and a bold play of imaginative suggestion in Mr. Sullivan's wonderful line drawings,[6] and the curiously modern touch in some of them—as where he introduces into one a Salvation Army lassie in a labelled poke-bonnet; or where in illustrating "'Tis all a chequer board of nights and days," he places a little figure of Napoleon among the chessmen on the table—when you have recovered from the first jar, serves only to emphasise that though Omar wrote in an age that is long past, his philosophy is not so dated but belongs to to-day, and will belong to to-morrow.

"Villon is the greatest and truest of French verse writers," says Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, in a preface to his translation of "The Poems of François Villon."[7] "He is the only French poet who is entirely real." He was the supreme master of the Ballade, perhaps the most artificial form of poetry, yet in his hands it became a wholly natural medium for the expression of his thoughts, feelings and emotions, and Mr. Stacpoole has Englished the finest things in his poetry so skilfully that he has rendered the magic and music of them as well as their meaning. "The Charm of Edinburgh,"[8] Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt's excellent anthology of the best that has been said in prose and verse about the Athens of the North, takes its place among the season's most desirable gift-books in a fresh edition that is beautified with twelve delicately-finished colour plates by Harry Morley. The Oxford Press issues, in its cheap and tastefully produced Standard Authors series, the "Poems and Translations" of D. G. Rossetti,[9] including the poems and the prose story, "Hand and Soul," which he contributed to *The Germ*, and, among the translations, his "Dante and His Circle." Miss Florence Harrison reflects with delicate skill and much charm the romantic mood and old-world fascination of Morris's best verse in the series of colour illustrations she has done for "The Early Poems of William Morris."[10] There is the true imaginative

From Early Poems of William Morris (*Blackie*).

". . . . . IN THAT GARDEN FAIR
CAME LANCELOT WALKING; THIS IS TRUE, THE KISS
WHEREWITH WE KISSED IN MEETING THAT SPRING DAY
I SCARCE DARE TALK OF THE REMEMBER'D BLISS."

From Greek Art and National Life (*Nisbet*).

AGIAS, AFTER LYSIPPOS. (Delphi Museum.) *Photo*, English Photo Co., Athens.

[5] "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." Illustrated in Colour by René Bull. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[6] "The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám." With a Frontispiece in Colour and numerous Black-and-White Illustrations by Edmund J. Sullivan. (Methuen.)

[7] "The Poems of François Villon." Translated by H. de Vere Stacpoole. (Hutchinson.)

[8] "The Charm of Edinburgh." Compiled by Alfred H. Hyatt. 12 Illustrations in Colour by Harry Morley. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[9] "Poems and Translations of D. G. Rossetti (1850–1870)." 1s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford).

[10] "The Early Poems of William Morris." Illustrated in Colour by Florence Harrison. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackie.)

From **Early Poems of William Morris** (*Blackie*).

**"GUENEVERE! GUENEVERE!
DO YOU NOT KNOW ME, ARE YOU GONE MAD?"**

touch of mediæval quaintness and magnificence in Miss Harrison's work, as in the pleasing, almost severely simple paintings of Mr. M. L. Kirk that illustrate "The Story of Evangeline,"[11] the pastoral sweetness and Quaker-like simplicity of Longfellow's narrative poem are faithfully and sympathetically preserved. Mr. Clayton Edwards, who edits the volume, has supplied a prose adaptation of the poem, and the poem itself follows this, so that a reader may enjoy the story in whichever medium pleases him most. I suppose "The Ingoldsby Legends" have lost the first bloom of their phenomenal popularity, but, outside the pages of Hood, there is no body of English humorous verse to compare with them. Barham was a born story-teller, a master of clever and catchy rhythm and a cunning hand at daringly-ingenious rhymes. There is humour, the wildest and most farcical, in his Legends and the humour of them is heightened and made irresistible by the crispness and jollity of his chuckling, tripping, trickily-dancing measures. "The Jackdaw of Rheims,"[12] is one of the most successful and popular of his works, and, clothed as a Christmas book, and illustrated in a grotesque, irresponsible spirit of kindred gaiety and whimsicality by Charles Folkard, it strikes again a note of merriment that is in harmony with the season and should delight old lovers of Barham and win him many new ones.

The same seasonable note is struck in "Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures,"[13] in such eerie fancies as the drawings of "Elves," "The Little People's Market," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "The Man who was terrified by Goblins." But the humour of Mr. Rackham has subtler, more delicate, more graceful qualities; it holds, too, a higher, more imaginative sense of the weird, the terrible, the supernatural—a feeling for the spiritual side of life and the loveliness and wonder and majesty of nature, which you rarely glimpse in Ingoldsby except in the haunting last lines that he wrote. If you only know Rackham as a humorous artist the power and imaginative impressionism of such studies as "Hauling Timber," and "The Regent's Canal" will be something of a revelation to you. There are fantasy and exquisite grace of line and cunning colour effect in "The Magic Cup," "The Little People's Market," in "Fog," and "Shades of Evening"; but the result in one is sheer beauty and delicate fancy, in another the quaintest freakish humour, and in the others a grim, grotesque realism and a realism that is that of the visionary who sees the wind blowing visibly from the fields of sleep and the clouds shredding into airy, evasive shapes and flying darkly before it. There are examples in this book of every variety of Mr. Rackham's beautiful and versatile art, and an interesting preface by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, which bears testimony alike to the thought and

From **Greek Art and National Life** (*Nisbet*).

APOXYOMENOS (Rome, Vatican.) *Photo*, Anderson.

[11] "The Story of Evangeline." Illustrated in Colour by M. L. Kirk. 7s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

[12] "The Jackdaw of Rheims." Illustrated in Colour by Charles Folkard. 10s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

[13] "Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures." 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

underflow of meaning, the poetry and abounding humour that the artist puts into his pictures.

Mr. Herman Scheffauer, who has proved his own striking and original poetical vein in more than one volume, has essayed the translation of one of Heine's most characteristic, most bizarre and difficult poems—his satirical masterpiece "Atta Troll,"[14] and has rendered that bitterly ironical, lyrically beautiful satire into graceful and vigorous English verse that, as Dr. Oscar Levy justly says, in a scholarly and interpretative preface, "renders in a remarkable degree the elusive brilliance, wit and tenderness of the German original." In addition to the preface Dr. Levy furnishes careful and serviceable historical and explanatory notes in an appendix. Three other books of verse that I commend unreservedly to all lovers of poetry are Mr. Padraic Colum's finely catholic collection of Irish popular songs, or "Broad-Sheet Ballads"[15]; Mr. Joseph Campbell's "Irishry,"[16] a pageant of Irish types of character in verse that is humorous, fanciful, touched with pathos at times, and always racy of the soil; and "Songs of Aphrodite,"[17] a new collection of thoughtful and delicately-imaginative poems and dramatic lyrics by one of the sweetest and most accomplished of living lyrists, Lady Margaret Sackville.

From Messrs. Maunsel we have "A Dictionary of Irish Artists,"[18] an invaluable book of reference, dealing concisely with the lives and works of Irish artists, sculptors and engravers, with lists of their works and a hundred and fifty portraits. The author, Mr. Walter G. Strickland, is the Registrar of the National Gallery of Ireland; he has done his work very thoroughly, including not only every artist of any note who has worked in Ireland, but those of Irish birth who have followed their profession in other parts of the world.

Five very beautiful presentation volumes are "An Artist in Italy," by Walter Tyndale; "Autumn and Winter," by Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett; "The Art of the Great Masters," by Frederick Lees; "Francisco Goya," by Hugh Stokes; and "Alastair," with a preface by Robert Ross. All these books, except the last, are illustrated in colour. Mr. Tyndale's,[19] with its pleasantly-written record of Italian travel, and its brilliantly effective water-colour paintings of Italian scenes is a companion volume to his equally attractive and immensely popular "Artist in Egypt." Mr. Beach Thomas and Mr. Collett[20] write of our English fields and woods in autumn and winter, and the ways and habits of the still life and animal life that belong to them, with a knowledge and charm and picturesque gift of description that enable them to make a deeply interesting theme interesting to the general reader no less than to those who are specially studious of nature and natural history. Their text is illustrated in colour with some perfectly reproduced landscapes by Sir Alfred East, Harry Becker, C. W. Furse, Buxton Knight, and Haldane Macfall. There are well written and entirely adequate chapters on Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French art, and a brief survey of certain phases of English art in Mr. Lees' "Art of the Great Masters,"[21] but the chief value of the book lies, perhaps, in the numerous and finely-reproduced examples drawn from the riches of M. Emile Wanter's collection of sketches and studies by the world's greatest painters. It is a very handsome volume, and one that will commend itself in particular to students and collectors. A handsome production, too, is Mr. Stokes' book on the work and personality of the last great Spanish painter,

From **The Russian Ballet** (*Constable*).

SCHEHERAZADE.

[14] "Atta Troll." From the German of Heine by Herman Scheffauer. With an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy, and Pen and Ink Sketches by Willy Pogány. 3s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[15] "Broad Sheet Ballads." With an Introduction by Padraic Colum. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

[16] "Irishry." By Joseph Campbell. 2s. 6d. net. (Maunsel.)

[17] "Songs of Aphrodite." By Lady Margaret Sackville. 4s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

[18] "A Dictionary of Irish Artists." By Walter G. Strickland. With 150 Portraits. 2 Vols. £1 5s. to Subscribers; £1 10s. on Publication. (Maunsel.)

[19] "An Artist in Italy." By Walter Tyndale. Illustrated in Colour. 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[20] The English Year: "Autumn and Winter." By W. Beach Thomas and A. K. Collett. Illustrated in Colour. 10s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

[21] "The Art of the Great Masters." By Frederick Lees. Illustrated. £2 12s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Francisco Goya.[22] It is a careful and full biography, illustrated with some fifty full-page engravings from Goya's paintings, etchings, drawings and frescoes. "Alastair"[23] is no painter but a black-and-white artist of unique gifts. He is twenty-four years of age, a German by birth, and has had no training as a draughtsman, but an examination of these forty-three examples of his work justify the claim of Mr. Robert Ross, in his prefatory "note of exclamation" that "the drawings are significant not only as exquisite designs in an almost faultless technique, but as illustrations conforming to the ideals of book decoration existing before the materialism and realism of the fifteenth century pre-

From The Russian Ballet (*Constable*). THAMAR.

vailed in European art." I content myself with such passing references to these and certain other books because we hope to deal fully and adequately with them in a later issue.

Mr. Brantingham Simpson illustrates skilfully and with an exact feeling for the oddity and fantasy of them the "Tales of Hoffmann,"[24] that Mr. Cyril Falls has retold, deftly and well, from Offenbach's famous opera. In "Heroes of the Dawn,"[25] Miss Violet Russell re-tells in her own fashion, stories of the ancient gods and saints and barbaric heroes of Irish legendary history, and the romance, the wonder and fancy and quaint extravagances of these tales of the world's youth lose nothing of their freshness, fantasy, pathos, or their ancient fascination in the loving skill with which she relates them. Miss Beatrice Elvery's illustrations in colour and in black-and-white have a boldness of decorative effect, a glow and forcefulness that are in closest sympathy with the style and tone of the stories themselves. Romance of an altogether different sort breathes through Mr. Michael West's "Clairdelune and Other Troubador Romances."[26] The rugged, sometimes brutal vigour of the early world breaks in upon the quaint, bizarre fancies of the tales in "Heroes of the Dawn," but with "Clairdelune" you are in the rosy lights, mysterious shadows, and softer magnificance of mediæval times. The artistry in the shaping and narration of the stories is a cunninger, more deliberate thing, and the same beautiful, self-conscious art enters, as it should, into the illustrations of Miss Evelyn Paul. Some magic in the style of her drawings, in the formal grace and quiet, mellow colouring of them, suggests the young art of the middle-ages without reviving its crudity, and the illusion is completed by the occasional black-letter printing, and a beautiful decorative work about the pages that savours of monkery and old missals. The stories so exactly catch the atmosphere of their period that they might almost have been written and illustrated by two dwellers in some ancient monastery, who have long since been dust. This is in every way one of the most interesting and artistic gift-books of its kind. Of the same period, or thereabouts, but in a different vein and more especially adapted to younger readers, is "Helmet and Cowl,"[27] with its tales of Red Cross knights, the great strife of the Crusades, and the quieter heroisms of saints and monks and martyrs, brilliantly pictured in colour by Stephen Reid.

The scene of Browning's "Ring and the Book," is laid in the stretch of country that runs between Florence and Rome, and in "The Country of the Ring and the Book,"[28] Sir Frederick Treves relates how he went a pilgrimage over that storied ground, through the cities and the countryside, in the footsteps of the sad Pompilia, her elvish, malicious

[22] "Francisco Goya." By Hugh Stokes. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)
[23] "Alastair." With a Note of Exclamation by Robert Ross. Illustrated. £2 2s. net. (John Lane.)
[24] "Tales of Hoffmann." Retold by Cyril Falls. Illustrated in Colour by A. Brantingham Simpson. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)
[25] "Heroes of the Dawn." By Violet Russell. With Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White by Beatrice Elvery. 5s. net. (Maunsel.)
[26] "Clairdelune and Other Troubador Romances." By Michael West. Illustrated in Colour by Evelyn Paul. 10s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)
[27] "Helmet and Cowl." By W. M. and F. S. Letts. Illustrated in Colour by Stephen Reid. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner.)
[28] "The Country of the Ring and the Book." By Sir Frederick Treves. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

husband, and the priest whose chivalry brought about his own and her undoing. The three sections of this volume give the story of the poem, a vividly-written description of the country of the story, and an account of its people as they appear in the poem. There is a beautiful frontispiece in colour and over a hundred photographs, maps and plans. C.W.

From Decorative Ironwork (*Methuen*).

THE GREAT DOOR, ANGERS CATHEDRAL, XII.-XIII. CENTURY.

GREEK ART AND NATIONAL LIFE.

By S. C. KAINES-SMITH, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

We know Mr. Kaines-Smith as a popular University-Extension lecturer, and he has now given us a book written somewhat on the lines of his lectures; a book that will be full of interest to his students, and to many others who would like to be students if they could. Mr. Kaines-Smith must be found guilty of writing purple passages, and some stern critics prefer an uniform texture of hodden-grey, but a good many of us like a little embroidery, a line of colour, such as was picked out in borders to the drapery on later Greek statues, we are told, key patterns in brilliant red and green.

Thus, Mr. Kaines-Smith will not only describe Knossus for you, but imagine what the sack of Knossus was like; and then, with a falling cadence, tell of the desolation that ensued. "The place became a maze of horrible associations, full of ghosts as it was full of bats and night-birds. Painted figures, faded with rain and sun, stood out grimly in the corridors, like dead kings walking. The traveller took away with him stories of winding paths between great walls, in which a man might wander till he died. There were stones with pictures carved upon them of monsters, half bull and half man. And so, a like monster, half truth and half grisly imagination, grew up the story of the Labyrinthine maze, and of Theseus and the slaying of the Minotaur."

DECORATIVE IRONWORK.

By CHARLES FFOULKES, B.Litt., Oxon, F.S.A. Illustrated. 42s. net. (Methuen.)

This is a subject of great artistic and technical interest that Mr. Charles ffoulkes has made his own, and in the present volume he supplies a learned and ably-written history of the development of art in ironwork from the eleventh century to the eighteenth. The smith's craft has played an important part in the growth of civilisation; it has not only been indispensable in war, but has supplied no small share of the necessaries and luxuries of common domestic life. It has furnished both carpenter

and goldsmith with tools; the kitchen with some of its most useful utensils, and the drawing-room with some of its ornaments. Mr. ffoulkes writes a full and very interesting survey of the rise and progress of this art of decorative ironwork which has made railings, hinges and door-knockers objects of beauty, as impartially as it has beautified chests and caskets, clocks, mirrors and furniture. He has dealt with the subject most exhaustively, and his book is much the amplest, the best informed and most valuable in its kind that has yet been published. The thirty-one plates and eighty smaller illustrations are excellently reproduced and add considerably to the use and beauty of the volume.

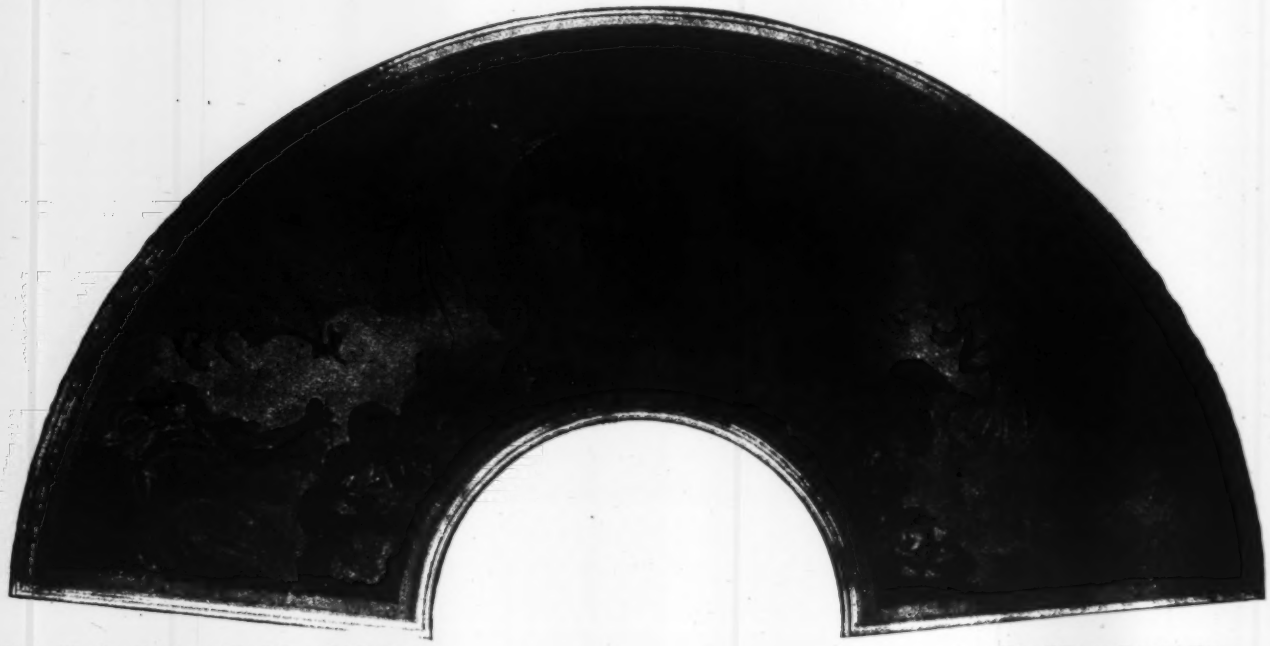
From **Decorative Ironwork** (*Methuen*).

WEST DOOR LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL XIII CENTURY.

CHARLES CONDER: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

By FRANK GIBSON. With a Catalogue of the Lithographs and Etchings by CAMPBELL DODGSON. With 151 Illustrations. 21s. net. (John Lane.)

It would not have been in keeping with Charles Conder's personality or art, had much space in this memorial volume been occupied by the "Life." A narrative of solid structure, a portrait of definite outline, we do not expect or desire, in his case. Conder's father was a civil engineer, a direct descendant of the statuary Roubiliac, whose virility was dashed with a queer emotionalism. James Conder took up an appointment in India, whither he was followed by his wife, with her baby son, Charles. The artist was five when he returned to this country on the death of his mother. There ensued ten years at various schools, and another two, apparently, spent in preparation for the father's profession. In pursuit of it the lad joined an uncle in the Lands Department of the New South Wales Government, but, wearying of trigonometrical surveying, he left the up-country party, and, in 1886, at the age of eighteen, started artist in Sydney. Conder remained in Australia, keeping himself by black-and-white work, and practising painting in the company of Mr. Arthur Streeton and others, until 1890. In the autumn of that year he entered Julien's, and France was his home until 1894, when he settled in London. The chief incidents of his life after that, besides his marriage and travels abroad and his friendships, were the various exhibitions of his works at the Carfax Galleries (1899 and 1900), M. Moret's, Paris (1901), Van Wisselurgh's (1903), the Leicester Galleries (1904 and 1905-6), and incidentally at the International and the New English Art Club. During the greater part of this time Conder had been living in Chelsea, but after 1906 he sought renewal of health at Brighton, Newquay, and elsewhere. The search was unsuccessful, and he died in London in 1909, at the age of forty-one.



From **Charles Conder: His Life and Works** (*Lane*).

THE "BLUE BIRDS" FAN.
(The property of Geoffrey Blackwell, Esq.)

The production of this brief career is recorded in the present volume in a full list of Conder's exhibited paintings, and an exhaustive catalogue of his lithographs and etchings, compiled by Mr. Campbell Dodgson. Mr. Frank Gibson, who knew the artist from his Melbourne days, adds to the chapter on his life another on his art, illustrated by about a hundred and twenty excellent reproductions, several in colour, which compose the body of the book. Together they make a very proper memorial of an artist, the quality of whose gift was, above all, exquisite. Mr. Gibson emphasises somewhere the effect of Australia upon Conder's colour, and India, too, may have told. The sun was in his blood. In the estimate of his art it is conceded—as it must be—that he never became a good draughtsman. His Australian friend, Streeton, and afterwards, Puvis de Chavannes, Gabriel St. Aubin, Daumic, and especially Anquetin, are mentioned as influencing him, and obviously, in respect of his oils in particular, Whistler's name ought to be added. That there are memories of Watteau in his work goes without saying, and, if said, does not signify very much. Far more true it is that all essential pieces of it are filled with memories of Conder. Memories of things observed by himself, memories of the observations of others, sensitively recorded at the time, and recovered again and again in the evocations of his fancy; and always with the significance refined out of them, except their appeal to his momentary mood. They are not related to any experience save that of their recovery itself. Too remote from life to be any comment upon it, they are too wholly things of sense to take on the reality of the mystic. That element in them which seems sometimes dramatic, is generally only the surprising introduction into so languid a context of things that still have hanging about them a faint, reminiscent association with drama. It is this rareness, and not the originality, of his gift that tells, and that causes the most important event in his career to have been the discovery for himself of the fan convention. Within its limitations, all the disturbing appeal of reality chastened out, his gift moved freely. It admitted within them—for it was a cunning spirit—just the things of its choice, for usefulness and companionship; it created no original world of its own, but out of such pieced a world—a coterie of fœrie—which Conder made his own by dwelling in it.

From **A Visit to Venice** (*Elliot Stock*).

MURANO GLASS BOWL.
Height, 6¼ inches; Width, 8 inches.

MORE ABOUT COLLECTING.

By SIR JAMES YOXALL. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"More About Collecting" is a helpful guide by a collector, who in this well-informed, capitally illustrated handbook, enlightens the less experienced with an account of his own adventures in the bewitching art of miscellaneous collecting.

From Charles Conder: His Life and Works (*Lane*).

THE PALAIS ROYAL.
(The property of Mr. John Lane.)

A VISIT TO VENICE, AND OTHER SKETCHES.

By WILLIAM WOODROOFE. 2s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

Mr. Woodroofe's half-a-dozen slight sketches will probably please his circle of friends, for whom they have been collected, rather than for the general reading public. The art of the essayist resembles the art of writing blank verse: it is temptingly easy and yet extremely difficult. Mr. Woodroofe has been tempted by its ease, but he has not appreciated the difficulties. There is no charm of personality in his little book, in spite of the fact that he tells the reader a good deal about his way of life, his ailments and his tastes. "A Visit to Venice" is a good piece of pedestrian prose: it gives merely a summary of the guide-book facts of the Queen of the Adriatic, and the quality of personal vision is lacking. And though Mr. Woodroofe is a keen dog-lover, he fails to make his description of "The London Dog Cemetery" anything but commonplace. Yet he seems to be himself a man of unusual qualities of character; the trouble is that he lacks the art of giving these qualities a literary expression.

From A Visit to Venice (*Elliot Stock*).

MURANO GLASS BOWL.
Height, 6½ inches; Width, 8 inches.

SPECIMENS OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE.

Edited by W. M. METCALFE, D.D. 2s. 6d. net. (Blackie & Son, Ltd.)

The purpose of this little book we understand to be chiefly concerned with the grammatical forms of the Scottish tongue, during the several periods between 1325 and 1835. For carrying out such a praiseworthy object no one could be more competent than the editor. So far so good. It is, presumably, a text-book for the student, a brief investigation into the formation of words. At least so we imagined when we began to read Dr. Metcalfe's introduction. But the following paragraph set us wondering. "The book appeals more directly to Scotsmen, and many of them I trust will read it. They will find in it many points of interest, and an easy means of studying their national, and by no means unbrilliant, literature in all the three great stages of its history." This, we presume, was inserted to cover the title "Specimens of Scottish Literature," which strikes a more popular note than the book warrants. As a text-book, we are confident that a scholar as profound as Dr. Metcalfe can give instances of dialect in 136 pages, together with notes and a glossary. But the field of Scottish Literature

deserves more generous treatment, especially when the early forms of the Scottis "languige" comprise nearly three-quarters of the book. We trust we may not appear Philistine when we remark, that our admiration for literature is largely dependent on modern conveyance. Such lines as :

"And he heicht hym he suld do swa
Atheris thar with that can ta."

leave us comparatively cold. As an educational text-book though the scope be limited, "Specimens of Scottish Literature" should prove invaluable, but beyond that it should not look for recognition.

OLD ENGLISH CHINA.

By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. Illustrated. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Some little while ago Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson wrote a useful and very successful little book on "How to Identify Old China"; she follows this now with an exhaustive work on Old China, written not as if it were a task, but as one of the pleasures of a collector who feels the fascination of the art of the old English potter, and has a real love for whatever concerns it. Mrs. Hodgson writes in an easy, familiar fashion, and does not make the path of her reader hard and pebbly with technical terms. She may know that

From **Old English China** (*Bell*).

CHELSEA.
(1) Chinese Cup and Saucer decorated at Chelsea. (2) Fluted Chelsea Cup and Saucer painted in monochrome in Meissen style. From the Victoria and Albert Museum.

language of the expert, but here she uses only the language of ordinary intelligent people, with the result that her book is the more informing because it is so thoroughly readable. There is a full and careful account of old English china in all its varieties; brief histories of famous factories; and practical hints as to housing and arranging a collection. The numerous illustrations, sixteen of them in colour, are beautiful examples both of old china and of the engravers art. Collectors will find the book an entertaining and an invaluable guide.

From **Old English China** (*Bell*).

Bow.

(1) White tureen, with raised primus flowers. (2) White Knife-handle, from one of the moulds unearthed in 1868. (3) Sauce-boat with moulded designs, enamelled in colours in Chinese style. (4) Fluted Cup and Saucer, flowers in Japanese taste. (1) and (4)—From the Victoria and Albert Museum. (2) and (3)—From the Collections of Mrs. Nesfield Cookson and the Author.

NINETEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH CERAMIC ART.

By J. F. Blacker. Illustrated. 5s. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Blacker, who is a specialist in this sphere, points out that while there are many books on English pottery and porcelain, a number treating of old ceramic art, very few deal with the later work of the nineteenth century. He has an earnest feeling for the ceramic developments in the Victorian era and in our own day, and this book is designed to justify the faith that is in him. It is a study in exhaustive

detail, quite attractively illustrated. To the seeing eye there is poetry in pottery and porcelain, and few open-minded readers will be anything but disposed to share Mr. Blacker's zest for our nineteenth-century outcome in that regard. Many of us may not have taken the ceramic sphere into consideration in coming to our conclusions on the era of Victoria and Edward, and so, not only is our picture incomplete, but we have missed a factor making for thoughtfulness and restfulness. Mr. Blacker affords us plenty of material that will enable us to supply the deficiency and feel more happy, and at times more homely.

From Nineteenth Century English Ceramic Art (*Stanley Paul*).

MODERN WORCESTER. THE PEACOCK VASE, FINELY PAINTED AND GILT.

THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON SETTLEMENTS.

By E. THURLOW LEEDS. 5s. net. (Clarendon Press.)

A bombshell of a book. If Mr. Thurlow Leeds is correct in the conclusions he draws from the mass of new evidence he has collected, the men of Kent are a French race. They ascended the old Rhine and joined with a band of Jutes in Northern Holland, and then landed on the shores of Kent and started the great invasion of the Anglo-Saxon races who came from northern Germany and southern Scandinavia. Mr. Thurlow Leeds goes on the evidence of various objects found in the graves of invading tribes in England; he traces the shape and ornament of these objects on the Continent, and thus bases his conclusion on material existing things. For instance, he finds that the well-known Kentish bottle vases are similar to those of the Frankish race of the Rheinland; he then examines the jewellery from Kentish grave fields, and all the other evidences of culture found therein. The pottery of Kent is one of the decisive factors. It is unknown in genuine Danish, Dutch, and North German Settlements, and is only found among Frankish people. So it seems very likely that the Franks began the invasion of England, though it is possible that Hengist came from North Holland, and was connected with the Danish kings.

COLLECTED WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS.

"Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. XVII. — XX. (Longmans.)

These penultimate volumes of "The Collected Works of William Morris" contain prose—"The Wood Beyond the World," "Child Christopher," the old French Romances, "The Well at the World's End," and "The Water of the Wondrous Isles"—and a few verses from some fragmentary, early drafts of the stories. Swinburne said, in a letter here quoted, that he preferred "The Well at the World's End" above the rest of Morris's prose. Where all is good, and none very, very good, it is hard to choose. But if only we could read this story as Morris wrote it! Miss Morris gives us, for example, some extracts from Mr. Cockerell's diary for a Sunday in August, 1892—the scene Kelmscott:

"In morning went in the punt with W. M. and Miss M., W. M. caught 50 gudgeon and a perch. After lunch walked to Buscot Woods. . . . After supper . . . W. M. wrote some Well at the World's End. Much talk from time to time about printing, Kelmscott Press, etc."

Miss Morris has done her best to let us taste the same mixture as her father. Her introduction to Vol. xvii. includes a number of identifications. The palace of the story is their own Kelmscott; Wulstead is Faringdon; the Wood Debatable is the Forest of Wychwood; and so on; and she tells us how her father would take the children across to Uffington and up by the Dragon Hill to the Ridgeway, and fill their imaginations with Saxons and Britons. A letter is quoted which Morris wrote from the "George," at Amesbury, August 19th, 1879, where he was stopping in the course of a drive that made him wish to live on Salisbury Plain, since he could not live in Iceland: "I should be so well, and the scent of the wastes is delightful." Also Miss Morris adds two perfect photographs, by Mr. F. H. Evans, of the noble tithe-barn at Great Coxwell. Finally, she tells us the position of her father's study at Hammersmith, "hard on the road within sound of screaming children from the slum, of the postman's knock and the milkman's yell, of all the coming and going of visitors past his door . . ." The result of these introductions to each volume is that the romances which gave their author holiday give one also their reader.

Many of Morris's holidays were broken. The introduction to Vol. xvii. contains extracts from a number of fragmentary tales, both early and late, with such titles as "The

From The Archæology of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements (*Oxford University Press*).

BOTTLE-VASES FROM THE RHINELAND.

Folk of the Mountain Door," "Kilian of the Closes," "The Story of Desiderius," "King Peacock." The following is a fragment of a metrical version of "Child Christopher," which Morris was about to light his pipe with when Mr. Cockerell rescued it:

"Come the tidings into hand
That of old there was a land
Where the towns and homesteads stood
As in clearings of the wood.
Saith a minstrel of that day
That a squirrel went his way
Down from tree and on to tree,
That never on the earth came he
E'en so thick the tree boles were
Round about the acres clear,
Round about the meadows sweet,
Surging round the mountain's feet.
Therefore Oaken-realm was hight
That country of the deer's delight.
Thereof was there king and lord
A mighty master of the sword
Who wedded. . . ."

This was quite rightly turned into one charming old English sentence of prose. Another curiosity is the beginning of a translation from Firdausi's Persian epic spoken of by Morris in a letter of 1883, where he speaks also of a great Paris sale of patterns which he is attending, of the beautiful day he had after sleeping the night at Merton, of the wind's change from east to south-west . . . It is small wonder that some tales had to give way before business, fishing, or Socialism.

A very attractive half of Miss Morris's notes are given to the inner history of "the Morris days of Socialism," which the connoisseur speaks of as Fitzgerald spoke of Tennyson's early poetry. We are shown Morris learning how queer it is to begin to speak at a street corner "to three people (two of the branch and a boy)," and not shirking any "details of propaganda duties if called upon—which he never should have been—such things as going out with the paper-selling brigade." Why shouldn't he have been? Was it not as well for a man who did everything to have the opportunity of showing that he would do this? Here, by way of contrast, also is Swinburne's refusal to join the Federation in spite of his "sympathy with any who aspire to help in rectifying the state of things which allows the existence of such horrors and iniquities as surround us," and in spite of the fact that his "Christmas Antiphonies" prove him no "dilettante democrat." And here is Morris's account of Bloody Sunday in Trafalgar Square, November 13th, 1886, with Miss Morris's postscript relating to the imprisonment of Morris, Cunninghame Graham and John Burns—Mr. Burns singing snatches from "The Mikado" to pass the hours of the night—and to the funeral of Alfred Linnell, whom the police murdered on that Bloody Sunday, for whom Morris wrote the "Death Song":

"Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all, if they would dusk the day."

Finally, there are notes on the Sunday evening meetings at Kelmscott House, where for nothing anyone could drop in and hear, say, Grant Allen suavely suggesting State-endowment of genius—Morris laying down the law that nobody should have more than three minutes' speech in the discussion—and at last Morris going on talking, rather as if indignant with the restraint which kept him to words instead of deeds, while his hecklers stormed or sneered at his breach of his own law. What with Miss Morris and Mr. Mackail there is probably no English poet whom it is possible to know so well, day by day, as we know William Morris.

EDWARD THOMAS.

From **Nineteenth Century English Ceramic Art** (*Stanley Paul*).

VASE AND COVER. Modern Worcester of fine quality, pierced work by Owen.

OXFORD POETRY: 1910-1913.

Edited by G. H. D. C., G. P. D., and W.S.W. (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.)

This volume contains a selection of poetry written by Oxford graduates and undergraduates during the last three years. In a long and very interesting preface, Mr. Gilbert Murray propounds the original theory, which, after all, has a very great deal to commend it, that Oxford is, of all places, the most unfertile source from which one might expect poetry to spring, since the "city of the dreaming spires" makes for satiety, while the spirit of true poetry is born of that yearning of the heart for the things it is denied. Mr. Murray argues, therefore, that it is a particularly encouraging sign that, in spite of this fact, he is able to present such an undeniable array of talent as this volume has drawn together. The verses range from serious to gay, over a wide field of inspiration; and, while in no case does the standard of accomplishment sink below a certain very commendable level, there are one or two poems of quite outstanding distinction, as, for instance, Mr. Charles Bewley's "Winter in Ireland." Altogether, this is an interesting volume.

From **The Archæology of the Anglo-Saxon Settlements** (*Oxford University Press*).

BOTTLE-VASES FROM THE RHINELAND.

From Staffordshire Pottery and its History (*Sampson Low*).

VASE BY JOHN TURNER OF LANE END, *c.* 1786.
From the Stoke-on-Trent Museums.

A HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

By SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD, Secretary of the Society. With a Preface by Lord Sanderson, G.C.B., Chairman of the Council. 15s. net. (Murray.)

"Royal and Ancient" was the headline I had given this review, but it seemed too suggestive of golf, and golf is one of the few matters with which the Royal Society of Arts has as yet had no association. The Royal Society of Arts cannot claim to have encouraged the invention of even the baffie-waggle or the Senechtady putter. And the name of the inventions encouraged by the Royal Society of Arts is legion.

Save to its thousands of members the Royal Society of Arts is, I fear, a kind of mystery. We all know its Adelphi home, "designed by Robert Adam, Esq."—the wonderful Scot, who along with two talented brothers created the Adelphi as it is to-day; but what more is common knowledge? Even the Society's title is misleading, for the institution in the Adelphi has little concern nowadays with the fine arts, though in its earlier years the Society did much to aid people who drew, and its original signature-book has the names of many painters of world-wide fame—among them Cosway, Allan Ramsay, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The book has also the names of Samuel Johnson, James Boswell, and Samuel Richardson. Johnson took a great deal of interest in the Society, attended its meetings, and contributed to its deliberations, though by his own account he was no orator. He told Boswell that he had "several times tried to speak at the Society of Arts and Sciences, but found that he could not get on." Also he "acknowledged that he rose in the Society to deliver a speech which he had prepared, but that all his flowers of oratory forsook him." It is an obvious comment that the environment of a learned Society, with speeches made upstanding, was not the ideal environment for an oratorical Dr. Johnson. For him the Mitre, the Cock, or the Streatham villa of Mrs. Thrale. A formal speech-making Dr. Johnson is not a figure of history. A curious point, by the way, is that Goldsmith (probably prompted by Johnson) thought of sending in his name for the post of the Society's paid secretary. He never did so, though two of Goldsmith's biographers say he applied to Garrick for a testimonial. It is added that Garrick, annoyed by Goldsmith's criticisms, declined to give him one. Posterity may thank Garrick, because had Goldsmith got the post there would have been an interference with his literary work. Also the Society may thank Garrick, for Goldsmith would in all likelihood have proved a far from effective Secretary, and his records might have had gaps to distress the Society's present meticulous historian, Sir Henry Trueman Wood.

Sir Henry has done his work brightly and well, despite the confused nature of the material available, and made clear all that has been attempted and accomplished by the Society since its foundation, in the year 1754, by William Shipley, an absent-minded art master, a native of Leeds, a man of no conspicuous importance as an artist or art teacher. A tradition of Shipley's absent-mindedness is that on his way to church to be married he was led away by the sight of a rare butterfly, started in pursuit, and arrived late for the marriage ceremony. Perhaps Sir Henry Wood does not do full justice to this man, who must at any rate have been well abreast of his time. In 1766 a silver medal was given to Shipley for a lighted buoy for saving life at sea. Of this Sir Henry writes: "As

From More about Collecting **MASONIC DRINKING GLASS.**
(*Stanley Paul*)

From Staffordshire Pottery and its History (*Sampson Low*).

SCRATCHED BLUE SALT GLAZE CUP, DATED 1750.
From the Stoke-on-Trent Museums.

the invention does not seem to be specially valuable or remarkably original, it may perhaps be assumed that a certain friendliness of feeling dictated the award, as respect for his memory may have led to the publication of a description of the apparatus in the 'Transactions' a few years after the inventor's death." Lighted life-buoys were employed in the dark the other week (after Sir Henry's proofs had gone to Press), when the steamship *Volturno* was a blazing charnel-house in mid-Atlantic.

Sir Henry Wood sets forth the biggest achievements of the Society, and there is natural satisfaction in the tone in which he tells how it pioneered the great Exhibition of the year 1851. That was the Society's most important work, and the recital of the Society's part is interesting. More readable is the account of its many small achievements. It produced, among other things, a shilling box of paints, eleven millions of which were sold. Political interest to-day attaches to the fact that it is to this non-party, unobtrusive Society that we owe the mangel-wurzel, though not, it would appear, the pheasant. More than a hundred years ago the Society got some mangel-wurzel seeds, and some were given to a member, the celebrated Dr. Lettsom, of Denmark Hill, who experimented with them, ate some mangel-

From More about Collecting (*Stanley Paul*).

MASONIC DRINKING GLASS.

wurzel leaves, did not like them, and reported they were doubtless fine food for cows. That was the beginning of the wurzel in Great Britain.

To-day the Royal Society of Arts proceeds smoothly, with examinations that cover the whole country and deal with 30,000 candidates each year, several lectures each week, a weekly magazine, and a spirit of enterprise, though much of the work it set out to do is now in the hands of the specialised bodies that are its descendants.

Thanks are due to Sir Henry Trueman Wood for the history, the value of which is increased by a competent index. A defect is the scarcity of anecdotes. There must be scores.

DAVID HODGE.

STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY AND ITS HISTORY.

By JOSIAH C. WEDGWOOD, M.P., C.C. With 26 illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

This is a specialist volume upon a most interesting and almost an untouched subject, in which Mr. Wedgwood gives details of every side of the potting industry in North Staffordshire. The author's name alone should ensure authority for a book which collectors and amateurs of all kinds will find of the utmost value.

From Staffordshire Pottery and its History (*Sampson Low*).

ENAMELLED SALT GLAZE JUG
Probably by Baddeley, of Shelton, dated 1760, from the Stoke-on-Trent Museums. The jug was a presentation piece from the Rev. J. Middleton, who was a partner with the above Baddeley.

From Staffordshire Pottery and its History (*Sampson Low*).

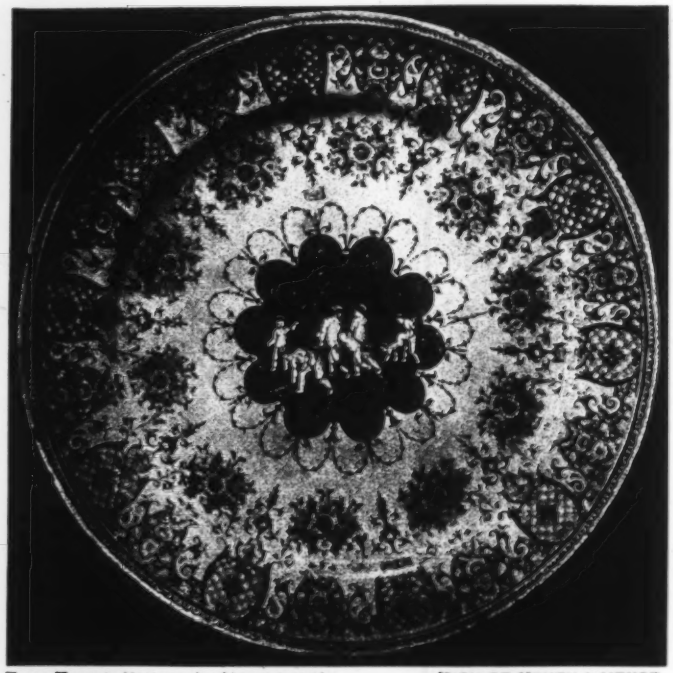
SALT GLAZE TEAPOT, DRAB BODY.
Supposed to be by Thomas Wedgwood, dated 1737. From the Stoke-on-Trent Museums.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

By THOMAS MEDWIN. A New Edition, printed from a copy copiously amended and extended by the author, and left unpublished at his death. With an Introduction and Commentary by H. Buxton Forman, C.B. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London.)

Some hard things have been said of Captain Thomas Medwin, and his latest editor, Mr. H. Buxton Forman, quotes them (without endorsement, let it be said) in his introduction to the new edition of Medwin's "Life of Shelley." He is, no doubt, weary of hearing this book denounced for its obvious shortcomings, as he utters a timely warning that it is "mere platitude" to deny Medwin "the rank of a good biographer." Published in 1847, Medwin's "Shelley" was the first attempt to present a full-length biography of the poet. Mary Shelley, who mistrusted Medwin, trembled at the thought of a biography in such hands, and well she might, for Medwin's love of gossip could not have been unknown to her. Byron had been the first victim on whom he tried to play Boswell; he pumped him for all he was worth, and rushed out a collection of "Conversations" while all the world was mourning the poet's death. The book, which is full of indiscretions, contains a perfunctory sketch of Shelley's life; the vitality and gust, however, with which Boswell went to his work were gifts singularly lacking in Medwin's character. So when Mrs. Shelley realised that Medwin was meditating a biography of his cousin, she appealed to his better nature in her efforts to stop the publication of private details of her husband's life. But she was unsuccessful, and Mr. Forman makes out a pretty clear case against Medwin, in his attempt to sell her his manuscript. Although Medwin declared in the introduction to his "Life of Shelley" that it was written in no indecorous haste, it was carelessly put together. It is full of tedious digressions, which often bear little or no relation to his subject; but Medwin's chief fault is his proverbial untrustworthiness. So much so that it is hardly ever safe to accept unreservedly any fact on his statement alone. And if one derives from his "Life of Shelley" some entertainment, one is always conscious while reading it of an ever-present lack of confidence.

Medwin was evidently conscious that there was something wrong with his book, for he set about correcting a copy, in anticipation of a second edition; but his efforts were far from successful, as is shown by Mr. Forman's innumerable corrections. No reprint, however, was called for during the author's lifetime, and a corrected copy answering to the description of that from which Mr. Buxton has printed his new edition (apparently the identical copy), was formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, who lent it to Professor Dowden, when he was writing his "Life of Shelley," and the Professor used what was new in it. In this reissue, under the able editorship of such a

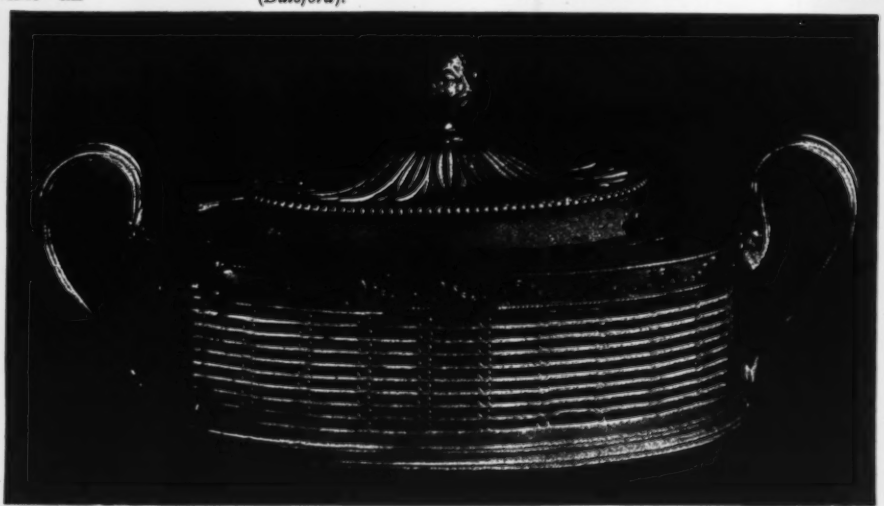


From **French Pottery**, by Henri Frantz. **(Batsford's Collectors' Library)** (*Batsford*).

DISH OF ROUEN FAIENCE. POLYCHROME.
Rouen Museum. Depth, 22 ins. (*Phot.*, Petiton, Rouen.)

From **French Pottery**, by Henri Frantz. **(Batsford's Collectors' Library)** (*Batsford*).

PALISSY DISH.
Collection of George Salting, Esq. Length, 19½ inches. Width, 16 inches.



From **Sheffield Plate**, by Bertie Wyllie. **(Batsford's Collectors' Library)** (*Batsford*).

BUTTER DISH, WITH GLASS LINING. ADAMS PERIOD.
(The property of Gordon Thomson, Esq.

veteran in Shelley bibliography as Mr. H. Buxton Forman, the book gains not a little. He has provided a most readable introduction, and nothing could be fairer than his examination of Medwin's character, and his qualification for writing biography. Mr. Forman has, moreover, supplied some valuable notes which display his wide and peculiar knowledge of all that relates to the poet and his times, and he has ensured for the book a useful and comprehensive index, which the first edition lacked. Judging from the facsimile, in this reissue, of a page of the original text covered with corrections in Medwin's singularly crabbed writing, Mr. Forman's task cannot have been an enviable one. Yet the book was worth reviving as an original document, supplying, as it does, some particulars that are not to be found elsewhere, although judged as a biography it has long been superseded by Professor Dowden's masterly monograph of the poet.

If Medwin is often inaccurate, there is often a germ of truth even in his most irresponsible statements. For instance, when he repeats the tradition of the poet's grandfather, Bysshe Shelley, marrying the widow of a miller, and practising as a quack doctor in America, he is obviously on the wrong track, as Bysshe could have been no more than a child when he came to England. It is known that his father (Percy Shelley's great-grandfather) married a widow in America, but whether her first husband was a miller, and whether he practised medicine, there is, as far as we are aware, no information forthcoming. Most of Medwin's quotations from Shelley's printed works were incorrectly copied; he altered and muddled his numerous citations from Mrs. Shelley's notes, and Hogg's papers on Shelley at Oxford. These quotations are duly corrected by Mr. Forman, who sets right many misstatements, but it is not quite clear why he abstains from correcting others. The task of amending everything in the book is one that might well have daunted the most industrious of editors.

From Old Pewter, by Malcolm Bell. (Batsford's Collectors' Library) (*Batsford*).

(1) Flagon, German, XVII. Century, height 10¼ ins.
(2) Beaker, Scotch, XVII. Century, height 6½ ins.
(3) Flagon, German, XVIII. Century, height 11¼ ins.

Mr. Forman makes no comment on Medwin's information that when Bysshe Shelley eloped with Miss Mitchell he was married in "the Fleet by the Fleet Parson." The pedigree printed by Mr. Forman in the first volume of his edition of Shelley's prose works, from a copy in the College of Arms, gives Bysshe Shelley's place of marriage as "Keith's Chapel, May Fair." Keith, who was notorious for performing clandestine marriages, and who is said to have united Prince George, afterwards George III., to Hannah Lightfoot, "the fair Quaker," got into trouble for celebrating marriages without banns or licences, and was, at the time of Bysshe Shelley's nuptials, safely lodged in the Fleet, where he continued to officiate at weddings. If, therefore, he joined Bysshe to his bride, it is evident he could not have done so at his chapel in Curzon Street. Medwin, moreover, states that two of Bysshe Shelley's daughters by his second marriage were not mentioned in his will. This statement also calls for correction, as they both received small legacies from Sir Bysshe. Robert Owen's chapel (which is, or was till quite recently, standing) was in John Street—now Whitfield Street—and not in Charlotte Street, as stated by Medwin on p. 97. These blunders, besides others, are Medwin's, and Mr. Forman may not have considered them worth correcting.

From English Table Glass, by Percy Bate. (Batsford's Collectors' Library) (*Batsford*).

INSCRIBED GLASSES BEARING NAVAL TOASTS AND DESIGNS.
1. Height, 8 ins.; 2. Height, 6½ ins.; 3. Height, 6½ ins.; 4. Height, 7½ ins.

The volume contains as frontispiece a picture which is described as "a portrait of Shelley from a drawing by Alfred Soord." It is to be presumed that it is an idealised likeness of the poet, but whether intentionally or not, it bears a striking resemblance to the head of our Lord, as sketched by da Vinci for his picture of the Last Supper. While on the subject of the portraits of Shelley, attention may be directed

Mr. Forster Robson.
Illustrator of "The Shadowless Man and The Cold Heart."
(*Holden & Hardingham*).

to Mr. Forman's note on p. 313, where Medwin refers to Williams's sketch of the poet. This note seems to need some explanation He says: "Williams's sketch had not at the time been engraved or otherwise reproduced at all." This sketch is generally supposed to have been lost, but are we to understand by the words "at the time" that this picture has since been reproduced?

Medwin was an odd character, with ambitions to shine as a man of letters. He made translations from the Greek drama; he perpetrated a novel and some verse, beside a book entitled "The Angler in Wales"; but, excepting the volumes on Byron and Shelley, his writings are practically forgotten. He has been described as a mediocre observer who had much to say and who said it badly.

His motive in writing about the two great men with whom he had once lived on terms of intimacy has been represented as entirely dictated by gain, but I think this is open to question. He was doubtless proud, as most people were, to have known Byron and Shelley, and for the latter he seems to have had a sincere affection, and expressed admiration for his poetry at a time when it was anathema to timid people.

Roger Ingpen.

ADAM BEDE.

By George Eliot. With 16 Colour Drawings and numerous Black-and-White Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 20s. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)

Charles Reade, in his breezily enthusiastic fashion, declared on reading "Adam Bede" that it was "the finest thing since Shakespeare." Anyhow, it is a fine and a great story; and Mr. Gordon Browne has illustrated it very beautifully and with real imaginative sympathy. In this new and attractive edition "Adam Bede" makes one of the most artistic and wholly desirable of the season's gift-books.

FOUR TRAGEDIES.

By Allan Monkhouse. 6s. (Duckworth.)

THE PRICE OF THOMAS SCOTT.

By Elizabeth Baker. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

THE MOTHER.

By Eden Phillpotts. 2s. and 1s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Because, what politicians regard as the backbone of England, the middle-class, has an inchoate mentality that can only be described as stodgy, some of us think it will always be difficult for the dramatic artist to make acceptable any realistic reproduction of their mental or spiritual life. The straight-jacket of convention has so inured them to habits of self-repression that their souls have become lean—like those quaint dwarf Japanese trees, they have become stunted growths with the semblance of reality, minus the vigour and bloom of virgin growths. That thought may explain why Mr. Allan Monkhouse's "Four Tragedies" have such a depressing effect upon the reader. I have no bias for "happy ends," but it is sometimes well to remind oneself that the Greek dramatist, even in his direst moments, always managed to inform his tragedy with that sense of piteousness that redeems and uplifts. Admittedly it is difficult to avoid using the photographic method in dramatising the middle-class, but it is hopeless to surprise thus the likeness of truth out of their souls. Without a vision the people perish—and without vision the dramatist must always fail to make the popular appeal—the reason being that the public always wants to believe the best about what, after all, is itself, viz., human nature. The other point I wish to make is that in choosing the middle-class as subject-matter for what appear to be examples of scientific natural history, Mr. Monkhouse has deliberately set out to explore an unpromising region. It is no discredit to him if he has failed to secure the stage production of "The Hayling Family" and "The Stricklands," for both are well-observed and carefully recorded pieces of contemporary life, informing, certainly, but wanting in that purging and uplifting quality we look for in tragedy. The protagonist, in the first play, Hayling, is a quaint megalomaniac who, having squandered his own and his wife's fortune through his incompetence, expects his children to sacrifice theirs as well. In the last resort he forges a cheque, and on the Hayling family declining to pay up, their father is marched off to prison. When the convict returns to a shabby home, he is still the dandified megalomaniac insisting on his parental rights, till Mrs. Hayling decides to give him poison, but is thwarted through the husband felling her

From **Personal Experiences in Spiritualism**
(*Laurie*).

"Spirit Photograph"
(Taken by A. Norman. Showing the faces of various so-called "guides.")

with a stone club. There is a certain austerity about the dialogue that gives it a touch of actuality—but as the etiolated characters are lacking in any friendly warmth by reason of the dry light thrown upon them, I confess to a feeling of profound relief at the curtain-fall. In "The Stricklands" the element of surprise is well sustained to the last. Gerald Strickland, a literary gent, has for fiancée, Georgie, a handsome woman, full of animal spirits. When Robert Strickland, a masterful type, returns from a successful West African rubber exploit, it is evident that Gerald's engagement is in peril. Two years pass, and the Stricklands, mother and daughter, are waiting for the arrival from West Africa of Robert and Georgie, who have been married—and also for Gerald, who subsequently joined them. Only Gerald and Georgie return—Robert is dead—the pretence is that he was killed in a mutiny among the rubber slaves—the truth is

From The Poems of D. G. Rossetti
(*Oxford University Press*).

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.
From the drawing by himself in the National Portrait Gallery.
(*Photo*, Emery Walker.)

that Gerald had killed him because of his brutality to his wife and his slaves. It is a straight, clean-cut tragedy—but it seems to me the author has not shown us the most dramatic moment in the tragedy—which would have been that West African scene. And I do complain that Mr. Monkhouse, in his desire to make his characters logical, causes their reason to inform their passion, instead of the reverse—in fine, they have thoughts but no passions.

The two one-act plays, "Resentment," which cleverly gives in Brent a typical neurotic, and "Reaping the Whirlwind," are feats in characterisation all too rare in plays of this genre.

The author of "Chains," Miss Elizabeth Baker, returns, in "The Price of Thomas Scott," to her observation of middle-class life. It is a study bare of beauty, showing a certain dry quality of analysis that is careful rather than inspired, and its gripping qualities would best be tested before a little Bethel audience, to whom the main situation possesses a more tragic value than for the normal spectator. I doubt if the fact of a tradesman refusing—although it meant ruin—to sell his premises because it was proposed to use them as a dancing saloon, would impress a modern audience.

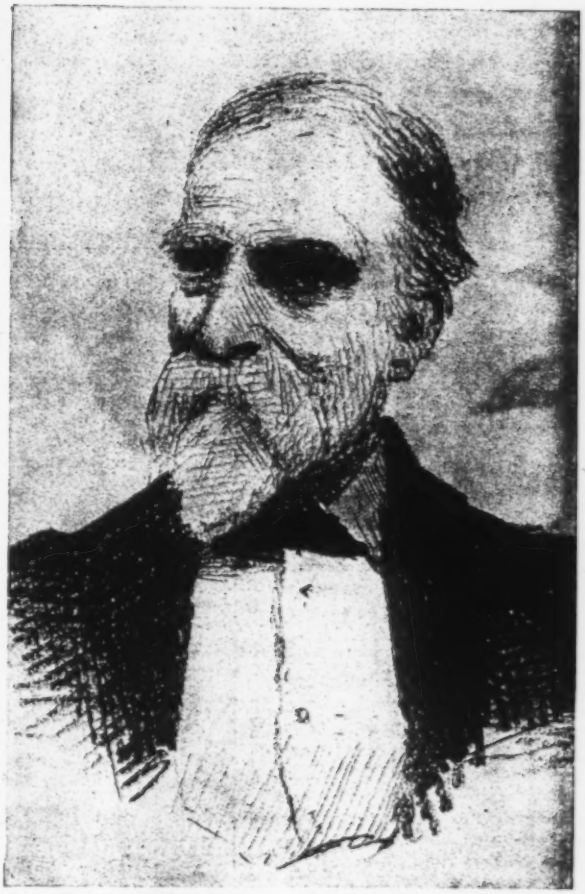
Mr. Eden Phillpott's four-act play, "The Mother," has already been produced by the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. It is an impressive piece of work, possessing a dominating note of tragic beauty in the presentation of the mother, Avisa Pomeroy, that lifts a commonplace series of episodes into the region of poetry. The plot and character are too detailed for analysis here, but Mr. Phillpotts has yet to learn Barrie's secret of lopping off ruthlessly the unessential acts and words.

ROBB LAWSON.

THE LOG OF A ROLLING-STONE.

By HENRY ARTHUR BROOME. Illustrated from Water-Colour Drawings by the Author. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)

This book is essentially the diary of a wanderer. Mr. Broome, who was the youngest son of a Norfolk vicar, writes of his early days at Houghton Hall—in the patrimony of Horace Walpole—where he was born. He then describes his apprenticeship to wood-engraving for *Punch*, and Fleet Street celebrities whom he met, including G. A. Sala, George Du Maurier, Cruikshank, etc. His dislike of a sedentary occupation, however, sent him abroad. At heart he was a rolling stone from the first. But, then, it is mostly the observant rolling stone that gathers the blessed, productive moss of wisdom. He spent three years in what was afterwards known as the Cape Mounted Police, an authorised band of strolling, and more or less gentlemen, vagabonds, with whom he was wounded in the Gaika war, and went through the rebellion in Griqualand East. After a few months as a clerk in the Government railway engineer's office in Cape Town, he bought a spanking set of mules and a wagon, and began as a transport rider between Cape Town and Kimberley, making a success of his venture, in which there was plenty of risk and some adventure. His next move was to India, where nothing of moment happened to him; so he returned for a spell in the wine-making district of Cape Colony. Tiring of this, he sailed for New Zealand, and went on to Australia, earning his way from first to last as a descriptive pressman. In the



From Social and Political Reminiscences
(*Williams & Norgate*).

THE RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE.
May 25th, 1896.
(From a pencil sketch by the authoress.)

former colony he put in some time as an armed policeman up-country. When that became too tame, he shipped before the mast to Valparaiso, reached Santiago de Chile, and returned to Liverpool as a purser's mate. After owning and conducting a newspaper in the Isle of Wight, he went again to South Africa and there passed through such phases of life as quarry master, convict guard, sheep breeder, chief constable and resident magistrate. Yet wherever he went or whatever he did—and all his occupations are not mentioned here—there was ever some progress made, accompanied by a certain recklessness as to consequences, and behind it all the wander-lust working through to the front again. It is a book to put heart into would-be doers who are afraid, especially into those who desire to be wanderers and doers alike

From Hans Holbein the Younger (*Allen*).
An important critical biography by Arthur B. Chamberlain, which we are reviewing in the January *Bookman*.

PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN ELDERLY MAN.
(Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin.)

THE WALLACE COLLECTION

By FRANK RUTTER. 2s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Handy in size, well printed, well illustrated, and cheap in price, this little book by Mr. Rutter is likely to become the most popular of all guides to the glorious palace of art in the West of London. The writer is one of the best known of our art critics, and he has made his little book on the treasures of Hertford House into something far better than an annotated catalogue of pictures, porcelain, furniture, sculpture, and armour. It is an introduction to the great arts of beauty, written out of the experience of a lifetime. It gives its readers new points of view in the appreciation of the masters of art, besides providing them with the knowledge necessary in estimating the glories of the Wallace Collection. It is, in short, an education in art, as well as a guide-book, possessing a literary value of its own, independent of the wealth of information it imparts. Mr. Rutter has a clear, engaging way of writing, and a vivacity that comes from original thought and original feeling. If all the guides to our chief museums of art were written by men of his stamp, these prisons for beautiful things would be transformed into centres of living influences. The Wallace Collection is, of course, one of the most inspiring places in which to study. The deadly museum atmosphere is entirely absent; it is a true home of art.

From The Wallace Collection (*Grant Richards*).

ADY READING A LETTER. ; TERBORCH.

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

By ARNALDO CERVESATO. 21s. net. (Unwin.)

This is the translation of a book that was published in Italy some time ago, when the conditions on the Campagna were not even as endurable as they are to-day, for Signor Cervesato has had some of the reforming influence of a Dickens. We wish, by the way, that he would allow himself to diverge a little more into Dickensian descriptions of odd characters. The book is too much of an encyclopædia, and it is too dry. Now and then, as in the excellent account of people cutting up a dead horse, the scene is vivid; and amid these wretched, barbarous surroundings we require relief. There are a good many historical and orthographical mistakes, which is extraordinary in a man who knows the Campagna as does our author. And the illustrations are more remarkable for quantity than quality; the interest of some of them does hardly compensate for the amateurishness and ineffectiveness of others. What we gather, though, from a perusal of this book is a sense of the great misery which lies on the inhabitants of the Campagna, even with the efforts towards amelioration which the Government is making. Signor Cervesato devotes himself not only to the present but to various epochs of the past, and it is doubtful whether he is not too ambitious, even as he stretches his Campagna to unusual limits. We should have obtained a clearer picture if he had concentrated more on a smaller strip of country and described it, say, for the last century. The other method savours too much of

a photograph made from an air-ship, such as indeed he also gives us. A few villages, with their human inmates, and part of the wilderness with its buffaloes and wild horses, would have given us a picture of the whole. There is too much dull information, with too little charm of style, though this may be due to the translator. Yet one cannot but applaud a man whose heart is evidently set upon improving the lot of his unhappy countryfolk, and for many of us who imagine that Italy is a land of universal laughter this will be a revelation. Marion Crawford has described some squalid villages of the Abruzzi, and with the knowledge of Signor Cervesato one could write a book as powerful as those, and as artistic.

From A Dictionary of Irish Artists (*Maunsel*).

SIR FREDERICK W. BURTON. (Painted by G. F. Mulvarry, R.H.A.)

MODERN DANCING AND DANCERS.

By J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH, M.A. With 8 Illustrations in Colour and 40 in Black-and-White. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

It is refreshing to note that the modern revival in the art of dancing has extended also to the literature upon the subject, so that a sufficient demand exists for a cheaper edition of Mr. Crawford Flitch's masterly "Modern Dancing and Dancers," which was published last year for the first time. It is almost unnecessary now—as it is also beyond our scope—to do more than mention the fact of this new edition, and to observe that in the manner of production no material alterations have been made. To students of modern dancing—one of the most "live" of all the arts at the present moment—the volume carries its own recommendation.

From The Wallace Collection (*Grant Richards*).

BOOR ASLEEP. BROUWER.

MY COSMOPOLITAN YEAR.

By the Author of "Mastering Flame." 10s.6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

That the chapter headings are utterly misleading, entirely annoying, that is the first impression one gains on opening "My Cosmopolitan Year." One wonders how the publisher came to agree to them; one pictures how the proof-reader, hardened though he probably was, must have groaned over them. "In Rehersal (New York)," "The Broken-down Actor (Madrid)"—certainly these suggest anything rather than a series of sketches of life and conditions in various great cities of the world, and there are several more headings of the same type, well calculated to head-off the average reader who is a subscriber to illustrated papers, and has therefore had a surfeit of things theatrical. As a matter of fact, however, the book has nothing to do with the stage. Instead, it consists of some shrewd, well-written pictures of things seen by the author in Paris, London, Vienna, New York, and Madrid. The five cities are well chosen, because of the strong contrasts between them. The author has gripped the essential points in his subject, and his book is a good one.

THE CHARM OF THE WEST COUNTRY.

An Anthology. Compiled and Edited by THOMAS BURKE. 2s. 6d. net. (Arrowsmith.)

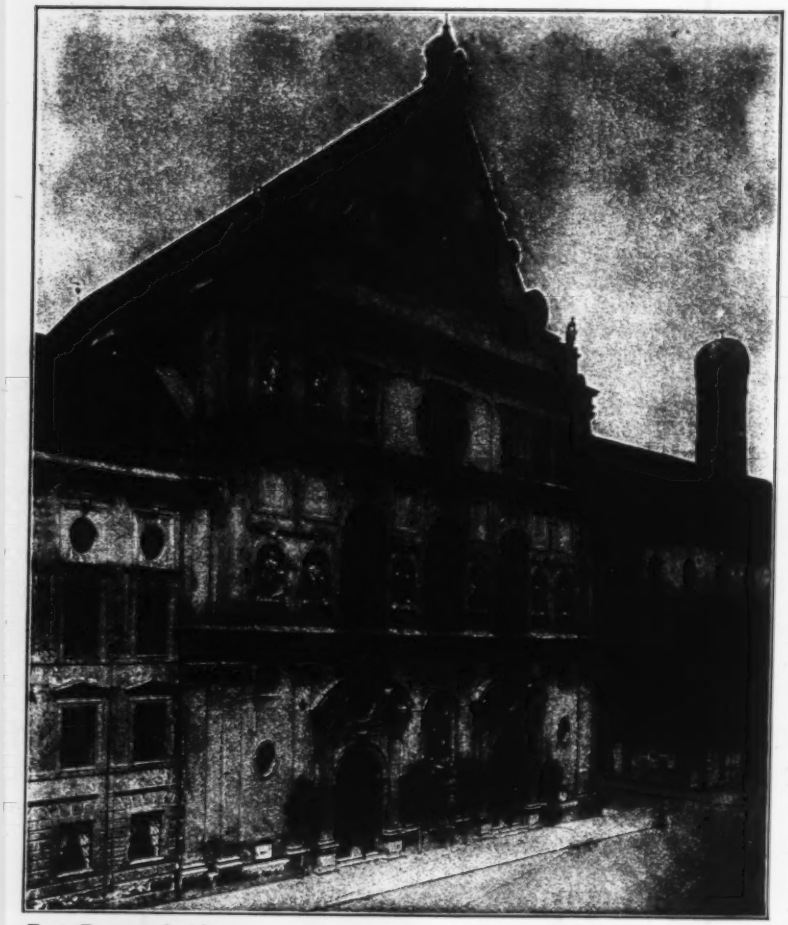
THE CONTENTED MIND.

Edited by THOMAS BURKE. 3s. 6d. net. (Truslove & Hanson.)

THE CHARM OF ENGLAND.

Compiled and Edited by THOMAS BURKE. (Truslove & Hanson.)

Those who love anthologies will be delighted with these three that Mr. Thomas Burke has edited and compiled.



From Baroque Architecture (*Unwin*).

MUNICH. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

Mr. Burke is himself a poet of fine achievement, and he has done his work in these books with the judgment and good taste we should have expected of him. The West Country has reason to be proud, not only of its shining list of native authors, but of its other famous men and its own beauty, that have inspired so many alien authors to write of them. In "The Charm of England" Mr. Burke throws a wider net, and you have the best things that have been said in prose and poetry about the English girl and woman, about the English house and garden, the town and countryside, about love and marriage in England, and English customs and festivals carefully gathered up and admirably arranged in his hundred and seventy pages. The outer world and the loveliness of visible nature are only incidental to "The Contented Mind" which, as its title indicates, is more concerned with the inner life of man and the things of the spirit, and, as befits the contented mind, the prevailing note of all the selections is of the bravest, most optimistic philosophy. It ranges so far up and down the ages that on one page you have Chaucer's "Good Counsel," and on another Mr. Edwin Pugh's thumb-nail sketch, "A Merry Heart"; St. Augustine's "Of Joy" jostles a jolly song from "Ralph Roister-Doister"; Lord Avebury lies down on the same page with Charles Lever; the benignly dignified Emerson walks immediately on the heels of the rollicking rhyme of "Old King Cole." It is good to have the sweetest, the wisest, the most carelessly happy things about life and the right way of living distilled thus into this one pleasant book. Each of the anthologies is compiled with a taste that is as sound as it is catholic, and from the widest, most miscellaneous reading, and each in its different way is entirely well done. They are just the fascinating sort of books that you buy to give away and then have to keep for yourself. Mr. Burke has dipped his bucket into the great rivers of literature, but he has dipped it also into all manner of charming little brooks and streams that do not run and sparkle always in the sight of everybody, and it is this that makes his volumes so fresh and so refreshing.

ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK SERIES:

OXFORD. By FRED RICHARDS. CAMBRIDGE. By WALTER M. KEESEY. Each containing 24 Drawings. 1s. net each. (Black.)

The latest additions to Messrs. Black's "Artist's Sketch-Book Series" are both excellent little books in their way. The work of Mr. Richards and of Mr. Keesey is especially attractive when architectural "bits" form their subjects. Neither is so effective in those sketches in which the everyday life

From The Artist's Sketch Book Series: Oxford (*Black*).

THE CAMERA FROM ALL SOULS' COLLEGE QUADRANGLE.

of the undergraduate at the 'Varsity figures at all prominently. Mr. Richards, for instance, introduces young men in cap and gown into a large number of sketches. One is not so bold as to say that this is an unusual sight, but in Oxford it is far less common than the purchaser of this book might think. As a matter of fact it is quite possible to get through an academical career at Oxford without buying a " college cap " at all. A good borrower could easily arrange loans for the few occasions on which it is absolutely necessary. One must have a gown, of course. At Cambridge the proctors or the University regulations seem to be stricter, or the custom is different. Anyhow, Mr. Keesey's undergraduates are dressed in a more likely way than are Mr. Richards's, but the lack of knowledge of punting shown in his sketch of Clare Bridge is simply amazing. With these reservations, however—and they are trivial reservations, after all—these two little books are quite charming.

THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES TRAGEDIES AND SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Savoy Edition. 7s. 6d. net. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

The special attractiveness of this well printed, handsomely bound edition of Shakespeare lies in its illustrations. Twenty-eight of these are in colour, including a beautiful reproduction of the Chandos portrait, paintings of the birthplace and of Anne Hathaway's cottage by Edward H. Fitchew, and reproductions of scenes from the plays by the Hon. John Collier, Harold Speed, E. A. Abbey, D. Maclise, Landseer, Leslie, Opic, Millais, Sargent and other famous artists. In addition, there are some seventy excellently reproduced photographs of celebrated actors and actresses in the Shakesperean characters they have presented before the footlights. An adequate biographical and critical introduction and a useful glossary almost complete what should prove a very popular edition of our greatest dramatist, and the poems printed at the end, though the title page does not promise them, crown and really complete it.

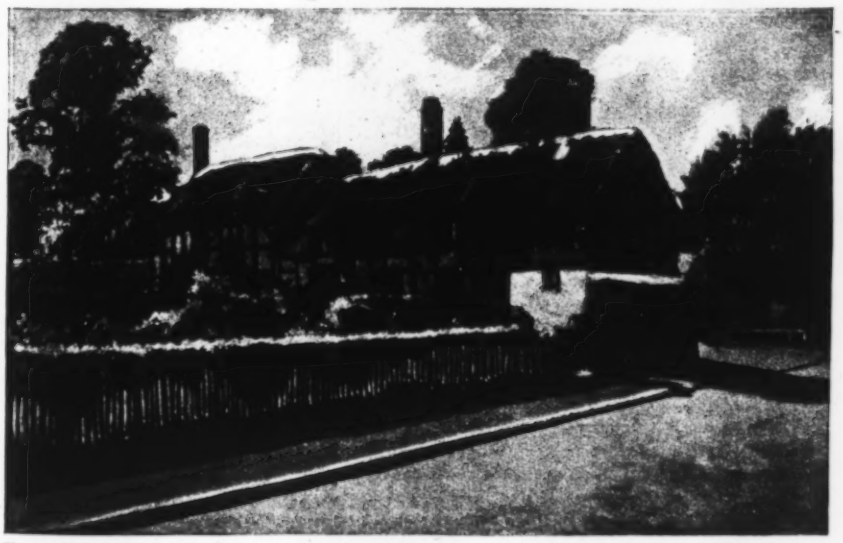
A HATCHMENT.

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Of the contents of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's new volume " A Hatchment " the general characteristic may be said to be that of retrospect, tinctured by regret. Whether the author sets his scene in Spain, in South America or in the Scottish Highlands, he is always casting his eye back across the years in a wistful attempt to recapture some glimpse or memory of the past. The picturseque, the flamboyant, the elemental are what he looks for, and though not a single one of his new sketches can by any stretch of language be called a short story — three only—" A Moral Victory " " A Page of Pliny " and " A Belly God," have a title to rank even as anecdotes or yarns—they all possess the real glamour of things seen and felt. As is naturally the case in tales describing raids or the herding of cattle the horse figures largely in most of Mr. Graham's latest impressions, and the author, loving and knowing horses as he loves and knows them, shows a quite admirable skill in the variety of parts he sets these

From **An Artist in Italy** (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

A Canal in Venice.



From **The Works of Shakespeare: Savoy Edition** (*Eyre and Spottiswoode*).

Anne Hathaway's Cottage. (Drawn by Edward H. Fitchew.)

noble animals to play. The men and women who figure in "A Hatchment" and its companion vignettes, are shadowy if picturesque; but the horses—whatever their breed may be—have real life and being.

THE MEANING OF ART:
ITS NATURE, ROLE, AND VALUE.

By PAUL GAULTIER. With a Preface by EMILE BOUTROUX. Translated from the Third French Edition by H. and E. BALDWIN. With 36 Illustrations. 5s. net. (George Allen.)

This work was crowned by the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, and there must be many English readers who will be grateful for its presentation in an English dress. We venture to think that M. Gaultier is on the right path in throwing off the shackles of intellectualism in approaching his intricate and difficult subject. His view that the work of art is no more or less than to embody and objectivise emotion by means of sounds, lines, reliefs, colours, etc., is one that is assuredly gaining ground. Art, he says, "is the charm of our days and the joy of our life! It refines our sensibility; it stimulates it for the good; it enlarges and socialises it; and, at the same time, it enlarges the field of our intuitive knowledge in the most unexpected ways." Nature, he maintains, is the school to which the artist should always go. Granting that art is non-moral, M. Gaultier does not suggest that it has no action on manners; rather, he suggests, it is too deeply involved with life to fail to be of great assistance to morality. Though art does not purify everything, it is "the best discipline in refinement that there is." It is M. Gaultier's faith, too, that art is social by nature, "simply because it is beautiful." It is not beauty, but it must be beautiful. And "the duty devolves upon the artist, even in the interest of his work, of not injuring society, in the expression of his feelings, by opposing the interests of morality." As to criticism, "for the appreciation of works of art, finesse is more important than argument, feeling than intellect, emotional capacity than logical faculty." M. Gaultier's monograph is masterly and fascinating in its stimulating effects on the imagination.

From The Meaning of Art (*Allen*). MORNING LANDSCAPE, COROT, LOUVRE.

HENRIK IBSEN.

Poet, Mystic and Moralist. By HENRY ROSE. 2s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)

The great artists and moralists must have many a time turned over in their graves at the consequences of that desolating adage —*quot homines, tot sententiæ*—to the appreciation of their work. At any rate, we feel tolerably sure that Ibsen's hair would have bristled in horror, had he been alive to read Mr. Rose's interpretation of his philosophy. A few homely tracts upon human conduct; a caution to the new-fangled idealogues of to-day that the spiritual progress of mankind is "evolutionary" and not "revolutionary"; a timely reminder of the claims of love, duty, truth and freedom (preferably in capitals) in

From The English Year: Autumn and Winter (*Jack*).

THE GOLDEN VALLEY.
By Sir Alfred East, R.A., P.R.B.A. (By kind permission of the Leeds Corporation.)

opposition to "selfishness," a trumpet blast to emphasize the essentials of individual and social responsibility and, hey presto, the walls of the problem are crumbled to dust! Mr. Rose's cardinal triumph of theoretic exposition is centred upon the contract system. For his definitions of the moral teaching of the plays, he conjures up two potent talismans—"the practice of prudence and wisdom in entering into contracts," and "fidelity to contracts when made." Thus armed, he soon drills the plays into order. No Jesuit could be more ingenious. In the "Doll's House," for instance, he is confident that Nora's evasion of her marital obligations would not possibly have solved the complexity of her position, as Ibsen, he feels, would agree, and it was really too bad of her to suppose that her husband would take upon himself the responsibility "of a crime, of which he was all along innocent." In "Rosmersholm," again, he pursues the same quarry, ignoring the fundamental tragedy—the failure of Rebecca's vitality to vanquish the hereditary family skeleton of the Rosmers. In "The Lady from the Sea," he remarks, "did not Ibsen's theories of life require that Ellida should recognize a priority of claim towards the stranger?" Our faculties are paralyzed before the *naiveté* of Mr. Rose's criticism. At least, the readers of Ibsen will be reassured that he was quite respectable. The equation of morality is not, after all, an intricate one. "Be good," is its discovery, and all is well. If Ibsen can be pinned down to this summary crystallization of moral ideas, we should have imagined that Mr. Rose's analysis of his mystical outlook was altogether superfluous.

H. M.

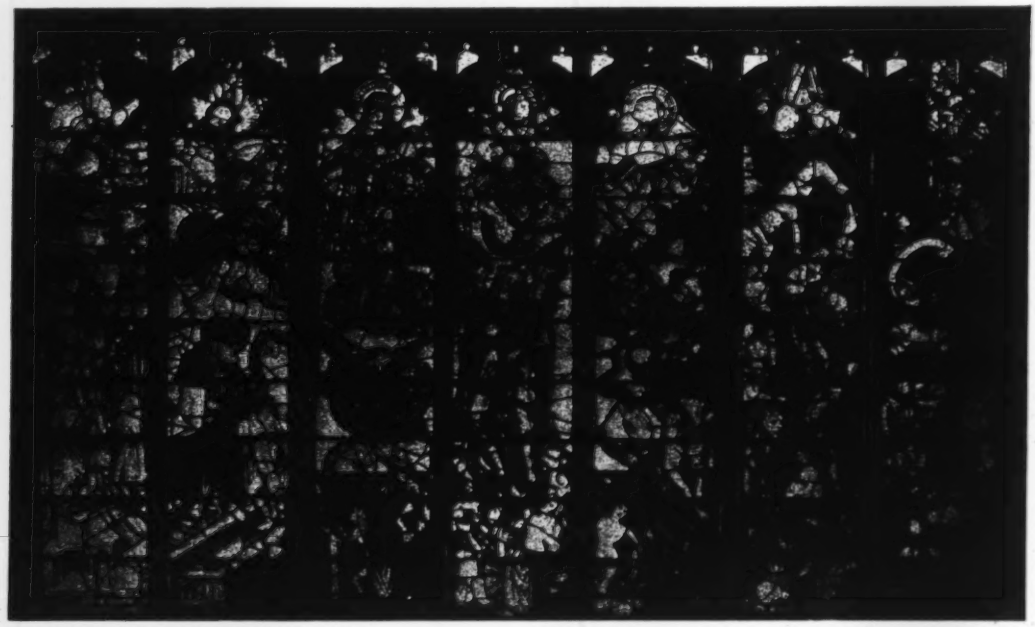
From The Open Road
(*Methuen*).

"COME,
FOR LOVE IS OF THE VALLEY, COME THOU DOWN
AND FIND HIM."

OUR VILLA IN ITALY.

By JOSEPH LUCAS. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

"I love this Tuscan corner of God's earth," says Mr. Lucas, and although this is a short book and the love of Englishmen for Florence is traditional and there are many famous shrines, mediæval and modern, ecclesiastical and secular, Italian and British, where we come in homage, yet we must find room for this old villa. Mr. Lucas is apparently not an old hand at writing books, but he has a delightful way with him, and one thinks of Montgomery Carmichael's "In Tuscany." This volume is slighter, and it does not fear to deal with events one would have called humdrum, such as are in all countries, even the most romantic, associated with the buying of a house. To Mr. Lucas, and to us, it becomes an exhilarating adventure, and if he sometimes keeps us overlong with his meditations on human happiness and the catacombs, we plunge back with all the more eagerness into his ultimately successful quest. For those, and there must be a considerable number of English people, who become permanent exiles in Shelley's Paradise, this book will be of great service; not only does it assist one with the house-agent, but from the author's varied experience, always pleasantly conveyed, one learns a good deal about furniture, ancient and modern, and the garden, which, of course, was a necessity. The glimpses of his retainers and other Florentines with whom he is brought into contact are, in some cases, provokingly brief, and we hope that, like Marianna when she came to Sussex, he will "unload his mind freely on the subjeet." How infinitely more agreeable is a humorous and urbane book of this kind than



From Ancient Painted Glass in England (*Methuen*).

EAST WINDOW, FAIRFORD CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE
(From a drawing by Miss E. Knight.)

those triumphant books of travel to exotic countries where we have no wish to go and where we often find ourselves believing that the author has not been! It is possible also, as we know, to write exotically about Florence; and it would have been as well if more than one writer of memoirs had followed Mr. Lucas's advice as to gardens. "The supreme pleasure of a garden," says he, "is its privacy."

From Religious Art in France (*Dent*).

ANCIENT PAINTED GLASS IN ENGLAND.

By PHILIP NELSON, M.D., Ch.B., F.S.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

From Religious Art in France (*Dent*).

Whatever may be our national deficiencies in other branches of Art, we can at least claim that, during the Middle Ages, our country held the first place in the art of the stained-glass window, and in recording and describing the most important relics of mediæval painted glass to be found in our churches and cathedrals. Mr. Nelson has done a useful work. The book (which forms part of the excellent series of Antiquary's Books) opens with a brief history of the painted window from its known beginnings—about the sixth century—and describes the methods of the early craftsmen. The various styles are classified in accordance with the presumed date of origin and peculiarity of decoration, each style being dealt with in successive chapters covering a period from the beginning of the thirteenth to the end of the sixteenth century. Following, come chapters on English Domestic Glass, Mediæval Glass Artists, and the Vicissitudes of Ancient Glass, after which—arranged in countries—come lists of the most notable examples to be found throughout the country. The index to these, by the way, leaves something to be desired, for, unless the reader knows the county in which any particular church as to which he may desire information is situated, he may have a long search before finding it.

Needless to say, ecclesiastical buildings enjoy an almost complete monopoly of relics of the art, and even after the ravages of the Puritans and other Vandals their treasury is far from depleted, judging by the extensive lists of cathedrals and churches in which ancient stained glass is to be found. Nowadays it has little to fear but the maw of Time, and we are glad to notice that in an appendix the author gives some practical hints in the direction of restoring and

From Religious Art in France (*Dent*).

From **Religious Art in France** (*Dent*).

preserving old painted windows which (especially in manufacturing towns) are, unless protected, liable to injury from the acid vapours in the air. There are many plates and illustrations, and the book, in the production of which Mr. Nelson acknowledges the assistance of artists, clergymen and others interested in the subject, is a valuable contribution to antiquarian literature.

From **Religious Art in France** (*Dent*).

FOR THE THOUGHTFUL CITIZEN.

SOCIALISM AND SYNDICALISM.

By PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

MODERN VIEWS ON EDUCATION.

By THISTLETON MARKS, B.Sc.

EUGENICS.

By EDGAR SCHUSTER.

SANE TRADE UNIONISM.

By W. V. OSBORNE.

INDUSTRIAL GERMANY.

By W. H. DAWSON.

THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF SMALL HOLDINGS.

By JAMES LONG.

Each 1s. net. (Collins' Nation's Library.)

The most interesting and provocative, one might even say the most vital of this series of handbooks, is Mr. Snowden's "Socialism and Syndicalism." For a book on this subject it is exceptionally free of rhetoric, and though it bears marks of hasty composition, it is written like a well-knit essay that one can read without a break from the first page to the last. To open with a long trenchant criticism of our existing social conditions was inevitable, but Mr. Snowden does more than this. He tells us how Socialism might eventually be won, and he manfully faces the difficulties on the road. That is the most valuable part of his book. It meets the demand of the ordinary business man.

Mr. Thistleton Marks's "Modern Views on Education" carries with it that quality which should be the special characteristic of every one of these controversial handbooks. It is stimulating. Most of us pick up with suspicion a book on education written by a professional educationalist, for many of us have felt with Mr. Bernard Shaw: "My education was interrupted by my schooling." Mr. Marks, however, is human. He has a sense of humour, and says many a fine thing finely. "Shakespeare," he truly observes, "was man first, poet second; hence he is supreme as poet." He has the courage to face Mr. Holmes's dictum: "Whatever else the current system of education may do for the child, there is one thing which it cannot fail to do to him—to blight his mental growth," and he tries to find devious ways to remove this blight from the brows of children. The author is alive to the value of the Montessori system, though he warns us it would fail in our overcrowded class-rooms with their fifty or sixty children policed in one class. "The exhilarating teacher," he says, with real insight, "is the one who really disciplines, for he sets free the life." Perhaps what is chiefly wrong with our schools is that our teachers have to build on a rickety base. "If the nation knew," says this experienced schoolmaster, "what head-teachers could tell them of children who come to school tired out and unfit to learn, a crusade of some sort would almost certainly be started."

From **Religious Art in France** (*Dent*).

From Lohengrin
(*Harrap*).

. . . AND SUDDENLY IN WRATH
THE KING HATH SEIZED THE DARK WITCH-WIFE."

It will be interesting to watch the circulation of a shilling handbook on a subject about which only the highly-educated know anything, especially as Mr. Edgar Schuster in his study of "Eugenics" constantly uses a terminology which is *caviare to the general*. His aim, however, is a high one; no less than to recommend a road "to increase happiness for the human race; or at any rate a means of preventing much unnecessary misery."

The volume on Trade Unionism, by Mr. W. V. Osborne, is an anachronism in this series. It is an attack upon the whole modern policy of trade-unionism, and most of us are wearied of flogging a horse which, though it might have passed a winning post, is too aged to run another race. The volume should have been entitled "Insane Trade Unionism," for the very existence of trade unionism is dependent upon political action. Without political action trade unionism would have been impossible, and our Factory Acts have become dead letters. Workmen having grasped what their employers were quick to learn, that their executive power lay in the House of Commons, show no disposition to-day to reverse their policy.

"In the Practical Side of Small Holdings" Mr. James Long, gives sensible advice, but the small-holder can learn nearly all this book contains in any elementary book on agriculture.

Mr. W. H. Dawson contributes to the series a very informative volume on "Industrial Germany."

F. E. GREEN.

IN MY STUDY.

By ANTHONY DEANE
5s. (Nisbet.)

Sundry papers contributed to "The Treasury" by Mr. Anthony Deane have been collected and published by him in book form. Emphatically it was worth doing. Even when his pen loses its inspiration, and his Pegasus becomes even such an ambling nag as Dr. Syntax bestrode, a very pleasant genial humour always pervades his sentences.

And there are times when the reader's pleasure becomes a keen and enthusiastic delight. For Mr. Deane knows his eighteenth century almost as well as Mr. Frankfort Moore knows it, and his reconstruction of Queen Anne's times is very happy. He pictures a sermon in St. Paul's, delivered before a full congregation, full in more than one sense, for the ladies' "skirts are blown up into the most enormous concave as Mr. Spectator has remarked."

To this vivid imagination Mr. Deane adds what is, after all, but its natural complement, a very shrewd and playful fancy. Lewis Carroll himself would not have disdained the authorship of the chapter on the Fairyland book-store,

where the books are, so to speak, turned topsy-turvy or inside-out, as in "Alice through the Looking-Glass," and "The Life of James Boswell, Esquire, by Dr. Samuel Johnson," rubs shoulders with "Mrs. Pepys' Diary" on one side, and on the other with "Plain Words about Socrates, by Mrs. Xantippe."

The author also discusses in more serious vein the value of our modern education. Does it repay the enormous labour spent upon it, the endless requirements concerning floor space, "hoppered" windows, the weighings, the measurements, and the working-out of "their health in printed tables to the decimal of a measle"? If we were asked, "What is the special value of these papers?" we should point to the literary criticisms, especially those that deal with Mr. Deane's much-beloved eighteenth century. He is very emphatic, and rightly so, on the "enormous skill" shown in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," on the art which conceals artifice. In giving you "the impression that he is merely an amiable and garrulous donkey, Boswell deliberately uses himself as a foil in order to display the character of Johnson." This is well put. Boswell is vindicated.

Mr. Deane perhaps builds with too much assurance on a doubtful foundation when he finds a close resemblance between Goldsmith's picture of the lonely room in which "the muse found Scroggen stretched beneath a rug," and "The Dwellings of the Poor" in Crabbe's "Borough." Such resemblance as there is comes naturally enough when practically the same miserable dwelling is described. It might be more to the point to emphasise the likeness between Scroggen's room and the inn in "Sweet Auburn." Another subject, well adapted to the author's humour, comes to his hand, when making an excursion into the by-paths of literature he finds the Duke of Buckingham, a well-known figure on the eighteenth-century stage, boldly attempting to rewrite "Julius Cæsar" in the polite and elegant diction then in vogue. No better example could be produced of the gulf that separates Shakespere from the classical school.

From Lohengrin
(*Harrap*).

"LIKE A MORNING CLOUD IN THE FIELDS OF AIR,
THOU CAM'ST IN SPLENDOUR. . . ."

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SWORD.

By MAUD DIVER. 6s. (Constable.)

In this vivid chronicle of the disastrous retreat from Kabul, Mrs. Diver has easily eclipsed her "Hero of Herat." Noble and stirring as was that account of Eldred Pottinger's earlier achievements, it pales beside this glowing record of his trials and struggles when caught in the Afghan toils in 1841. "India, fertile in heroes, has shown since the days of Clive no man of greater and earlier promise than Eldred Pottinger," wrote Sir Henry Lawrence. But even he has to share the interest of the reader with such officers as Broadfoot, Codrington and Haughton. The history

From **The Art of the Great Masters**
(*Sampson Low*).

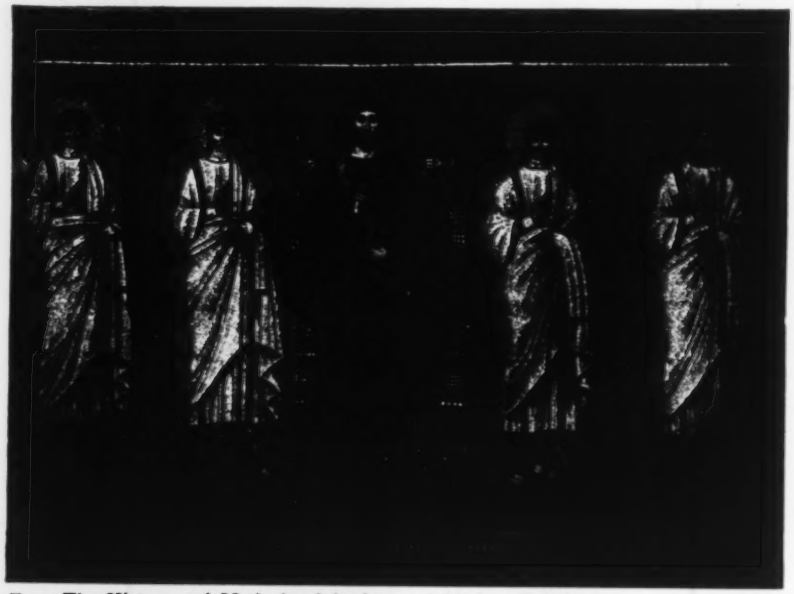
THE ADORATION.
(By Paolo Veronese).

rises to heights of epic grandeur, not once, but many times. Epic, too, in its colossal proportions was the folly of those in authority. Mrs. Diver amply proves that much as those on the spot were to blame for "eternal blatherings of doing and nothing done," equal blame rested on the shoulders of the Viceroy for sending to such a critical post such a decrepit and used-up soldier as Elphinstone. Equal blame, too, must be apportioned to the Government at home for its fatal parsimony in cutting down expenses, and not only that, but for its deliberate breach of faith. The miserable £3,000 deducted from the subventions granted to loyal Afghan chiefs might have been easily obtained by suppressing the useless Residency at Kabul, whose occupant chiefly concerned himself with his port, his maraschino and his salmon grills. Dramatic in the extreme is the contrast between the epicureanism of this lazy sensualist and the superhuman struggles of Pottinger and his friends.

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING.

By JAMES WARD. 7s.6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ward's volume covers much the same ground as Mr. A. P. Laurie's "Materials of the Painter's Craft," published three years ago. It is, however, decidedly more comprehensive. For instance, a good many pages are devoted to the art of mosaic, which Mr. Laurie did not touch; and the earlier chapters on the painting methods of the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, Assyrians, Persians, and Greeks, are particularly ample and recondite. Egyptian wall-painting was the most barbaric of the arts of which we have historical knowledge. It had but little structural value. "They had little regard," writes Mr. Ward, "for the principles of constructive decoration, as their figures and other designs usually covered walls, piers, columns, and pylons alike, some of the figures occupying three or four courses of masonry in upright measurement, regardless of the joints and seams of the building." They did not understand the art of decorative space-filling. In spite of technical excellence in the handling of distemper, a fund of invention, and a wealth of colour, they never outgrew a certain artistic childishness. The neighbouring Chaldeans and Persians went much further in this direction, though it was less by their painting than by their pottery and textiles that they became memorable. About Greek painting we knew, until comparatively recently, just as much as Pliny and other scribes and the Greco-Roman copies in the catacombs told us. But the discoveries of Schliemann, at Tiryns and Mycenæ, of fragments of painted plaster enriched our



From **The History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting**
(*Chapman & Hall*).

knowledge of Greek polychromy very considerably, and Sir Arthur Evans's excavations at Knossos lifted the veil still further. Mr. Ward tells us that fragments painted in Buon Fresco were unearthed by the latter. Buon Fresco in 1500 B.C.! It makes the famous treatise of Cennino Cennini, not to mention "Vasari on Technique" seem purveyors of stale information. This book should be welcomed not only by the students for whom it is principally intended, but by the average amateur, who, if he is mostly vague about modern painting processes, is usually quite ignorant of the older ones.

From **The Art of the Great Masters** (*Sampson Low*).

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. GEORGE. (By Paolo Veronese).

THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS WIFE.

By ARNOLD BENNETT. 2s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

For intellectual anæmia we always prescribe a course of Arnold Bennett, and, like good doctors, we take our own physic. Whenever we begin to feel too complacent and comfortable, we reach down one of Mr. Bennett's philosophical little manuals, and soon find the effect most bracing. In his latest book Mr. Bennett seeks to read a lesson to the average man in the art of living, and first he draws an almost uncannily true picture of the life he leads. "The plain man on a plain day wakes up, slowly or quickly according to his temperament, and greets the day in a mental posture which might be expressed in words: 'O Lord! Another day! What a grind!'" "All means and no end" is how Mr. Bennett characterises the average man's life. The men who are happy in the hours of business are few. The whole attitude of the average plain man to business implies that it is a nuisance, scarcely mitigated. His home does not bring him peace. The shadow of the next day is always upon him, and he cannot stay up late for fear of impairing his vigour for the morrow; and even when he gets to bed he carries with him ten million preoccupations.

Frontispiece to **The Compleat Angler** (*Foulis*).

IZAAK WALTON. (By Jacob Huysman).

Having diagnosed the disease, Mr. Bennett proceeds to tell the patient some plain truths. He tells the plain man to ask himself a fundamental question in some such form as the following: "I am now—this morning—engaged in something rather tiresome. What do I stand to gain by it this evening, to-morrow, this week, next week?" In order to return a satisfactory answer, Mr. Bennett insists on a thorough, honest self-examination. This knowledge of one's self, he observes, is about as difficult to acquire as a knowledge of Chinese. First, our plain man is to discover what interests him and what bores him. "Everybody has, or has had, a secret desire, a hidden leaning." For a most amusingly comprehensive *omnium gatherum* of interests which it is possible for a man to have, we suggest a careful reading of page 55, beginning with gardening and concluding with "even golf." When our plain man has discovered a long-forgotten enthusiasm he is to give it a chance of re-captivating him. "He must be ready to treat his hobby somewhat as though it were a woman desired—with splendid and uncalculating generosity," for a hobby demands real sacrifice.

Mr. Bennett entitles his last chapter "In Her Place," and perhaps the plain man's wife as conceived by Mr. Bennett will rather astonish the plain husband who reads the book, unless he is getting on in years; for Mrs. Omicron is a Victorian. Nevertheless, there is no harm in being told again very plainly that the true secret of domestic happiness is sympathy.

From Chantilly in History and Art (*Murray*).

THE CHATEAU, CHANTILLY.

CHANTILLY IN HISTORY AND ART.

By LOUISE M. RICHTER (MRS. J. P. RICHTER). With 103 Illustrations, mostly in Photogravure. 21s. net. (Murray.)

Most visitors to Paris regard Chantilly as the place where the races are held, and visit it — if they visit it at all—for one or both of two things—betting, and looking at smartly-dressed women. But, besides its race-course, Chantilly has a chateau, which is not only of unusual beauty, but is of unique historical interest, and also contains the Musée Condé, one of the finest art collections of its kind in France — or the world either, for that matter. It is, of course, with the castle that Mrs. Richter deals in the very handsome volume, which is divided into two parts, the first concerning itself with the history of Chantilly, and the second with the Musée Condé. To both her history and her art criticism, the author brings qualities of discrimination and judgment that are well above the ordinary, and the result is a book of exceptional interest. The illustrations — of which there are an unusually large number — are elaborately and beautifully printed.

From The Charm of Edinburgh (*Chatto & Windus*).

OLD EDINBURGH FROM WAVERLEY BRIDGE.

SAMPLERS AND TAPESTRY EMBROIDERIES.

By MARCUS B. HUISH, LL.B. With 24 Coloured Plates, and 77 other Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

We are more than pleased to welcome a new, and less expensive, edition of this elegant and interesting work. The charm of samplers is manifold, they make appeal to us on an antiquarian, a historical, an artistic, a human side. In the earlier examples so delicately reproduced in this volume we seldom find an alphabet, numerals, or verses displaying moral and religious thoughts. The times were decorative and ornate; the dress of men and women was generally elaborately embroidered, and the samplers were mainly in the form of a series of lines of exquisitely-and intricately-worked patterns. Later on came the letters in cross-stitch, formed by tiny fingers with a view to the marking of the family linen in later years. The work in all the samplers that have been tenderly, proudly cared for, and handed down to the present generation is beautifully executed, and when one considers the youth of the workers and the fineness of the canvas or linen the result is almost

pathetic. Some of the inscriptions, too, would be entirely pathetic if they were not pathetically humorous as, for instance :—

"And now my soul another year
Of this short life is past
I cannot long continue here
And this may be my last."

The grave embroiderer of these lines was aged seven.

We have but little space to speak of the tapestry embroidery discussed in this volume; but Mr. Huish's writing on the subject is full of first-hand knowledge, and this added to a delightful style of expression and magnificently reproduced examples make his book a veritable treasure.

From Edinburgh Revisited (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

EDINBURGH FROM CALTON HILL.

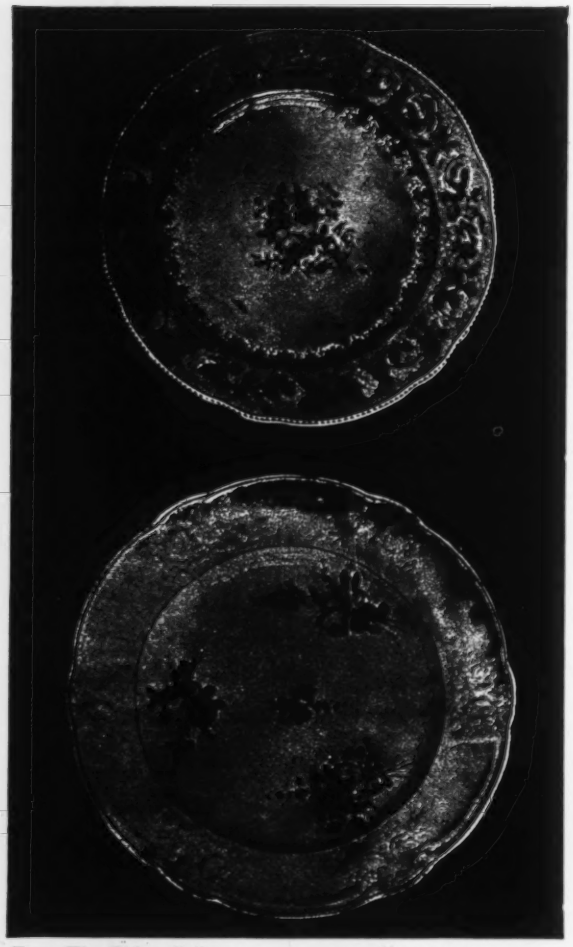
EDINBURGH REVISITED.

By JAMES BONE. With 8 Plates and 39 Illustrations in the Text by HANSLIP FLETCHER. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

One of the most charming books on Edinburgh published in recent years was "Edinburgh Revisited," in which Mr. James Bone gave voice to "the impressions and opinions formed during a visit to Edinburgh in 1910 after a long stay in the South," and the present attractive volume is a revised edition of that book, which, although it is cheaper—it was published originally in a very elaborate manner—contains an additional chapter and all the fine original illustrations of Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, who has not often done better work than here.

From Charles Conder: His Life and Works (*Lane*).

"FROM CONDER'S HOUSE."
(In the possession of Mrs. Richard Raphael.)



From The China Collector
(*Jenkins*)

NANTGARW.
(1) Plate. Elaborate border of painted roses on groundwork of gold. Painted with rose bouquet and insects. Size: Dia. 9½ ins. Mark "Nantgarw" faintly impressed. (2) Plate, with raised scrolls, painted with bouquets of roses. Size: Dia. 9¼ ins. No mark.

THE CHINA COLLECTOR.

By H. WILLIAM LEWER. With Illustrations. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.)

Among the many books, expensive and inexpensive, written by china collectors for china collectors and would-be china collectors, Mr. Lewer's volume will take its place as a practical help and a sensible encouragement. We probably all know the book which we take up with a light-hearted enthusiasm and lay down with a groan, balked by the amount of knowledge and money necessary to us before we can begin our quest as collectors. Mr. Lewer instead of balking us, encourages us; trained enthusiasm is, he says, the one thing needful—and he proceeds to train us. The china he writes of is old English porcelain, and he pays his readers the compliment of taking for granted the fact that they are serious in their search for help and anxious to learn the essentials of the study of Ceramics. After a general chapter on china collecting, the author gives detailed chapters on the factories of the period which produced the treasures named "Old English," a period which, after all, stretches only from about 1750 to 1820. There were nearly a score of these factories, and this volume includes some beautiful illustrations, specially helpful because they represent the more general rather than the more elaborate pieces of porcelain. In addition to these extremely good reproductions, there are about two dozen plates giving authentic marks and signatures.

From More about Collecting
(*Stanley Paul*).

"FIRING GLASS." MASONIC DRINKING GLASS.

ENGLISH DOMESTIC CLOCKS.

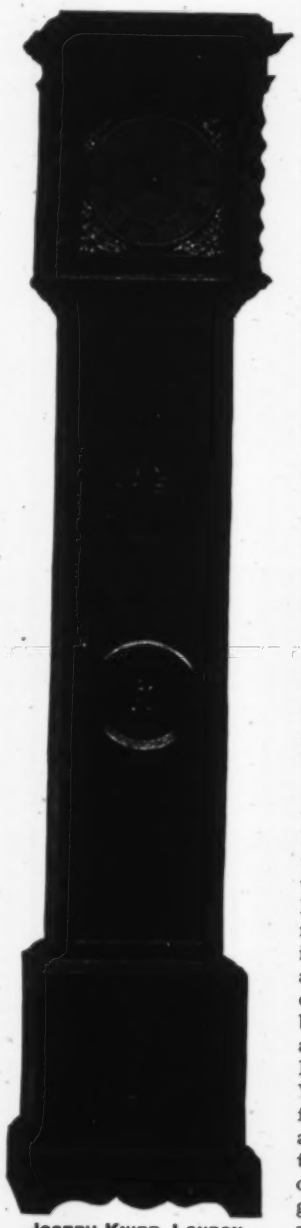
By HERBERT CESCINSKY and MALCOM R. WEBSTER. Illustrated from Drawings and Photographs by the Author. (Routledge.)

This handsome volume continues or supplements an earlier work on "English Furniture of the Eighteenth Century" by the same authors in which clocks were necessarily dealt with as only one of many details that belonged to the subject. They required a book to themselves, and Messrs. Cescinsky and Webster have here traced the clock fashions

From The China Collector
(*Jenkins*).

CHELSEA.
(1) Plate, painted in blue and white underglaze, in Chinese. Size: Dia. 8⅞ ins. Mark, blue anchor. (2) Plate, with raised scroll borders, painted with flowers. Size: Dia. 9¼ ins. Mark, red anchor.

that have come into vogue and sometimes gone and come again from 1665 to the present day, and have done so in an entirely interesting and instructive way. They write of the problem of the measurement of time; the law of the pendulum; the regulation and mechanism of clocks; and enter into details of design—a history of the old long-case clock from its rise to its decline, and the introduction of the Chippendale and Sheraton clock cases, and an equally ample record of bracket clocks, and of mural and cartel clocks. It is a very ably-written, well-informed book, that appeals to craftsman, dealer and collector alike, and will unquestionably take its place as the standard work on its subject.

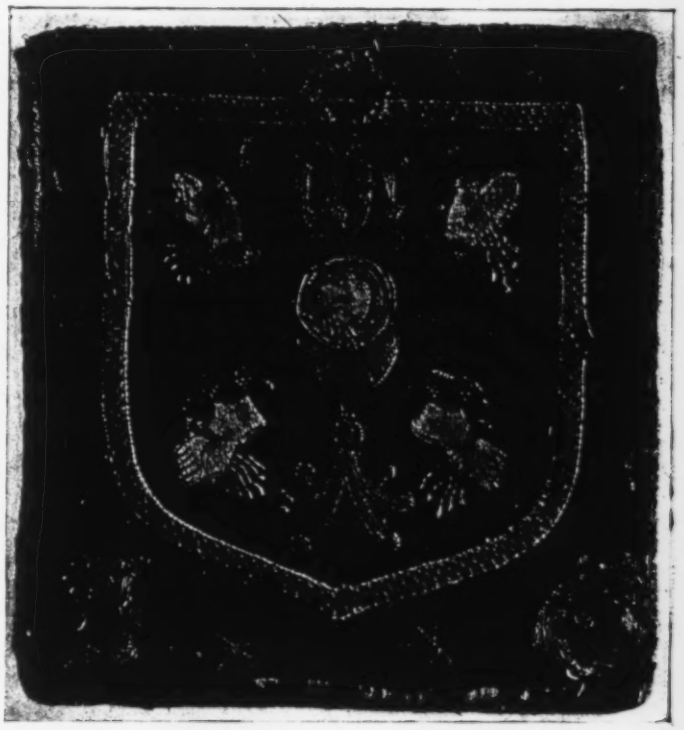


JOSEPH KNIBB, LONDON.
Month striking clock. Skeleton dial with minutes numbered. Case of oak veneered with laburnum banded with olive wood, and inlaid with marqueterie in oval and circular panels. In the possession of D. A. F. Wetherfield, Esq. 6 ft. 8 ins. high. 10-in. dial. Date about 1680.
From **English Domestic Clocks**
(*Routledge*).

THE WESTERN REBELLION OF 1549.

By FRANCES ROSE-TROUP With 6 Illustrations. 14s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

At the time of the Reformation the whole of England rose up in arms against the changes brought about by King Henry VIII.—a fact which, as the author points out, is not generally realised—and many prominent men lost their lives for their tenacity of the "old" faith. It is with these various rebellions, and particularly with that of the West, that Miss Rose-Troup deals. The author shows a deep knowledge of her subject, and, while her book will appeal more strongly to the student than to the general reader, it is one which fully deserves to be read, if only for its lucid style and the elaborately-detailed description of an episode of history which has not yet been exploited as it deserves.



Frontispiece to **The Western Rebellion of 1549**
(*Smith, Elder*).

THE BADGE OF THE FIVE WOUNDS.
Reproduced from the original in the possession of the Duchess of Norfolk. *Emery Walker.*

From **Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture**
(*Cambridge University Press*).

(Reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN.)

From Ancient Art and Ritual (Home University Library) (*Williams & Norgate*).

THE APOLLO BELVEDERE.

ANCIENT ART AND RITUAL.

By J. E. HARRISON. 1s. (Williams & Norgate.)

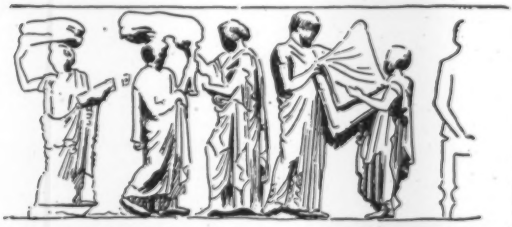
Assuredly this must be one of the most learned books of the "Home University Library." Not that the talented authoress sets out to frighten the general reader, but because the book teems with the results of the well-known learning of Miss Harrison. We may describe it as a plea for a restatement of the questions surrounding the meaning of art, and the restatement has to be made in terms of ritual. Ritual is a bridge between life and art, and this bridge all men have to cross. So, if there be difficulties in Greek art or ritual, it is well to turn to Egyptian; if Egyptian will not make itself clear, then we must turn to savages; for every form of civilisation throws light on others. A most interesting feature of this little volume is the way in which modern scenes are compared and contrasted with ancient, sometimes rather disconcertingly, and it is refreshing to find a plea for a thoroughly modern art which is to look at life not only steadily, but at first hand, and with an optimistic and exploring eye; and now the Futurists may count on the support of the archæologist. We must add a word of congratulation to Professor Gilbert Murray and his co-editors on the care and sound judgment shown no less in their choice of subjects for this admirable series than in the authors that deal with them.

From Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures (*Heinemann*).

VIE DE BOHÈME:

A Patch of Romantic Paris. By ORLO WILLIAMS. Illustrated. 15s. net. (Martin Secker.)

This book by Mr. Orlo Williams is quite a good one upon a very fascinating subject. From it the uninitiated, alike through the excellent pictures of a past age of Parisian life and of dead Parisian celebrities and by means of the author's sympathetic and intelligent text, will gain at least some idea of what Bohemianism was and is. It certainly



From Ancient Art and Ritual (*Williams & Norgate*).

FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

is not and was not a pose, but a more or less definite expression of a mentality and even spirit. Loving and knowing Paris as we do we have read the book with particular interest and pleasure. The introduction is, we confess, somewhat "weighty"; but when Mr. Williams gets to his subject, which is practically the Paris of the middle half of the last century, he shows that he has studied it, and mastered it, with a thoroughness which is often lacking in writers upon this period. Mr. Williams has, however, little patience with the modern Bohemian of Paris, who is a Bohemian, he appears to think, because he wishes to adopt a code of lax morals rather than because he possesses the artistic temperament which distinguished his forerunners of old. The true Bohemianism, Mr. Williams asserts and insists, came to an end with Louis Philippe. All may not agree with him as to the precise date, but few will dispute that the "spirit" has evaporated during the last two decades. For ourselves we think it began earlier than Mr. Williams appears prepared to admit, and ended later. Surely Rousseau (for example) was a Bohemian if ever one existed? And coming down past Louis Philippe and his age, what about Verlaine, Rimbaud,

Frontispiece to Atta Troll (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

From BLADES OF THE DAWN
By VIOLET RUSSELL
Illustrated by BEATRICE SILVERY
MAUNSEL & CO. LTD. LONDON & DUBLIN

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

and a half-score of others we could name? We are even prepared to think, coming down to quite recent times, that in Aristide Bruant, and some of the lesser known poet singers of Montmartre, we have a strain of the true Bohemian spirit. In a word, that it is not so much the people as their surroundings that have radically changed. It is difficult, indeed, to be a Bohemian with all the old and loved landmarks passing away, old buildings almost tumbling about one's ears, and modern improvements confronting one at every turn.

What constitutes the true Bohemian and the elusive "spirit" of Bohemia is scarcely settled by Mr. Williams' carefully written and interesting book. We do not think that it is a dislike of the ordinary conventions, nor are they necessarily Bohemians who frequent their friends' studios, stare at models, and interrupt serious work by quite unserious attempts at the unconventional.

It may be that poverty is the best diet upon which to raise both geniuses and Bohemians. Who can really tell? But we have known a Bohemian wear a frock-coat and silk hat, and a Philistine masquerade in peg-top corduroys, a collarless shirt, a soft felt hat and a butterfly bow tie. It is true that the deep love for art and artists, which distinguished the age of Louis Philippe, is no longer found; but this does not necessarily mean that Bohemianism is dead. We are not always sure of Mr. Williams' judgment, though we can speak highly of his book. For example, it is not easy to understand his very curt, and even slighting references to Petrus Borel's work. He seems also strangely afraid that Murger should be still *caviare* to the general reader, and gay little Mimi Pinson too improper for anything but a guarded mention. Nevertheless the book is really a notable addition to the increasingly large library on the subject, and the pictures by Garvarni, Eugène Lami, and Méryon add to its interest and value.

From Alastair (*Lane*). LA PRINCESSE TSCH——.

From **Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám** (*Methuen*).

QUATRAIN LXXIV. "AH, MOON OF MY DELIGHT WHO KNOW'ST NO WANE. . . ."

BOHEMIAN DAYS IN FLEET STREET.

By A JOURNALIST. 10s. 6d. (John Long.)

That there are no days like the old days—that there is something mean, cheap, and flat about to-day—is a cry familiarised for humanity down the ages. The "Journalist" who is the anonymous author of "Bohemian Days in Fleet Street" is evidently so convinced of this that, after reading Philip Gibbs' "Street of Adventure," he sat down and turned out this entertaining collection of reminiscences just to show what a vastly superior place Fleet Street was in his time to the somewhat sober, nerve-wrecking district it has been portrayed to-day. Perhaps the concentration of the newspaper world into a few powerful hands has done something to eliminate the striking characters who haunted the street from 1870 to 1890—the period of which the author writes. The book is unquestionably the best collection of gossip about newspaper men that has appeared for many a day. The author's first real journalistic position was obtained by an introduction to Harrison Ainsworth, whom he paints as a cheerful, benevolent old gentleman with a very clear eye for the "main chance." He had acquired a magazine some time before, and, finding that its circulation did not come up to his expectations, he had resold it to a relative—a cousin of his own. It was on this short-lived paper, of which the author writes most amusingly, that he had his early training. It is impossible to give even an idea of the book, but his stories deal with everybody worth knowing, from Carlisle to Pigott the forger, from William Morris to "Jimmy" Davis. Regarding "Jimmy" Davis—who first made his name as a solicitor, then established a reputation by his papers, *The Bats* and *The Phœnix*, as one of the bitterest writers of our time, and finally ended his days as the author of a whole series of amazingly successful musical comedies—the author makes a curious mistake. He declares that Davis, after libelling Lord Durham, fled the country to avoid the results of the action brought against him. As a matter of fact, "Jimmy" went to prison gaily, and came out none the worse for his experience.

One of his best stories is about Father Healy, of Bray, who, dining one night at a house in London, found himself at the table with an Anglican bishop, whose air of easy condescension was almost more than the witty Irishman could stand. He bided his time, and at last the bishop gave him his opportunity. "I have lived sixty years in this wicked world," he exclaimed, "and I have never yet been able to see the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant." "Faith, me lord," answered Healy, "you won't be sixty seconds in the next before you'll know all about it."

He gives us a most illuminating glimpse of George Borrow, who, he says, firmly believed that he had personally experienced all the wildest transactions described in his "Bible in Spain." In a country inn Borrow pointed to a man sitting by himself in a corner, and said in a stage whisper,

Reduced from **The Coloured Plate presented with Pears' Annual, 1913.**

"THE OLD FARM."
From the Painting by J. F. Herring, in the possession of Messrs. Pears.

"That man is a murderer. Finish your swipes. I'll tell you all about him when we get out." Borrow was as good as his word, and detailed graphically the horrible crime the man had committed and the means by which he had managed to escape justice. The author, out of curiosity, visited the inn the next day, to learn that the man in question was a simple, God-fearing, hard-working carter, against whose good reputation never a word had been uttered until George Borrow selected him as a peg on which to hang one of his lurid fancies. The author knows his subject thoroughly, and this is distinctly a book that everybody will enjoy reading, whether they are connected with the street of adventure or not.

A LEISURELY TOUR IN ENGLAND.

By James John Hissey. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

The word "leisurely" suggests anything but a motor- car; and it is evident that, though Mr. Hissey travelled at ease, he has none of the characteristics which have made motorists the "Enemies of the People." On the contrary, he reveals the very genius of the true wanderer; careless of his destination, ready at every step to linger or turn aside by the way, indifferent alike to speed or the guide-book: "My only care was, as far as possible, to find fresh roads to explore and taverns new wherein to take my ease." He avoided big towns, popular beauty-spots, and busy thoroughfares; thereby securing the real charm of travel, the unexpected adventure. Seldom determining at dawn where that night should be spent, or by what paths he should ride during the day, he "trusted wholely to the fortune of the road, letting, so to say, the good things come to him; he did not go in search of them."

Mr. Hissey quotes, with approval, the old saying that "The lane is a work of genius, the highway that of the engineer"; and, being the master and not the slave of his car, he fearlessly explored so-called "bad roads," in pursuit of a whim, at the dictation of a sign-post, on the hint of a confiding wayfarer. It is, indeed, the traveller without responsibility who finds the treasure trove; and such methods enable our author to hunt out many an old manor-house of rare beauty and priceless historical associations. He has an eye for the quaint outline, the true charm of old-worldliness, the haunt of legend. He loves old inns and hidden churches; he has the instinct for extracting curious information. It would be hard to say whether he and his readers will value most what he has *seen* or *heard*.

From The Book of Psalms (*Hutchinson*).

"Let them be as chaff before the wind: and let the Angel of the Lord chase them."
Psalm xxxv., v. 5.

From A Sea Anthology (*Gay & Hancock*).

"From the deep abyss
Rolls the black wind-vex'd sand;
And every jutting peak that drives it back
Re-echoes with the roar."

Perhaps the most interesting items of Mr. Hissey's personally-acquired church-lore, are the "small doorway on the north side of churches to let the Devil out when a child was baptised," kept open for the purpose; the old painter's bill, "*To mending the commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer*—£1 10s."; the epitaph, "a virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband"; and the tower believed to been have built "by the life-savings of two servants, a butler and a dairy-maid."

A reward of twenty pounds for "*dragging the King out of bed on Easter Monday*" opens a fascinating vista of possibilities for the place-hunter; the observation that "ants are throwing up their tiny heaps on the bowling-green" is an unfamiliar sign of good weather; and there is much pagan philosophy in the "rule of life" attributed to miners:

> "Hear all, see all, say nought,
> Eat well, drink well, and care nought;
> If thou dost ought for nought
> Do it for thyself."

Such are but a few out of many delightful, and unexpected, discoveries of the countryside. Mr. Hissey has further given us many pages of attractive description—of scenery, architecture, and people. He is equally persuasive and interesting as an observer or raconteur. He never wearies by ornate language or idle superlatives. His tour should entice many from the beaten track—in their turn to echo his praises of quiet pathways, English landscapes, ancient buildings, and roadside inns—like that immortalised by Ashton-Sterry:

> "'Tis a finely-toned, picturesque, sunshiny place,
> Recalling a dozen old stories,
> With a rare, British, good-natur'd, ruddy-hued face,
> Suggesting old wine and old Tories.
> Ah! many's the magnum of rare crusted port,
> Of vintage no one could cry fie on,
> Has been drunk by good men of the old-fashioned sort
> At the Lion."

From The Crescent Moon. THE HOME.
(From a drawing by Nandalall Bose.)
(By Rabindranath Tagore, just published by Messrs. Macmillan).

From The Wagner Stories (*Grant Richards*). KUNDRY AT THE FEET OF PARSIFAL.
(From a drawing by G. C. Wilmshurst.)

THE TRADE OF THE WORLD.

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY. 9s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Boldly planned and brilliantly executed, this American survey of the principal commercial forces in modern civilisation deserves wide and deep attention in our country. For it gives us an outside view of some of the chief problems in our own industrial expansion. We are treated, along with Germany, France, other European nations, and Japan, as competitors in trade and finance against the United States. "Britain has bled herself too freely, and her heart now shows some signs of weakness," says our American critic. "But . . . it is to the British nation, to its world-wide and broadcast sowing of right-thinking men and women that the world owes its progress in the last two centuries." In his opinion, it is with Germany that the advantage now lies in the struggle for the trade of the world. The United States is only preparing for the silent, bloodless fight for industrial dominion. Russia looms in the background, one of the grand factors in the future economic battle. France has already been hopelessly beaten by Germany, and England, though strong in finance, is going the way of France in the struggle for foreign markets. Canada, our American authority is confident, will become an economic province of the United States, and the British Empire will probably fall to pieces. The industrial power of Japan does not trouble Mr. Whelpley as it does many of his countrymen; he says that the Japanese worker is so slow and inefficient that he can never compete with the men of the white races.

Ernest Thompson Seton

Photo by Pach Bros., New York.

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ALL MEN ARE GHOSTS.

By L. P. Jacks. 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

We all remember Grant Allen's history of the Reverend John Creedy as one of the world's remarkable short stories. Can the Ethiopian change his skin? This was the text upon which Grant Allen wrote a commentary informed by all his knowledge of sociology and philosophy; and then artfully disguising his tract in the form of a magazine short story he wilfully deceived many guileless persons into reading it for the sake of pure amusement, and they never suspected it had any other design. The clever book before us now is suitably prefaced by a quotation from Vaughan, "Some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes, and into glory peep." But Mr. Jacks, following upon the lines of Grant Allen, has not quite the same gift of deception; for the most casual reader will see there is more in these pages than meets the eye, and that the author intends you shall pause to think what the "something" is he wishes to imply and not to say. "Is the world one or many?—fated or free?—material or spiritual?"—"On such trifling notions Mr. Jacks writes you a short story, and this book is a collection of these stories. They often contain a good deal of ironic suggestion. In the story about Farmer Jeremy and his Ways, for instance, where you are led into a discussion of Primitive Religion, you will meet with irony of a sufficiently appalling nature. But we must not be understood, in saying this, to refer to Farmer Jeremy's contention that "the land *likes* to be high-rented," though we imagine many a simple Pantheist sitting down to enjoy Mr. Jack's stories may object to such a conclusion, and consider that that is carrying the thing a little too far, perhaps.

From Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

QUATRAIN LXXIV: "AH, MOON OF MY DELIGHT WHO KNOW'ST NO WANE. . . ."

From Joseph and his Brethren (*Lane*).

JOSEPH. (From a drawing by Dorothy Farker.)

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM.

By Hereward Carrington. With 22 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Laurie.)

Mr. Hereward Carrington is a convinced believer in spiritualism and a well-known authority upon the subject. This attractive collection of some of the most striking experiences which have befallen him is therefore assured of its audience, and we have no doubt whatever that they will be deeply interested in the remarkable collection presented between the covers of this book. As we have said, Mr. Carrington's attitude towards his subject is one of belief and sympathy, but it must not be imagined that he is not a skilled detector of fraud. He is—one of his principal duties, in fact, as a psychical researcher, has been to expose fraudulent mediums. There are some cases, however, which he believes admit of no material explanation, and the most important of these is that of the famous Eusapia Palladino. The second half of this book is devoted to that medium's American séances, while the first half is mostly a record of the frauds practised by other mediums. The volume is fully illustrated and is one that is well worth reading.

THE WATER SELLER.
From the paper jacket of All Men are Ghosts (*Williams & Norgate*).

Frontispiece to **The Jackdaw of Rheims** (*Gay & Hancock*). "IN SOOTH A GOODLY COMPANY."

ACROSS UNKNOWN SOUTH AMERICA.

By A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR. With 2 Maps, 8 Coloured Plates, and 200 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

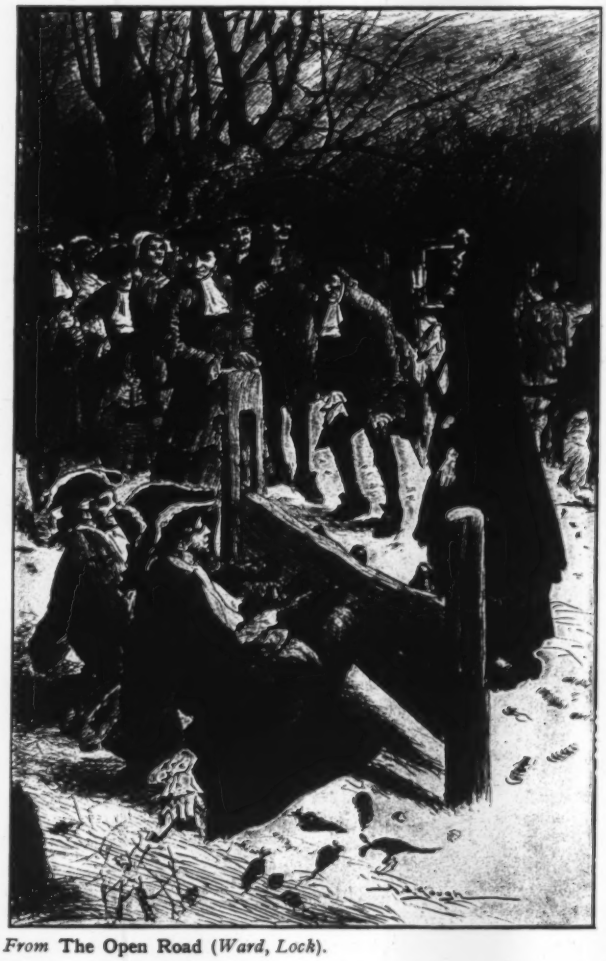
In these two magnificent volumes Mr. Savage-Landor has given us a full, vivid, and startling account of his recent wanderings in the wildest parts of Brazil, and across South America to the Peruvian Andes. His narrative is one of extraordinary difficulties successfully encountered. The vile cowardice and cupidity of his followers (the very dregs of Brazilian prisons, for the most part), the attacks of fever, the evils of starvation and fatigue, and all the mysterious dangers of the forest, made his undertaking one of almost superhuman effort. The value Brazilians put upon it may be gauged by the fact that the Congress voted him £4,000 in recognition of his great services.

The story of his adventures can be divided into four parts. The first deals with his arrival in Brazil (January 9th, 1911), of the arrangements for his exploration, and of his plunge into the wilderness with a handful of ruffians and an elaborate convoy of stores and scientific apparatus. In a purely human sense this is the most fascinating part of all. Mr. Savage-Landor's description of the primitive Brazilians of the far-inland settlements is highly instructive. With one accord they seem to be idiotic, conceited, ignorant ruffians, whose chief pleasure in life appears to be assassination, and who are not merely unattractive but utterly lacking in any kind of virtue or good quality whatsoever. No wonder they almost drove him into frenzies of irritation. But he had resolved never to lose his temper (oh, wisest of men), and he never did. In this part of his travels his hardships were often acute, but never desperate. Had it not been for the folly of his companions, who wasted their stores of food and ammunition without a thought, they would have had a comparatively easy time of it. But as it was, their stores began to give out and they had to turn aside to Diamantino to replenish their supplies. Had they held on straight for Manaos, as he had planned, they would all have perished in the bush.

The whole of the opening volume is concerned with this first part of the undertaking. In it we are introduced into the most savage, untrodden part of Central Brazil. It must be owned that pictorially we get a shock of disillusionment. Instead of being a land of vast, teeming forests, of innumerable birds and butterflies, of hordes of Indians, it is a flattish and nearly deserted land of pampas and swelling plains. Mr. Savage-Landor was chiefly impressed by its immense possibilities for the grazing of countless herds. It is such land that, in his opinion, will help to make Brazil the greatest country of the future.

But in the second part of the story, the journey in canoe down the River Arinos, we are introduced into country more closely resembling the tropical Brazil of travellers' tales. This episode opened auspiciously (the volatile Brazilians being delighted to exchange the saddle for the paddle), but it ended with a disastrous series of accidents. They again began to run frightfully short of food, the men developed an ominous state of incipient mutiny, and more than once the rapids nearly ended the lives of all. But Mr. Savage-Landor, with his cat-like energy, with his resource and courage, brought the cruise to what one may call "a successful termination." At any rate, if he lost almost everything else he saved his life, his photographs, and the lives of his followers. It is a fine chapter in the history of dogged perseverance.

Part three, his two journeys through the dark horrors of the forest with two followers (the rest temporarily left behind), where they were actually sixteen days without food, is by far the most terrible section of the book. The



From **The Open Road** (*Ward, Lock*).

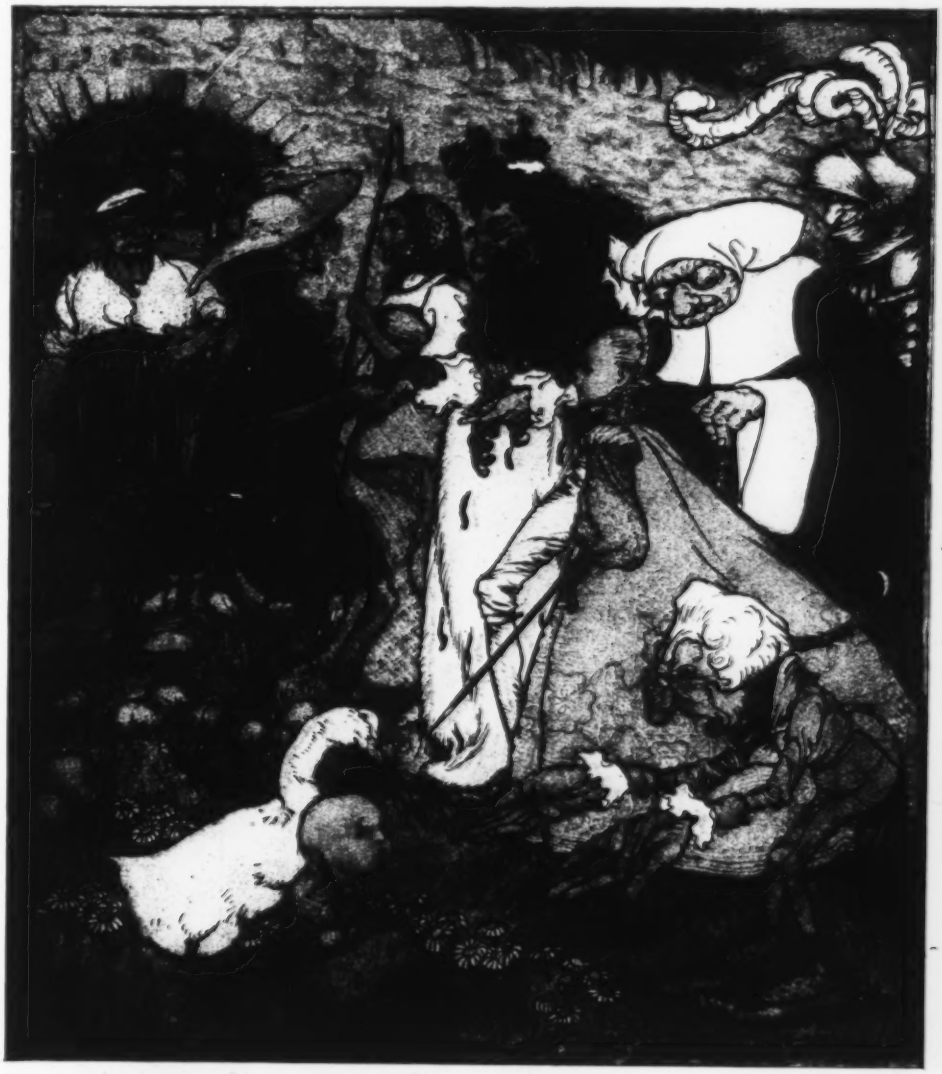
story of how, starving, covered with bites and sores, with sinking strength, and without hope, they struggled on to the river's brink and built a raft, and had the amazing good fortune to meet in mid-stream some friendly canoes full of rubber collectors, resembles the incredible adventures of a Ballantyne or a Captain Marryat. This is the crown of the whole book, a feat of daring and endurance that can seldom have been equalled in the astonishing annals of adventure, But Mr. Savage-Landor makes so light of it all in the simplicity of his realism that one has to rub one's eyes and read it all over again. It is like a dreadful glimpse into the sombre heart of the wilderness.

At the close of this adventure Mr. Savage-Landor suffered so severely from fever and prostration that it was not thought possible he could live. But he not only recovered but resolved to pursue to the bitter end the plan he had set himself — which was to cross over the Andes and reach the Pacific Coast. And this he accomplished without any great hazard or discomfort. After his other adventures Mr. Savage-Landor may have thought so lightly of this deed that he did not think it worth while dwelling on too fully ; but, however that may be, this section is one which we would gladly have seen expanded. For in itself, it is a feat which requires an uncommon amount of determination and grit. The author of this article has penetrated the Peruvian Andes to some small extent, but he has never descended eastwards below 12,000 feet, and he has heard quite sufficient of that journey to make him shudder.

Enough has been said to prove that Mr. Savage-Landor has produced a singular and striking book. It is written in a very decided manner, but in its egotism it is not bombastic. It is the narrative of a wonderfully assured man, of a man who knows his own mind, who is ignorant of fear, and who has been touched to the very core of his being by the romance of adventure. The style is direct and vigorous, though it is wanting in just those finer shades which makes the travel-book a classic. Mr. Savage-Landor will never write an "Arabia Deserta," or "A Naturalist on the Amazons." He has not the magic touch which can transform the grandeur of the forest into the printed page. But his descriptions are not lacking in sturdiness or observation. And, indeed, how could he fail to enliven the blood when he has unknown South America for his subject? Imagine these ghost-like forests, as silent as the grave, and where the trees are so eaten into by termites and so full of water, that they often fall down if you lean against them? No wonder that savages have a horror of woods!

The photographs that accompany Mr. Savage-Landor's text are very numerous, but somewhat disappointing. They add to our interest without exciting it unduly. Of more value are the two maps. For they help materially to show us the course of Mr. Savage-Landor's year-long wanderings ; which, in the very nature of a book like this, are apt to be far from clear in the reader's mind. Even more than pictures are maps an incentive to imaginative grasp of such a subject.

RICHARD CURLE.



From **Arthur Rackham's Book of Pictures** (*Heinemann.*) ONCE UPON A TIME.

THE WORLD'S ROMANCES:

Dante and Beatrice and Kilhugh and Oliven. 1s, net each. (Nelson.)

If cheapness be a matter of comparison, then many of the cheapest editions of the classics, and other literature which flood the market to day, must be reckoned expensive when set against these two volumes of this remarkable new series of "The World's Romances." Messrs. Nelson have always been the pioneers of the cheap book, but if this latest series of theirs fulfils the promise of these earliest volumes, they will, surely, justifiably claim to have broken all records in regard to value. Bound in a large square shape in a strong, handsome binding, with

From French Colour Prints of the Eighteenth Century (*Heinemann*).

decorative endpapers, the books are printed on white, opaque paper, in large, clear type, while each of them contains seven coloured illustrations which, so far as their artistic merits are concerned, would have graced, a few years ago, a volume published at ten or fifteen times the money. With regard to the letterpress, it need only be said that Mr. W. E. Sparkes and Mr. E. M. Wilmot-Buxton have re-told these old-world, imperishable romances in an easy, attractive, and graceful style, which will be a delight, even to the most initiated, and should prove a veritable boon to those who are less familiar with the stories and dislike rummaging for themselves among the old chronicles. In a word, there can be no two opinions as to the extraordinary cheapness of the series; the only criticism one can offer is that it is too cheap. Even the reading public can be spoiled.

OLD PASTE.

By A. Beresford Ryley. With 28 Plates. 42s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Ryley is certainly speaking for most of us when he says that "to the ordinary person paste is a colourless compound entirely confined to the imitation of diamonds," and he goes on to tell you how thousands of years before diamonds were used in the jewellers' art, paste had been employed to reproduce all the precious stones that were known to the ancients. He can throw no light on the origin of paste; its origin seems to be hopelessly lost in the mists of antiquity, but he tells you what it is and what has been and is being done with it to-day when he says that probably more paste is worn by Society than at any other period, and it is a history that the general reader will find curiously interesting, and the collector and connoisseur of the greatest use and value. The admirably reproduced plates sufficiently confirm the author in his assertion that paste fulfils all the conditions of beauty that are demanded of the diamond. Printed on large pages and sumptuously bound, the book has an elegant appearance in harmony with its subject.

THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

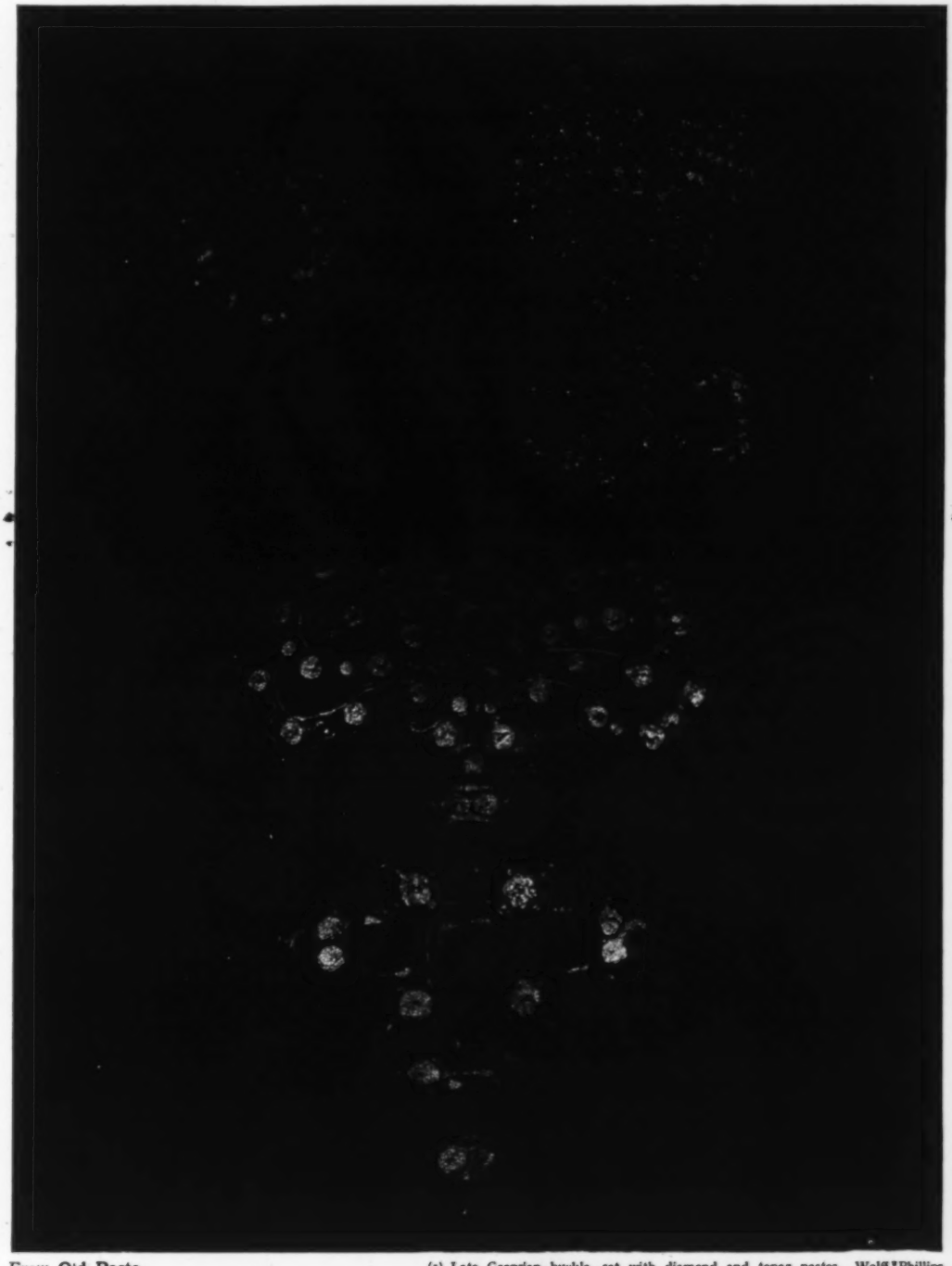
By the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé. Translated by Colonel H. A. Sawyer. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Before saying anything about the contents of the brilliant and charming volume here presented to English readers, we should like to call attention to certain points in the translation. Colonel Sawyer cites the antipathy of De Vogüé to translations as an excuse for what he calls the "closeness" of his present version. But mere closeness will not strike any reader as a defect. For our own part we do not object in the least to translations that stick closely to French, as long as they stick closely, as well, to good English. The present volume does not fulfil the latter condition. We do not want to lay ungenerous stress upon defects, for the way of translators is hard, and sometimes

From Dante and Beatrice (*Nelson*). "Among them was one who had that day been wedded."

the English reader is indebted for good foreign works in his own tongue almost solely to their ill-requited labours. Still, we do think that the English translator of a work that is almost a French classic, ought not to give "The Tulliver Family" as the title of a work by George Eliot; that he should not write such a sentence as, "His two comedies, 'The Brigadiers' and 'The Miner' can be read without being bored"; and that he should not leave us such conundrums as this: "Their own lazy and dreamy character, delay at very step to occupy themselves with unnecessary detail, which obscures the whole," where even the obvious correction of "very" to "every" fails to make either good sense or good English. We are puzzled, too, by his conscientious retention of the bibliography of French translations when he makes no reference whatever to the now quite numerous English versions of the Russian classics.

The book itself, however, is extremely delightful. It dates back to the 'eighties, but it is easily superior in knowedge, in critical insight and interpretation as well as in its own literary charm, to any other book we have seen on the Russian writers. De Vogüé enjoyed the great advantage of being not merely a man of letters. He spent three years in the East as attaché to the French Embassy at Constantinople, and later on became secretary to the Embassy at St. Petersburg, and married a Russian lady. He knew not only the language and the literature of Russia, but the people who wrote and the people who were written about. The mere man of letters, as Bagehot reminds us, lives too much in a vacuum, and, knowing nothing but books, does not know even them very well. The mere man of letters tells us quite seriously that Tolstoy, at a certain moment in his life became converted, and was therefore, for ever afterwards, a totally different Tolstoy, especially in one respect, namely, that he ceased to be an artist. As if art were something that could be put on and off as a garment! Of art no one knows less than the artist himself; but we may be pretty sure of this, that an artist would cease to be an artist not so much by trying consciously to put off art as by trying consciously to put it on. We have strongly combated that elementary view of Tolstoy already in these columns, and it is with great satisfaction that we find De Vogüé (whom we guiltily confess to not having read until this moment) also insisting that the more Tolstoy was converted, the more he remained the same Tolstoy, and that his theological works are merely the inevitable



From Old Paste (*Methuen*).

(1) Late Georgian buckle, set with diamond and topaz pastes. Wolff Phillips Collection. (2) Early nineteenth-century English aigrette, set with diamond pastes. Wolff Phillips Collection. (3) An Italian peasant pendant cross and knot, set with emerald and diamond pastes. Exhibited in the Castellani Collection at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Victoria and Albert Museum.

development of his early fictions. The critic who fails to see the essential unity of Tolstoy's work from the first autobiographical sketches down to his last encyclicals has no apparent call to be writing about him or anyone else. De Vogüé's book was written before Tolstoy's final novel had appeared, or he would have found additional argument for his views in the pages of "Resurrection." We have also insisted here that the mechanical differentiation of Tolstoy "the prophet" from Turgenev "the artist" and Dostoievsky "the realist" obscures, by its ridiculous cross classification, the fact that Tolstoy, merely as artist, writer, and technician, is the greatest of them all. Here, too, De Vogüé is with us, and, writing nearly thirty years ago, when such opinions must have seemed most hazardous, he proclaims Tolstoy the greatest master of the century, confesses of certain epic passages in "War and Peace" that he knows nothing finer in any literature, and affirms his agreement with Flaubert who, after reading something of Tolstoy's, stamped his foot and thundered out, "Why, this is Shakespeare. It is Shakespeare."

From Hans Holbein the Younger (*Allen*).

MAGDALENA OFFENBURG AS LAIS, 1528. Basel Gallery.

De Vogüé's intimacy with his subject comes out in many interesting passages. He gives a fine portrait of Turgenev from his own personal impressions, but this, fine as it is, is surpassed by his account of Dostoievsky as he knew him, and the description of the wonderful scenes at that unhappy man's funeral, of which De Vogüé was an eye-witness. This is far too long to quote and far too good to be spoiled by selection. We prefer to give the last corner of our space to a passage from the beautiful introductory account of the Russian spirit and character, and the expression of that spirit in the folk-tales. We suggest by the way, that a volume on the folk-legends of Russia would be an exquisite book in the hands of an inspired translator. Here is a glimpse of the poor Russian's way of thought:

"Will the fiction writers, whom we are about to study, be able to find strains of greater tenderness or of greater bitterness than those in the rendering of that ancient tale 'The Ascension?' Jesus is about to be lifted up, and takes leave of His distressed followers: 'Father, who will feed us? Who will protect us in our misery?' Christ consoles them: 'Cry not, My little ones. I will give you a mountain of gold, a river of honey. I will leave you vineyards, gardens with fruit, and manna from heaven.' But John the Apostle, interrupting, says: 'Give them not mountains of gold, for princes and landlords will seize and divide them. Thy poor brethren will not be allowed to come nigh them. If thou would'st have these poor [wretches fed, clothed and sheltered, leave them Thy Holy Name, that they may glorify it in the world.'"

We commend the volume to our readers. Its preliminary survey of the field is excellent. It gives a clear and well-proportioned account of the classical imitators. It deals brilliantly and fully with Pushkin and Gogol; and, as we have seen, it is peculiarly intimate in its account of the later writers. There is not, and there hardly can be, a more inspired interpretation of a wonderful literature.

G. S.

POLITICAL AND LITERARY ESSAYS (1908 1913).

By The EARL OF CROMER 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Lord Cromer's political essays have all the interest that attaches to the work of a retired proconsul. It is an interest which must always be greater than that excited by the cleverest of doctrinaires. The gentlemen who sit in chairs in Middlesex, as Stevenson pungently called them, cannot hope to possess the inside touch which belongs to one who for years has been a man of affairs. Many readers will therefore be glad

From First Steps in Collecting (*Laurie*).

THE OXBURGH BED.

to have these contributions to journalism collected in book-form. They are the sort of writing which the intelligent citizen can use to form a judgment upon debateable questions in Imperial politics. This is particularly true of the opening essay upon "The Government of Subject Races." It would have been a pity if this remarkable estimate had been left buried in the files of *The Edinburgh Review*, when the problem is one whose principles require attention every year in one part or another of our Empire. Twice over Lord Cromer insists upon the need of Christian ethics in this connection. He sums up the discussion in these weighty words:

"The whole or nearly the whole of the essential points of a sound Imperial policy admit of being embodied in this one statement, that, whilst steadily avoiding any movement in the direction of official proselytism, our relations with the various races who are subjects of the King of England should be founded on the granite rock of Christian morality."

From **The Russian Novel** (*Chapman & Hall*).

DOSTOIEVSKY.

In another essay, he reiterates his conviction that Free Trade tends to mitigate international animosities, while, on the other hand, Protection is distinctly connected with huge armaments.

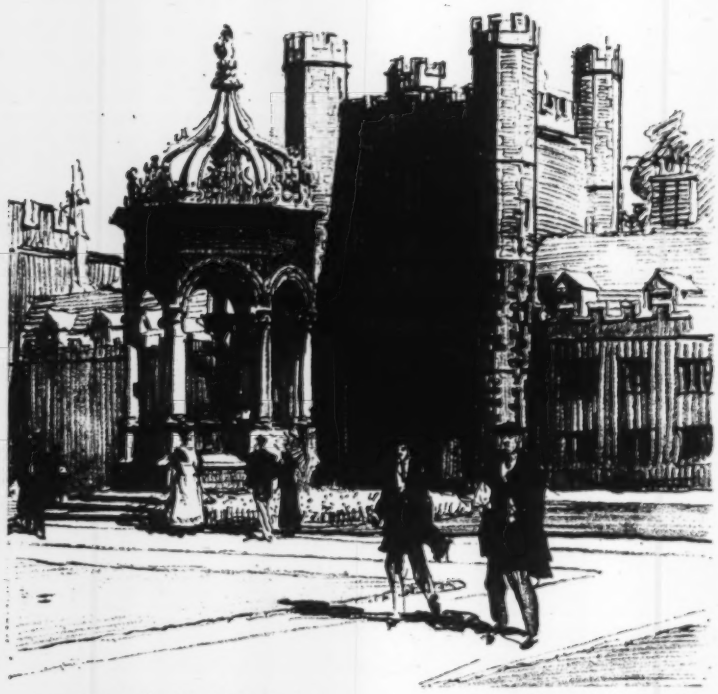
But Lord Cromer has wider interests than those of politics. Some of the smaller essays and studies in this volume, upon literary subjects, are of singular charm. The paper on "Translation and Paraphrase" illustrates and modifies Dryden's rule by contending that, except in rare cases, a resort to paraphrase is necessary in translating verse, whereas "in prose, more frequently than in verse, it is the beauty of the idea expressed which attracts rather than the language in which it is clothed." In another paper he notes the extraordinary importance of the novel in Russia, but he does not explain the causes of this phenomenon. Why has the novel, during the last half-century, been so effective in Russia? Why, for example, is the German novel so inferior? We would have liked the author's judgment on this. On the question of what future lies before the classics in modern education, Lord Cromer has one thing to say, and it sensible. The result largely depends, as he points out, upon the ability of scholars to stir a vital interest in classical literature among the minds of the younger generation:

The "real hope for the humanities in the future lies in the teaching of such men as Butcher, Verrall, Gilbert Murray, Dill, Bevan, Livingstone, and, it may fortunately be said, many others, who can make the literature of the ancient world and the personalities of its inhabitants live in the eyes of the present generation."

He might justly have added the name of Dr. Rouse to his list of those honourably mentioned.

From **The Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire** (*Batsford*).

THE HALL. KILDWICK HALL, NEAR KEIGHLEY.



From **The Artist's Sketch Book Series: Cambridge** (*Black*).

TRINITY COLLEGE, FOUNTAIN COURT.

One essay stands apart. It is a critical estimate of Sir Alfred Lyall. Was Lyall "a man of action with literary tastes"? This is his biographer's verdict, and Sir Mortimer Durand knew him at close quarters. So did Lord Cromer, however, and he seems rather to suggest that Lyall, as an administrator, carried caution to the verge of excess, instead of acting in a crisis and taking the risks of a mistake. But the most curious revelation in the essay is the incidental account of how a note from Sir Henry Maine to Lord Hartington, who was then Secretary of State for India, went astray. Sir Henry, as Legal Member of the Indian Council, had written privately to warn the Secretary about certain provisions in the Ilbert Bill of 1882. "Lord Hartington put the letter in his great-coat pocket, went to Newmarket, and forgot all about it, with the result that Sir Henry Maine's warning never reached Lord Ripon." What is the proper adjective for this? "Characteristic"? Or something worse?

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.

THE BOOK OF MARTHA.

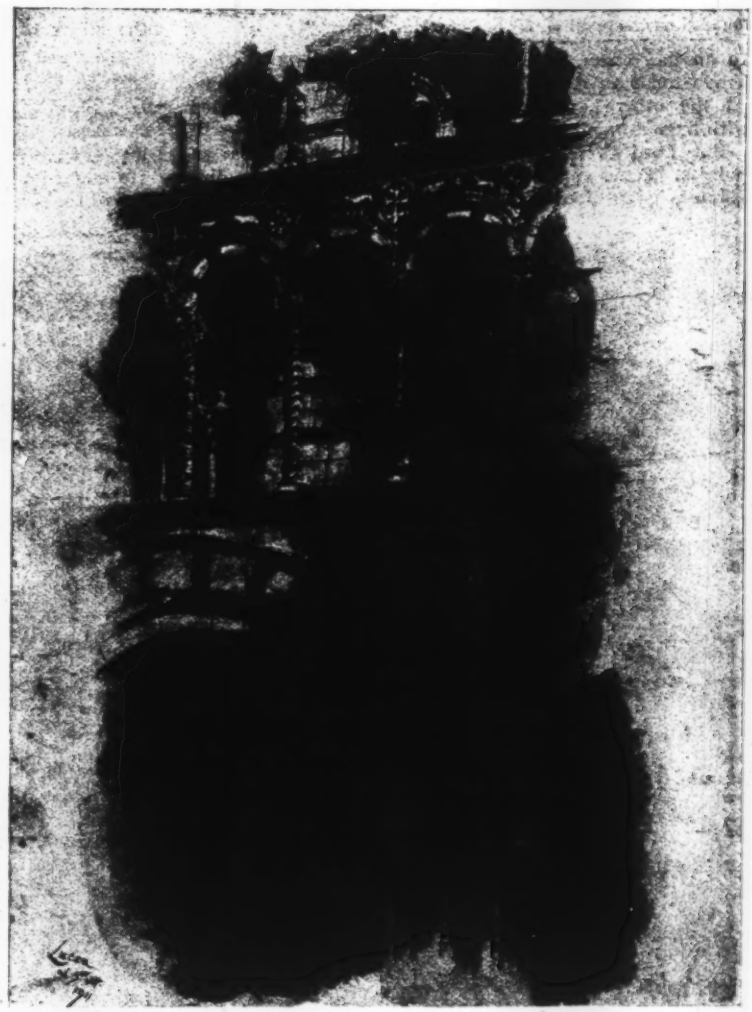
By the Hon. MRS. DOWDALL. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

This is a chatty, racy chronicle of the domestic happenings in the life of Martha: it is a series of sketches of The Cook, The Housemaid, Tradesmen, Husbands, The Charwoman, etc. So much depends in a book of this sort on the author's point of view and sense of humour. Some readers may fail to appreciate Martha, who seems to lack a sympathetic understanding of her "inferiors," which might have changed much of her ridicule into wit. However, there are plenty of amusing incidents in these gossipy commentaries on the daily round of mistress and maid.

THE OPEN ROAD, A ROMANCE OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has done another story of the Stuart rising, the story of two men who joined the Prince in his retreat from Derby, and of whom one found a wife, the other a lost sense of chivalry. There are brave adventures in it. There is also a good deal of manly sentiment too much insisted on. If one asks why there is no thrill of joy or peril, it is perhaps because this excess leaves one doubtful of the cause. May it be that Mr. Sutcliffe so much admires courage as to disdain an elementary trick of his craft—that of exciting the less adventurous reader? Certain it is that the run of incident which engages him is not devised with a view to make us very anxious about the issue at any moment, and that the general interest of the tale suffers in consequence. His hero is said to be gay at all hazards, and so well bred that people know him at a glance for a gentleman; moreover, he acts as a gallant gentleman should. How is it, then, that one cannot care a little more whether he wins through? The man himself is admirably drawn, however, and the book is written so vigorously and with so much skill that it holds your interest in its characters and subsidiary incidents to the end.



From **Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture** (*Cambridge University Press*).
(Reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN.)

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co.'s SELECTION of NEW BOOKS

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The fifth instalment of four volumes is now ready.

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Child Christopher.
Old French Romances.

Vol. XVIII. **The Well at the World's End.** Vol. I.
Vol. XIX. **The Well at the World's End.** Vol. II.
Vol. XX. **The Water of the Wondrous Isles.**

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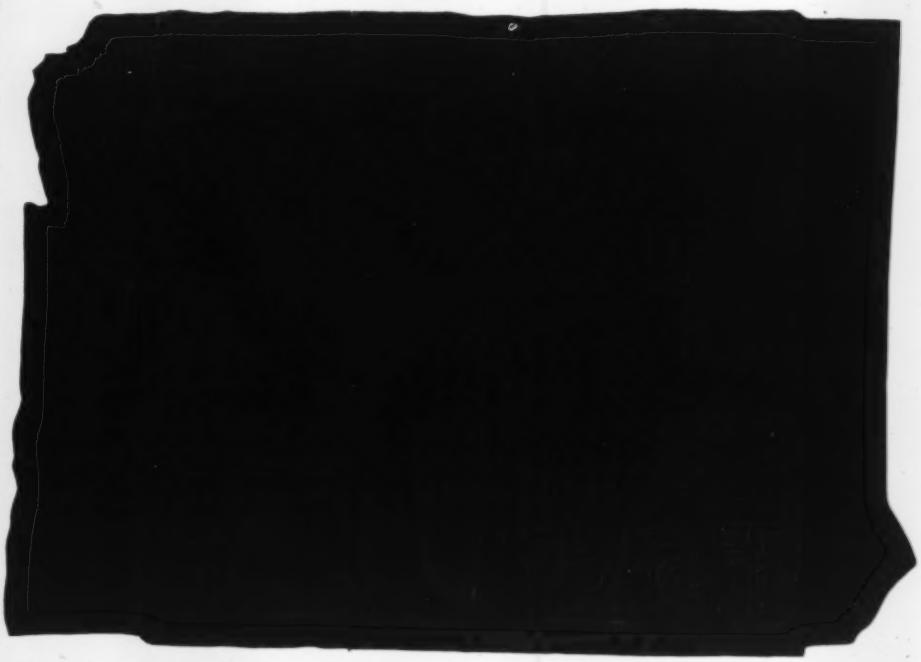

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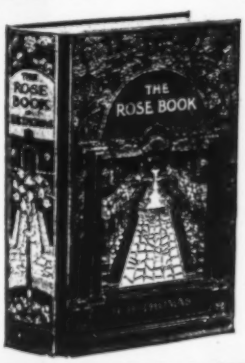

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To a still pause:
The liquid silence was a pool
That a breeze flaws . . .

"Ah, where were you, passion and grief
Of the world's wrong?
What had you to do with a trembling leaf
And a bird's song,
And spaces calm with a coming of night,
And the fresh gloom
Of shadowy trees, and smelt delight
Of hidden bloom?

"Yet O, in me that song had part
Because of you . . .

"For Life it was that sang aloud
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Brave in the night and sweet in the cloud:
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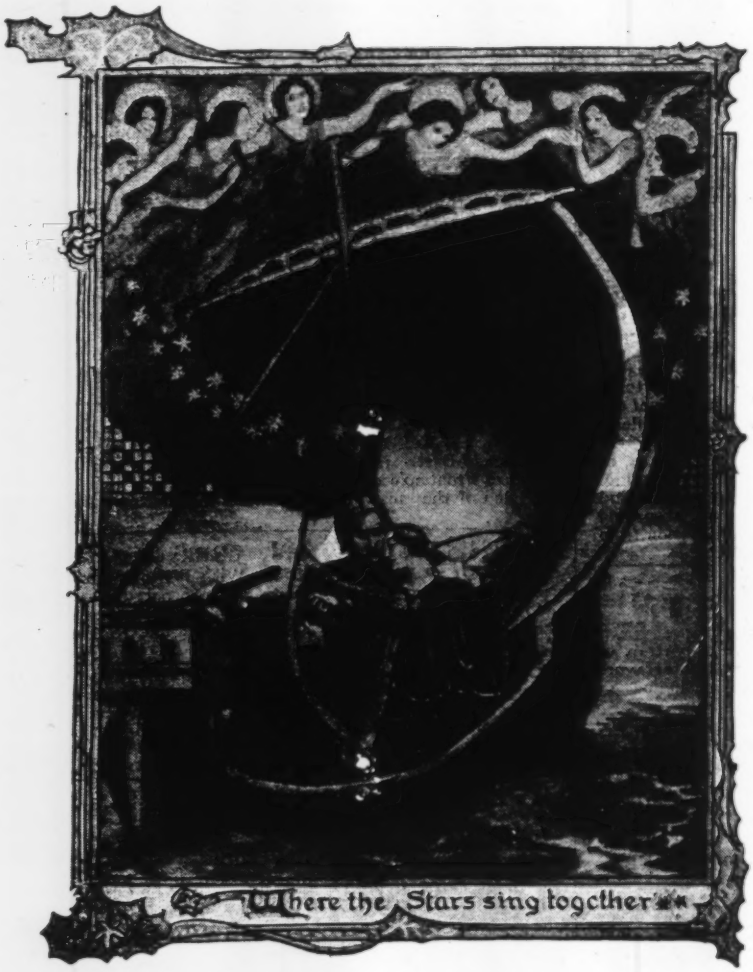

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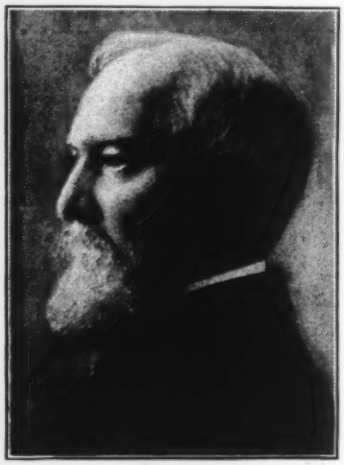

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[1] "The Hapsburg Monarchy." By H. W. Steed. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
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Armada consisting of 130 ships, and the English fleet of 197, while in build and handiness the English had the advantage. It was a struggle between two styles of fighting, the Spanish way being to run their vessels upon the enemy, to grapple them, and then pour in their troops, so that it became simply a hand-to-hand fight—as the Romans fought and beat the Carthaginians. The English plan was to take advantage of the wind, to keep at a comfortable distance, and pound their opponents to pieces with their heavy guns. Their way was the better, but you must read Mr. Hales to realise how little damage the English fleet inflicted on the Armada by the fighting in the Channel; it was the weather, and the shipwrecks on the Scottish and Irish coasts that sent the Armada back to Spain shattered and broken. Mr. Hales unobtrusively, but definitely, points the moral of his tale, and leaves it for the consideration of those concerned in preserving England from any invasion in our own times.

To make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose is one of the noblest of aims, and how this is doing, and how it may be accomplished successfully, is the theme of Mr. Macdonald's fascinating book: "The Conquest of the Desert."[5] It is, as he well says, the last romance of agriculture and almost a miracle in the eyes of those who are strangers to the arid waste lands of the world, and what can be done there by skilled pioneers. Mr. Macdonald's book has been written to call attention to the Kalahari Desert, often known as "The Great Thirst Land," divided between the Imperial Government and the Union of South Africa. Mr. Macdonald claims that this desert is advancing, that the climate of South Africa is becoming more arid year by year, as a result of the injudicious and destructive action of man. For ages the natives have been accustomed to burn the plains and to destroy the timber and the ancient forests. The white man has done the same, and year by year goes on the work of ceaseless destruction, and day by day the desert zone is advancing, fountains are rapidly diminishing, and rivers drying up. But there are remedies. Afforestation will do much, and dry farming, deep ploughing, saving the rainfall in the earth, irrigation, well-sinking, and other resources of advanced agriculture. "Population, Conservation, and Afforestation," says Mr. Macdonald. And his book tells us a great deal of the conditions existing in the desert, as well as describing the methods by which they are met, and the result of those methods.

Latin America is beginning to take a very important place in the world that is always looking to the future. All the States that ceased to own allegiance to Spain a century ago, have been struggling to find themselves ever since. Strife and cruelty, revolutions and times of steady government, bankruptcy, crushing economic and social problems, have made up much of their history. But now they are beginning to emerge into the modern world, to take their place among the nations. Mr. Domville Fife's[6] work on Guatemala and the Central American States is very welcome and significant. He gives a balanced, sane picture of their territory, government, resources, and possibilities, and in their tremendous mineral and agricultural wealth he finds the assurance of their future development. Of course the problem before all these states is to see that their development is not simple exploitation by foreign capital in foreign interests, but the aspirations of the peoples of Latin America are becoming more and more definite, and their determination to keep, as far as possible, the control of their own countries, is growing stronger and stronger. Guatemala's position and importance in America is considerable, and if she and her sister states ever combine to form a united republic, they may exercise a power and influence as yet undreamed of. Well written and well illustrated, Mr. Domville-Fife's volume gives an excellent account of these little-known states, and one that is interesting from beginning to end.

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ST. PETER THE MARTYR PREACHING.
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Mrs. J. E. Buckrose's[7] guide for the rambler among the North Yorkshire dales is meant primarily for "those who have time, means, boots, and possibly motor cars, but my near and secret hope is that I may, perhaps, reach some who must stay behind—who come home jaded after the long day's work, and must be at work again next morning." And, indeed, the wild, keen wind that blows about the dales and the places whose very names are trumpets of romance, blows through these pages, all too few as they are, and too much like a mere catalogue-handbook, as they must be with so small a space to deal with so rich a theme. But there might and, indeed, should have been a map of the dales somewhere among the illustrations; it would have replaced with advantage any or all of the coloured plates, that are only four in number.

A book of England and a book of France end the bundle. The England is by Mr. G. A. B. Dewar[8]; the France by Rene Bazin[9]. Widely unlike, they have yet a curious resemblance in point of view. Mr. Dewar is a staunch Conservative, M. Bazin is Conservative, devout and reactionary. His book is openly in praise of the Roman Catholic Church; it is almost a missionary treatise. But it gives a stirring survey of some great feats of French courage of yesterday and to-day, as well as of old times.

[5] "The Conquest of the Desert." By Wm. Macdonald. 7s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

[6] "Guatemala and the Countries of Central America." By C. W. Domville-Fife. 12s. 6d. net. (Francis Griffiths.)

[7] "Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales." By J. E. Buckrose. 3s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

[8] "This Realm, This England." By G. A. B. Dewar. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[9] "Gentle France." By Rene Bazin. 6s. (Unwin.)

From Moderators of the Church of Scotland (*Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier*). WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Its reactionary prejudices are very much against it, except as a tract. Mr. Dewar's oft-repeated and favourite maxim in this book is that "no good wattle hurdler can be a bad man." If she were to read M. Bazin's "Gentle France," and Mr. Dewar's "England," the princess Mr. Dewar quotes from "Frederick the Great" would take a good deal of snuff to increase her pleasure. Mr. Dewar is at his best in observing birds and beasts, and the life of the countryside, and his chapters on crows and nightingales, and their friends, are by far the best in a book that is charmingly written, if with a visible strain for effect. Many strain as hard without attaining, and if Mr. Dewar does point out that "a little varnish may be perceived on Thoreau's own cedarwood pencils," it is only fair to say that he is generally much more felicitous. F.M.A.

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION.

In 2 Vols. Vol. I. being the Journals of Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O.; Vol. II. being the Reports of the Journeys and the Scientific Work undertaken by Dr. E. A. Wilson and the surviving Members of the Expedition. Arranged by Leonard Huxley. With a Preface by Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S. 42s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

When the news leaked out that both Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton were so keen on returning to the Antarctic that each one was preparing to fit out another expedition, we knew then that, given anything like a fair chance, the South Pole would first be reached by Englishmen. And it was with all hope and determination, backed by the nation's goodwill, that Scott was the one to sail on a second attempt—just as it should be, seeing that Sir Ernest had been there last and on a sort of second try. What, then, was our consternation when tidings were flashed over the world that Captain Roald Amundsen had been at the Pole? We felt the gross irony of it here; and, naturally enough, we resented in a way the wondrous good-fortune of one who—his great natural ability, bravery, and acquired skill admitted—was a kind of interloper who had snatched the prize from the enclosing grasp of those who had more dearly won it and all that it meant. But what was this discovery to the men who were straining nerve and muscle to the utmost to gain their rightful laurels, and that successfully against general ill-luck and occasional disaster from the home-depot to the Pole. Here it is, entered by Scott on Tuesday, January 16th, 1912, after struggling hard and cheerfully to within a few miles of the goal:

"The worst has happened, or nearly the worst. We marched well in the morning, and covered 7½ miles. Noon sight showed us in L. 89° 42′ S., and we started off in high spirits in the afternoon, feeling that to-morrow would see us at our destination. About the second hour of the march Bowers' sharp eyes detected what he thought was a cairn; he was uneasy about it, but

From The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi to Penelope Pennington (*Lane*). HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS. (From the engraving by J. Singleton in the British Museum).

argued that it must be a sasturgus. Half-an-hour later he detected a black speck ahead. Soon we knew that this could not be a natural snow feature. We marched on, found that it was a black flag" (ominous and prophetic sign!) "tied to a sledge bearer; near by the remains of a camp; sledge tracks and ski tracks going and coming, and the clear trace of dogs' paws—many dogs. This told us the whole story. The Norwegians have forestalled us, and are first at the Pole. It is a terrible disappointment, and I am very sorry for my loyal companions. Many thoughts come, and much discussion have we had. To-morrow we must march on to the Pole, and then hasten home with all the speed we can compass. All the day dreams must go; it will be a wearisome return."

Here we see the beginning of the end, and to some extent Scott felt it so, as also witness this from his diary on the following day:

"The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected. We have had a horrible day—add to our disappointment a head wind, 4 to 5 (in strength), with a temperature - 22°, and companions labouring on with cold feet and hands. We started at 7.30, none of us having slept much after the shock of our discovery. We followed the Norwegian sledge tracks for some way; as far as we can make out there are only two men. . . . Then the weather overcast. . . . At 12.30 Evans had such cold hands, we camped for lunch. . . . We started out, and did 6½ miles due south. . . . The wind is blowing hard, and there is that curious damp cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time. . . . Great God! this is an awful place, and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow. . . . Now for the run home and a desperate struggle."

MRS. BARR AT 80.
From All the Days of my Life (*Appleton*).

Heavens, yes, how desperate!

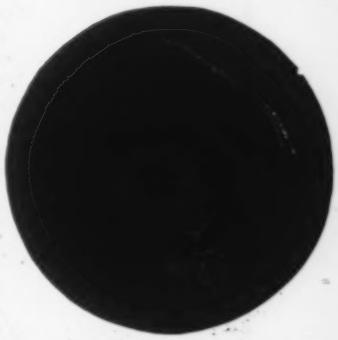
On the following day they arrived at the tent left by the Norwegians, and there "a note from Amundsen, which I keep, asks me to forward a letter to King Haakon!" Could irony any further go? Is it possible Amundsen did not see the bitterness of this, knowing that, in all probability, he himself would be the first to return to civilisation? Can we wonder that Scott added a note of exclamation to the request? On the same day he wrote:

"We built a cairn, put up our poor slighted Union Jack, and photographed ourselves—mighty cold work, all of it. . . . Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition, and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging—and good-bye to most of the day-dreams!"

From that day their further woes began. But what need is there to recapitulate them here? The world already knows them in the mass, and will find them in detail by-and-bye, because this is a story for all time; and of the two names that are most prominent in it now Scott's will be the one when posterity has stripped the tragedy of personalities—it will not be Amundsen's—and Oates must be a close second. And, truly, Amundsen might have rested content with his success (in which his usual rather astounding good luck attended him) of being the first, and so far, of course, the only one, to make the North-West passage in its entirety, since the days when Frobisher started the idea and tried in vain to get through—content, that is, so far as the Antarctic was concerned. Why did he not stick to his original plans for the Arctic, for which his nation had fitted him out; or at least have let Scott and the world know in time that he also intended to try for the South Pole? Instead of running the race (if such we may term it) in the open, he secretly hurried away down south and reached the Pole by a new route that was far easier than Scott's, by the aid of much native intelligence, benefitting on the failures of others—as all successful explorers do—and by a great deal of marvellous good fortune, as Amundsen himself admits.

To the scientific reports, etc., and to the rare and beautiful illustrations in which the two volumes abound, too much praise cannot be given. But it is the tragedy that takes us; and as to Amundsen's indirect share in this: Mark the enormous difference of starting back, after the mishap of the outward journey, with bitter disappointment at their hearts, as against going home with their task done and to the honour they had earned! With the fall of their spirits at the sight of that black flag (only a day or two later Scott wrote of it as an "ominous sign"), down went vitality, and with vitality, life ebbed and ended—but only after one of the most dogged struggles to pull through that the annals of heroism can yet produce. No; Amundsen's name will not go down to posterity with that sense of hero-worship which the world gives to Franklin, Behring, Hudson, Parry, Davis, etc., and will no doubt accord to Nansen, Shackleton, Peary and others, and must certainly give to Scott. In the meantime we can but reverence the heroic souls who plodded steadily on to their deaths, with all the fortitude of British hearts, and died at last as *men*—disdaining to use the means, which Dr. Wilson had put into each one's hands, to end the desperate matter quickly and quietly when all hope was gone.

J. E. PATTERSON.



JOHN PAUL JONES.
(From the Hinckley miniature. In the possession of Mr. Charles A. Munn, and by his kind permission reproduced for the first time.)
From The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones
(*Laurie*).

From The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi to Penelope Pennington
(*Lane*).

ELIZA (FARREN), COUNTESS OF DERBY, 1797.
(From a print in the British Museum.)

CESARE BORGIA.

By W. H. WOODWARD. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

At this stage of literary evolution and art, such a book as Mr. Woodward's seems primitive work, or work half done. It is a large collection of facts for biography (and history), rather than vital biography itself. It is very conscientious, exhaustive, and plodding. Mr. Woodward says that it is an attempt to apply, with the seriousness proper to the historian, the methods of research and criticism to a subject which has chiefly lent itself to partisan or romantic treatment. The achievement is certainly serious, non-partisan, and entirely unromantic. It is

From Moderators of the Church of Scotland
(*Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier*).

JOHN LAW.

From **The Court of Christina, Queen of Sweden** (*Nash*).

QUEEN CHRISTINA.
(From a painting by Sebastien Bourdon.)

nearly as sober as a blue-book. We are given mixed material in profusion, and have to do our own selecting and re-shaping. Mr. Woodward, careful and deliberate collector, slow-going chronicler, is never tempted to essay the rôle of artist. The work while avowedly devoted to Cesare Borgia, is for a long time very largely concerned with his father, Pope Alexander VI. It deals chiefly with Cesare in his political and military activities, almost ignoring his relation to art. We miss the stress and colour of the Renaissance. Part of the book is like a criminal calendar calmly presented. Documents and details are given liberally, and the work is valuable as a basis for biography in the artistic and vivid sense.

THE MODERATORS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND FROM 1690 TO 1740.

By the Rev. JOHN WARRICK, M.A. 10s. 6d. (Oliphant.)

Every month of May the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland meets in Edinburgh, and is presided over by its Moderator. For the year he is the highest ecclesiastical dignitary in Scotland, ranking with the English Bishops, and at royal functions in his own country taking precedence immediately after the Lord Chancellor. The first General Assembly met in 1560, but mention of a Moderator does not occur until two years later, when John Knox occupied the position. In the three hundred and fifty years which have followed, two hundred and thirty-two ministers have held the office (some frequently)—many of the best and wisest Scots of their age, and not a few whose names are of world-wide celebrity. There has never been an attempt to deal with the Moderators *en bloc*, but within the Assembly buildings a remarkable portrait collection of many of them has been brought together. In the same way, to present a full account of each would entail enormous labour and, perhaps, after all, no good purpose would be served. For in Hew Scott's "Fasti," and elsewhere, most of the information about them is to be found. To have said this, however, is not in the least to disparage the work under notice. Mr. Warrick desired to write on the Moderators, and he had to choose a period. The era of the Covenant was well known. The names of the men who played conspicuous parts therein were familiar as household words. Hence it is with the Revolution Church that this work is concerned. It embraces a sketch of the seven-and-twenty divines who were exalted to the Moderator's chair between 1690 and 1740. Of those only a sprinkling are outstanding men. Excellent parish ministers no doubt they were, and good citizens. But except Carstairs not one is remembered, unless it be "Dainty Davie" Williamson, who had seven wives.

It was a singularly barren period from a literary standpoint. No work of any moment survives to keep green the memory of that half-century after the Revolution. Mr. Warrick's explanation is that the ministers were all too busy building up the broken shrine of the faith. In season and out of season, they laboured for the spiritual welfare of the realm. They preached incessantly; catechised; schooled; were the doctors and lawyers of the day; and in a hundred ways filled up every hour with its own pious undertakings. The statement of a learned Professor that the epoch was a dull and unspiritual one scarcely tallies with the sermonic specimens of the time. More gospelly sound these could not be, and if this book of Mr. Warrick's had done nothing more but let the light in on that rather debatable

From **The Autobiography of Charlotte Amélie, Princess of Aldenburg** (*Nash*).

COUNT ANTHONY I. OF ALDENBURG,
Husband of Charlotte Amélie, *née* Princess de la Trémoïlle. (From a picture belonging to Count Bentinck.)

From Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan and Lorraine, 1522-1590 (*Murray*).

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA, QUEEN OF DENMARK. By Bernard van Orley. (Cardon Collection).

question, it should have served its end. But the book, genuinely workmanlike, and embodying the result of years of patient toil, and first-hand investigation, may be commended as a careful study of good men and true, however obscure now, who laid the foundations of a Church which boasts to be as pure and as free as any in Christendom.

W.S.C.

ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.

An Autobiography by AMELIA E. BARR. Illustrated, 12s. 6d. net. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Autobiography has always a definite charm of its own if the writer is honest and unaffected; and the autobiography of a literary woman, full of years, and those years full of more than the usual accidents and incidents that make up life, is one of more than common appeal. Mrs. Barr "entered this incarnation" as she terms her birth, more than eighty years ago. "I came to them (her parents) with hands full of gifts, and among them the faculty of recollection. To this hour I wear the key of memory and can open every door in the house of my life." It certainly is a wonderful memory, and this book of over five hundred large pages is compact of anecdote and experience. Mrs. Barr in her long life has gone through bereavement beyond, one might say, the common lot of women. She has faced deepest sorrow and she has faced unexpected poverty, but she has faced all bravely; her deeds prove this, not her words. It was not until Mrs. Barr was a widow with a daughter of seventeen that she began to write, and her first attempt was taken by Daniel Appleton & Co., for thirty dollars. Now she has written more than sixty books, and her pen is not laid aside. The account of her far-off childhood; of her happy courtship and marriage; of her travels with her husband and the tragic death of him and of her sons; the struggle with poverty; the beginning and growth of her literary life; the strange supernatural force within her, her visions and dreams—all these make a volume of wide and varied interest, a fascinating volume to place on the shelf beside Louisa Allcott's "Life," and Mrs. Sherwood's and other life-stories of the courage of quiet women.

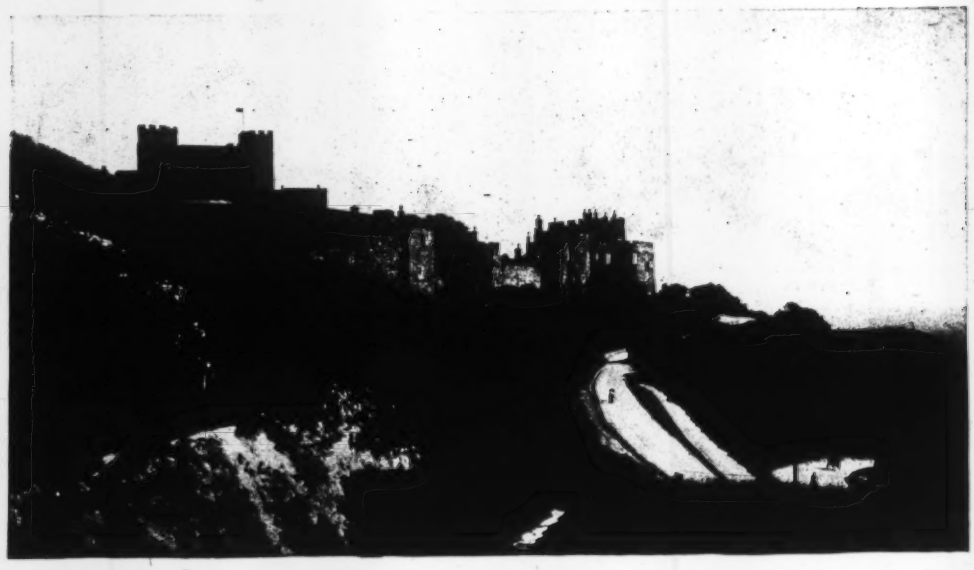
THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES.

By MRS. REGINALD DE KOVEN. 2 Vols. With 20 Illustrations and 2 Maps. 24s. net. (Laurie.)

Among national heroes whose characters have been persistently misjudged and blackened by posterity, John Paul Jones is at least one of the most prominent. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the British regarded him as a renegade and a pirate (though the latter accusation was cruelly unfair); but that the Americans should have failed to do justice to one of the most loyal and devoted of their citizens is remarkable. It has been left to Mrs. Reginald de Koven fully to vindicate his character and actions, a task which she performs admirably in the two handsome volumes now before us. The researches of the author have resulted in the discovery of a quantity of new and important material, of which she has made excellent use, and, now that the racial bitterness engendered by the struggle between England and America is dead, we have no doubt that a very large public on this side of the Atlantic will welcome the publication of this authoritative account of the romantic life of the Nelson of America—the man who, in the words of a grateful Government, "made the flag of America respected among the flags of other nations."

From William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland: His Early Life and Times, 1721-1748 (*Arnold*).

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AS A CHILD. IN CORONATION ROBES AND ORDER OF THE BATH. (From a portrait by Charles Jervas).



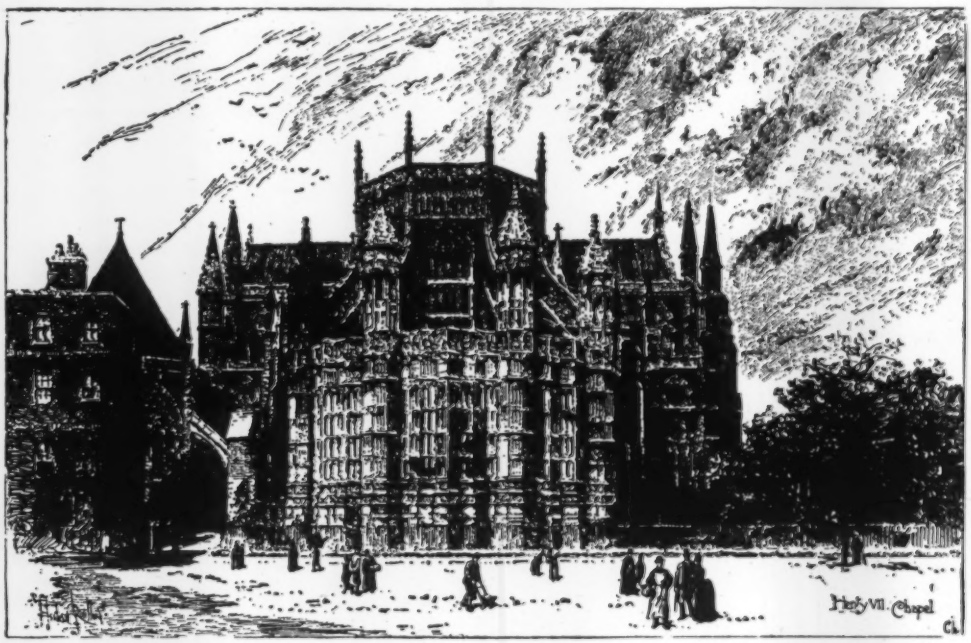
From Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales (*Warne*).

DOVER CASTLE.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLOTTE AMÉLIE, PRINCESS OF ALDENBURGH, 1652-1732.

Translated from the French of the Original Manuscript, and Edited by Her Descendant, MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND. With 17 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Nash.)

From the point of view of the writer of this short note it is a little trying to find that the publishers of this book have been beforehand in making a *résumé* of the interesting introduction with which Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond prefaces her translation of the autobiography of her ancestress. This *résumé*, moreover, is printed on the paper cover of the book—the most conspicuous position—and it is almost impossible to write a note on the book without paraphrasing it. Still, it is necessary that the reader should have some idea as to the identity and the personality of Charlotte Amélie, and we shall therefore quote from the publisher's note. "Charlotte Amélie was a member of the family of de la Trémoille . . . and a granddaughter of Marie de la Tour d'Auvergne (sister of the famous general Vicomte de Turenne). She left France as a girl owing to religious persecution and lived in Denmark with her cousin the Queen. Three Kings and numerous German Princes proposed to her, but she gave her hand to Anthony I., Count of Aldenburgh." Six months afterwards her husband was poisoned at the instigation of the heir-presumptive, a villain who later tried to rob Charlotte Amélie's son of his inheritance. Charlotte Amélie, therefore, travelled to Vienna to seek the protection of the Emperor; and she started her autobiography when her son was a year old, "certain that it will help you to admire God's Providence." It is an extremely interesting record of the life of a courageous, reverent, and unlucky woman, and Mrs. Le Blond has done well in translating it, for it is a genuine contribution to literature.



From Westminster Abbey (*Seeley*).

HENRY VII.'S CHAPEL (EXTERIOR). (By H. Railton.)

CHRISTINA OF DENMARK, DUCHESS OF MILAN AND LORRAINE, 1522-1590.

By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY). With 22 Illustrations 18s. net. (Murray.)

The life-story of Christina of Denmark, so ably told by Mrs. Ady, is interesting to an English public for two reasons; first, because her portrait in the National Gallery is one of the most famous and most successful examples of the art of Holbein; and secondly, because she had an opportunity of being numbered among the wives of Henry VIII. But though she was spared this she experienced many other troubles. "She lost her first husband," in the words of the author, "at the end of eighteen months. Her second husband, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, died in 1545, leaving her once more a widow at the age of twenty-three. Her only son was torn from her arms while still a boy by a foreign invader, Henry II., and she herself was driven into exile. Seven years later she was deprived of the regency of the Netherlands, just when the coveted prize seemed within her grasp, and the last days of her existence were embittered by the greed and injustice of her cousin, Philip II." There in brief is the tragic story of the

original of Holbein's Duchess of Milan, a story which Mrs. Ady has clearly spared no pains to make as complete and authoritative as possible, and the result is a biography which deserves to be in many hands this Christmas.

From **Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales** (*Warne*)

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

REMINISCENCES, SERMONS, AND CORRESPONDENCE.

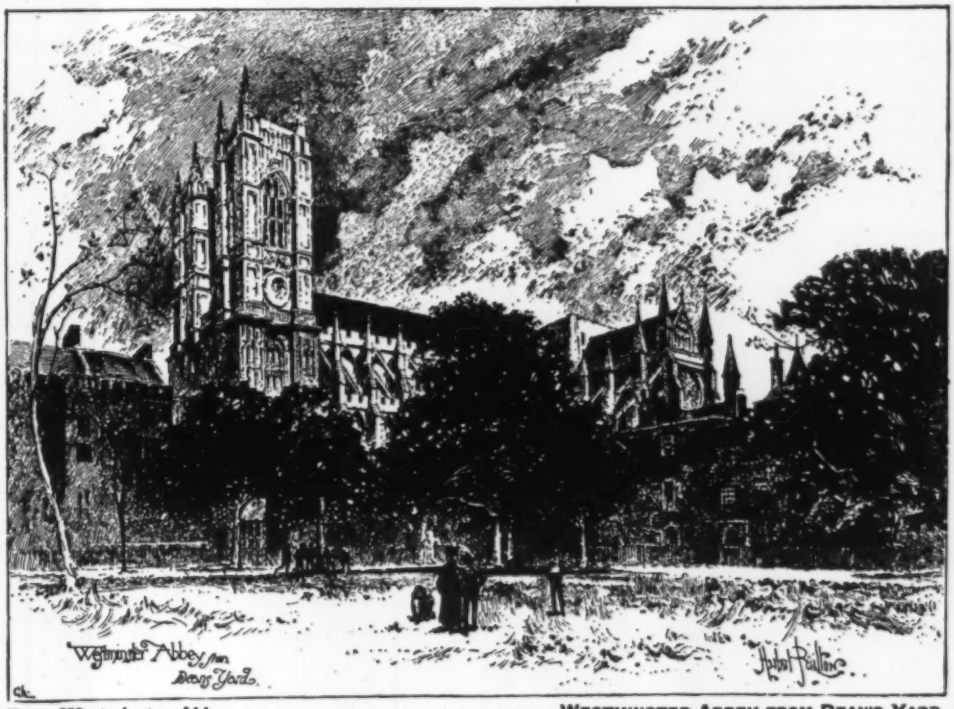
By AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D. With 10 Illustrations. 21s. net. (Putnam.)

This is a very long "specialist" book, of a kind which can hardly be expected to appeal to the general reading public in this country, although no doubt it will be found interesting and satisfying by people of the writer's way of thinking. Mrs. Stetson was the Pastor of the First Church of Christ (Scientist) in New York—an office to which she was ordained in 1890, and from which she resigned in 1909. Her correspondence mostly takes the form of encouraging letters to her supporters, and a considerable portion of the book is more or less polemical and apologetic. As it is beyond our scope here to criticise it in detail, we can say no more than that it seems to us interesting and well put together.

ENGLISH TRAVELLERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.

By CLARE HOWARD. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

This book is the outcome of a study, evidently pursued *con amore*, of Renaissance travel—the journeys for adventure and education undertaken in the days before steam and electricity—to say nothing of photography, travel-books, and newspapers—had dispelled the elements of peril and surprise. From the chapter on "The Beginnings of Travel for Culture," which includes the pilgrimages at the close of the Middle Ages, the travels of scholars to distant centres of learning, and the errands of courtiers to acquire foreign tongues and new ideas of statecraft, we pass to the travel of the Elizabethan period, into which there entered a more scientific and military spirit, the educative influences being still borne in mind. In a succeeding chapter the author describes a phase of reaction against travel in England, resulting in satires on the foreign airs and graces acquired by the Englishman abroad, and much resentment against the heretical opinions on religious and social questions imbibed by students and others from contact with the Continental mind. The quickening of animosity between Protestants and Catholics played also a part in this change of attitude, and, indeed, introduced some very real perils to the Englishman trained in Protestantism who ventured into Catholic countries without a clear recognition of the necessity for extreme vigilance. In the chapter on "The Grand Tour" we learn of the revival of the idea of developing personal culture by travel; but by that time considerations of fashion and "deportment" had grown up, and the "governor," or tutor, was regarded as an indispensable companion to the young man on tour. Then came



From **Westminster Abbey** (*Seeley*).

WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM DEAN'S YARD. (By H. Railton.)

From Scott's Last Expedition
(*Smith, Elder*).

THE FREEZING UP OF THE SEA.

decadence—religion, scholarship, adventure, fashion, had enjoyed each their turn, and with the approach of our own prosaic days much of the dignity of travel departed. With its twelve illustrations from old pictures and engravings, and its citations from travel documents of the past, the book is a welcome study of an attractive phase of our social history.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

By W. L. LOFTIE. 6s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

This new edition of Mr. Loftie's excellent book on Westminster Abbey is enhanced by the very fine illustrations of Mr. Herbert Railton. The book is quite one of the best on the subject and deserves to rank with Messrs. Woodruff's and Dank's "Memorials of Canterbury." There is nothing omitted which is of importance, and the reader will find here much information which he will seek in vain elsewhere. For example, the author takes the trouble to tell the reader why Westminster Abbey is called an abbey and St. Paul's called a cathedral. "St. Paul's is an establishment which consisted of secular canons whose business it was to maintain Divine worship in the church under their charge. Each of them had his estate to which he could retire at intervals; and there is reason to believe that before the twelfth century many of these canons were married men with families. In an establishment like that of St. Peter, at Westminster, on the other hand, Divine service was maintained by monks, and the church, instead of being the first object for which the establishment existed, was only a chapel of the monastery."

From Scott's Last Expedition
(*Smith, Elder*).

AN 'OUTLET GLACIER' VALLEY COMPLETELY FILLED WITH ICE.
LOOKING UP THE FERRAR GLACIER TO THE SOUTH-WEST.

ANNALS OF A LANCASHIRE VILLAGE.

By Clare Dorning. 3s. 6d. (Digby, Long.)

This little book is a collection of character sketches some humorous and some sad, and all told with an understanding and sympathy that make them alive. Miss Dorning has the gift of observation, and she is especially successful in putting on paper the many quaint and amusing sayings of her village folk. Though some may call it small beer, the book is admirably successful in rendering the spirit and atmosphere of village life in an age just past.

MOTOR WAYS IN LAKELAND.

By George D. Abraham. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

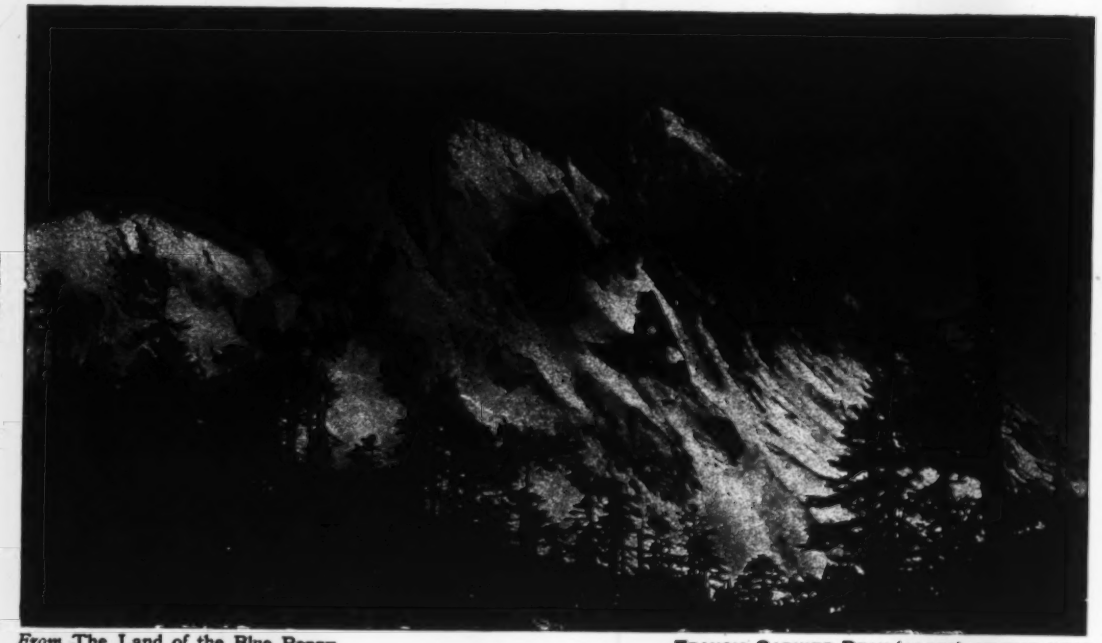
Although we cannot claim, as Mr. Abraham can, a lifelong knowledge of the Lake Country, we have had the pleasure of wheeling our way along most of its roads, and we can fully endorse his claim that "Every lake and every valley is worthy of exploration, and the roads are remarkably good, though sometimes there is a spice of adventure in their conquest." The adventure will, however, be more pleasing than risky to anyone who arms himself with the information here given. The author makes a special feature of the hills and their gradients, and ends with a summary of routes and distances. But before we come to the end of the volume, we are treated to other things than motoralities. There are yarns of the old

From Scott's Last Expedition (*Smith, Elder*).

Evening Scene in the Pack.

From Scott's Last Expedition (*Smith, Elder*).

The Mouth of Dry Valley, showing the Commonwealth Glacier debouching into it from the South.



From The Land of the Blue Poppy
(*Cambridge University Press*).

FRANCIS GARNIER PEAK (14,000), AT THE HEAD OF THE CHUN-TSUNG-LA.

type of Cumberland fell men, notes on mountain climbing, and some very effective descriptions of the Lake District scenery. We are also pleased to find that Mr. Abraham has a tilt at the speed fiend. "It is sacrilege to rush through such spots. . . . Is it not a reflection upon motoring habits that a wayside halt at once suggests that something must be wrong (with one's car)?" A particularly useful and sane volume of advice and information.

SPORT AND FOLK-LORE IN THE HIMALAYA.

By H. L. HAUGHTON. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

This handsome volume is far more readable than many of a similar kind we have come across. For one thing it is unpretentious in style, and for another the author has the gift of jotting down interesting and unusual facts and incidents. In the first chapter entitled "Tales of Fair Kashmir" the author throws some light upon a point which must have puzzled many, namely, the fact that there are two names for many of the places and other things in Kashmir. This has arisen very largely from the fact that the "Sahib-Log" failed to catch exactly the right, and native, pronunciation of certain words, and eventually the servants of the Europeans took their pronunciation from their masters, and so the two names grew up side by side, often to the puzzlement of students of Indian History and Topography. The chapter "Bits about Bears" is both amusing and interesting. The author remarks with reference to bears, "that the tameness or interest of the sport of bear shooting lies with the sportsman; if you go out on a twilight night in June, and play 'here we go round the mulberry bush' with a bear, or simply sit in or near the mulberry trees until he comes, and then blow his head off, I confess it is not very interesting or exciting *shikar*. Sometimes" he goes on to say, "you sit up all night, and perhaps a bear never comes; or if he does come you see but little and blaze off at an indistinct mass, which you may or may not hit." "Some Pages from the Life of a Bear" is really a most interesting chapter well worth reading, and gives a vivid impression of the bear's life. Shooting mountain sheep in the Himalayas must be even more exciting than chamois hunting in the Alps. A word of praise must be given to the excellent reproductions of interesting photographs which adorn the book; they are not only well reproduced but well chosen, and illustrate the subject in every variety of aspect, adding no little to the charm and gen ral interest of the volume. There are some particularly good ones of scenes in the mountain ranges. There is an appendix containing information relating to gamelore, questions of licenses, routes, etc., which will be useful to sportsmen.

From A Naturalist in Western China
(*Methuen*).

THE LACQUER-VARNISH TREE (RHUS VERNICIFERA).

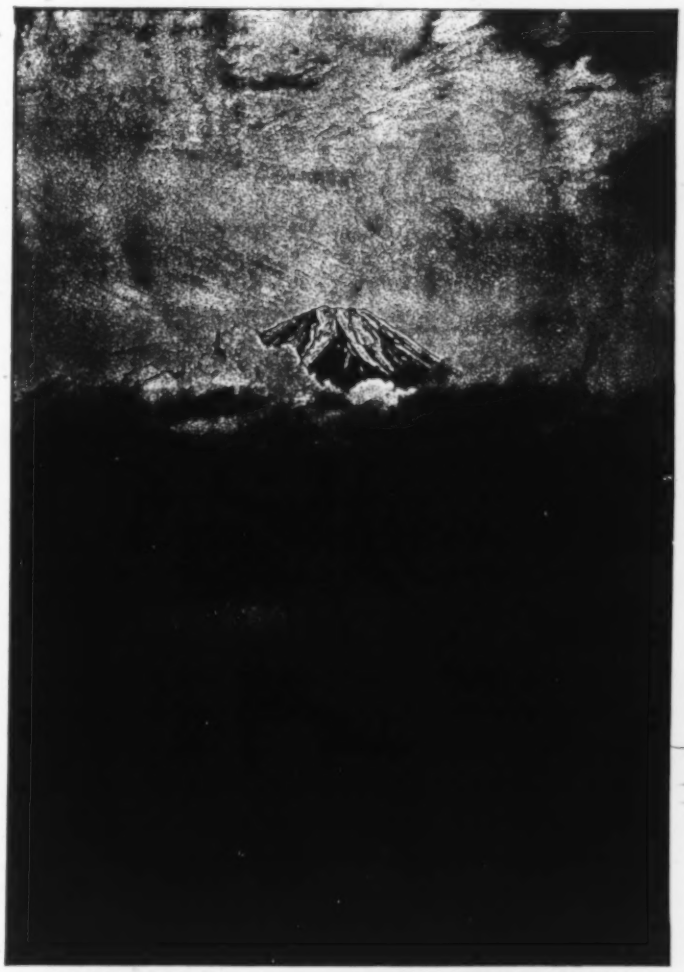
From Sport and Folk-Lore in the Himalaya (*Arnold*). HIMALAYAN VIEW.

JAPAN'S INHERITANCE:

The Country, its People, and their Destiny.

By E. BRUCE MITFORD, F.R.G.S. With 12 Maps and Plans and 75 Illustrations from Photographs. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

This excellent piece of work by Dr. Bruce Mitford is, for the most part, an essay in the science of geography, as newly expounded. That is to say that a study of the characteristics of the country affords data for a study of its inhabitants and for the reasons for its development along certain lines. The visions of dullness aroused by this statement may be banished immediately from the reader's mind. Mr. Bruce Mitford has a sense of humour and he has travelled widely in the lesser-known parts of Japan, where one may still have curious and sometimes uncomfortable experiences. The later chapters of the book are devoted to a study of Japanese society, religion, and government, and of her empire, and prospects for the future. Written from what is clearly a very wide and sympathetic knowledge of the Japanese nation and character, "Japan's Inheritance" should do much to explain a point of view which few Europeans have troubled even to try to understand. The volume is fully and well illustrated.



From Japan's Inheritance (*Unwin*).

FUJI FROM LAKE MOTOSU. THE PARASITIC CONE IN THE LEFT MIDDLE DISTANCE IS MARUYAMA ("ROUND MOUNTAIN.")

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

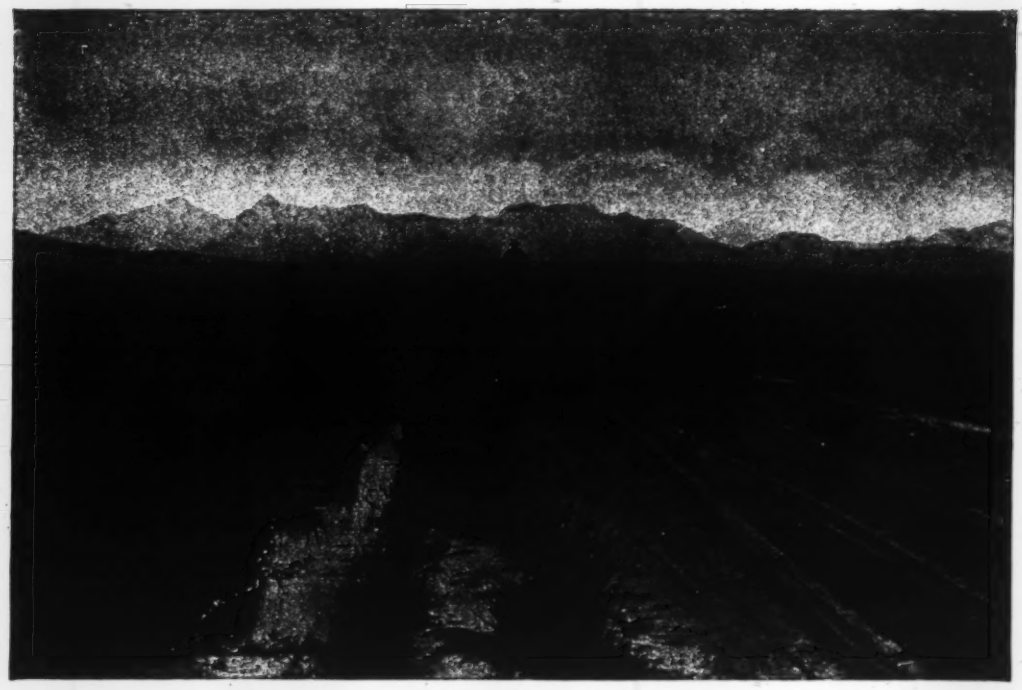
His Early Life and Times. 1721-1748.

By The Hon. EVAN CHARTERIS. 12s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

In the history of our country certain battle-fields retain an imperishable place in our minds and memories. In England such names as Hastings, Marston Moor, Blenheim, Sedgemoor, carry with them a distinct impression like a colour, emphasising either love of country, love of king, love of glory, or the bitter sorrow of defeat. In Scotland that land of conflict, there is no sadder name than Culloden. Around it songs are sung, verses made, tales still weaved—such an abundance of romance and poetry as surely no battle ever inspired before. It has worked itself into the national life. It stands like a monument raised to self-sacrifice; it has, one fears, obliterated real issues in the glamour that has fallen across the years.

Behind all the blood and smoke of the '45 stands the sombre figure of the Duke of Cumberland, reviled as "The Butcher," because he acted with a harshness unprecedented even in an age not associated with leniency.

Mr. Charteris, in his most admirable study of the life and times of Cumberland, does not set out to "whitewash" his subject. There is nothing sensational in



From **Reminiscences of a South African Pioneer, Second Series** (*Unwin*).

THE OLD OX WAGGON.

the book. Cumberland is just the methodical, coarse, conscientious, and unattractive man we believed him to be. True, Mr. Charteris has made an effort to prove how clever and fascinating he was as a child, in just the same way as all biographers of royal personages have done. That he could speak various languages when other children are playing hide-and-seek is very similar to the anecdotes of his rival, Charles Edward Stuart, who, for all his diligence, could not even spell simple English as an elderly man. Such things are better ignored. The main difficulty that confronted Mr. Charteris was the fierce antipathy to the Duke. To pacify this he set about making Cumberland a much-injured and misrepresented person. He mentions him as a general who commanded a greater number of troops than Wellington or Marlborough, a creature of genial and sturdy temperament, and a political force to be considered. Let us take these points in their order omitting only the last, which Mr. Charteris has not dealt with in this volume.

Now to the ordinary person, and in military matters most of us are very ordinary persons indeed—the fame or obscurity of a commander rests upon his success or failure. For, after all, that is the practical (though possibly unreasonable) test of a general. If he does not win, his retreat, no matter how impressive, will leave the man in the street comparatively cold. The Duke certainly was in command of very large bodies of men. That he was popular with them we gather from our author, who mentions with gratification that at Culloden they shouted, "Now Billy for Flanders!" From a casual study of his campaigns one can only admire their high spirits.

But grant him his popularity (which, however, was not sufficient to keep his statue intact for very long), and certainly every bluff, rubicund, hard-living officer has won the admiration of his men far more easily than such leaders as Wellington—allow that he was looked up to after Culloden by troops more accustomed to running than

From **Thirty Years in Kashmir** (*Arnold*).

AT THE FOOT OF THE KHARDONG PASS.
(From a photograph by Mr. G. Millais.)

facing cold steel—but do not let us pretend that the judgments of history are false and that Cumberland was a distinguished tactician. According to Mr. Charteris he nearly did this, and he might have done that, but the fact remains that the '45 affair was his solitary achievement, and those who care to study the conditions of the two armies in that engagement, will realise that it would have been a wondrous piece of stupidity had the Duke not been, to quote Mr. Charteris, "the hero of Culloden." He towered admittedly above such pantomime artists as Cope and Hawley, he carried out his plans skilfully and methodically and with rigorous determination, but it is new to learn that he had more eminent qualities than we have hitherto supposed.

From **The Old Transport Road.**
By Stanley Portal Hyatt, which Mr. Melrose will publish in the Spring of 1914.

The truth of the matter is, that apart from Culloden and what it entailed, nobody has the smallest interest in the Duke of Cumberland. In other words, had the Duke not fought at Culloden no one to-day, including Mr. Charteris, would have bothered two pins about him. On the Continent they did not capture him because he was their best friend in war—at home he was only exploited as a royal person gifted with a little more than mediocre intelligence.

No one in his senses can deny that there were not gross atrocities after Culloden. Anyone who is familiar with the class of soldiery Cumberland commanded would look for such behaviour. It is also essential to remember the bitter hatred that the English had for the Highlander, a hatred that can be compared to the treatment of Red Indians by the American Government. But in defending the Duke Mr. Charteris weakens his case considerably by laying stress on anecdotes and insignificant evidence He replies, for instance, that the Jacobites were no better. This is not true, but for the moment let us suppose it is. What does it amount to? Now, if the American Government had remarked in all gravity, "We cut them to pieces because they skinned us," the statement would not have relieved them of an odious crime against humanity. And Mr. Charteris bases his accusation on the most slender ground. He quotes a letter, written by the Duke to Newcastle, with reference to the affair at Clifton, in which Cumberland asserts that the Highlanders gave no quarter. Now, to fling an assertion of this sort wholesale is unfair. The engagement at Clifton was a lonely skirmish on a miniature scale, fought in the dark, and by the rearguard of the Jacobite army. Someone may have shouted, "No Quarter," there is no evidence to suppose that it was the official order for the day.

Let us examine the position at the time of the '45. The Highlands had long been the scene of serious menace to the Government, the Highland chiefs were unscrupulous and disloyal, and in so far as Cumberland deemed it expedient

From **The Old Transport Road**
By Stanley Portal Hyatt, which Mr. Melrose will publish in the Spring of 1914.

From Athletics in Theory and Practice (*Hutchinson*).

WALKING. OLYMPIC GAMES, 1912. GOULDING (CANADA), WINNER.

to punish with severity he must be treated with reason and not foolish partizanship. That Cumberland acted in accordance with the panic-stricken wishes of the Cabinet and the country at large is probably not fully appreciated, that it was a brutal age and that his troops were drawn from the lowest scum of the slums is also not sufficiently remembered, but that he, as Walpole remarked, "loved blood like a leech," is difficult to explain away. Tradition is too strong, even though, as Mr. Charteris observes of the Lyon in Mourning, it may be a "hotbed of recriminations." Recriminations are often the warmer when they have the inspiration of injustice.

That there were severities Mr. Charteris allows. That it was an age of severity does not greatly help us out. But whether he was as cruel as we imagined or only as cruel as it was customary to be, does not affect opinion at this lapse of time. Cumberland is doomed to unpopularity whether he was cruel or not. Who could sustain popularity when confronted with the glamorous figures of Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald? Though Mr. Charteris will shrug his shoulders at such a profane standpoint one must admit that dullness was Cumberland's as it was the Georges' unforgivable sin. Against that nothing can avail, certainly not the meagre explanations and counter-charges that the author has gathered together. The thing does not depend on historical data, and so far as Mr. Charteris hoped to win people to sympathy with the Duke we fear his book has not succeeded.

For history may pass its verdicts, but popular opinion flings them down. There is in the heart of all of us a love for colour and a joy in romance, especially for the side that loses, and there is a movement and a glamour in the '45 that is not false nor theatrical, but very chivalrous and profound.

Mr. Charteris has written an interesting and unbiassed book, and his picture of social life in Georgian times is most effective. His vigorous treatment of his subject, his sound historical accuracy, and his handling of battle-fields (particularly Fontenoy) are most admirable. That he has not established the subject of his study will, we feel sure, make him infinitely more popular than if he had, and sympathisers with the Stuart cause will purchase his book with pleasant anticipations, which will not be disappointed.

FREDERICK WATSON.

From The Surgeon's Log (*Chapman & Hall*).

"TWO WOMEN WERE DREDGING FOR CRABS."

ATHLETICS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By E. W. HJERBERG. Illustrated. (Hutchinson & Co.).

Now that the question of national support for British competitors at the next Olympic games is so much to the fore, this book written by the coach of the Swedish team, who was formerly coach to the Columbia University Irish-American Athletic Club, and the Manattan Athletic Club, should prove interesting to many amateur athletes. All branches of sport which come under the general title of athletics are ably and lucidly dealt with, and valuable hints are given on training, diet, care of the skin, treatment of injuries, sleep, attire and other important matters including the arrangement of athletic meetings. A special feature of the book is its numerous, excellent, but not always quite clearly reproduced, photographs of athletic events. These should be particularly useful to amateurs, as many of them were taken at the Olympian games, and, therefore, are pictures of champions in the various events. In this excellent book the smallest details have been carefully attended to, even the question of how the holes should be dug for the feet to enable a runner to get the very best start off in sprinting and long-distance running. At the end of the book are some useful tables showing schemes for training for the various events mentioned in the book. We can thoroughly recommend this little volume to would-be and actual athletes. The former will find much of interest and importance, and even the latter, we fancy, will gain some valuable hints.

From The Silent India (*Blackwood*).

VILLAGE SCENE.

From **The Bonds of Africa** (*Long*).

RETICULATED GIRAFFE, NORTHERN GUASO NYIRO RIVER.

THE BONDS OF AFRICA.

By OWEN LETCHER, F.R.G.S. With about 50 Illustrations from Photographs and a Map. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)

"The Bonds of Africa" consists of a series of the impressions of one who has travelled about Africa for the last eleven years and knows the continent, if not perhaps inside out, at least very thoroughly—the countries dealt with by the author being Rhodesia, Mashonaland, Portuguese East Africa, Nyasaland and the Lower Zambesi, the East Coast, British East Africa, Uganda, and Egypt. The experiences of a wanderer of this description should obviously be interesting, and Mr. Owen Letcher does not disappoint. Perhaps he is a little too fond of the purple passage, but he has many excuses for his indulgence and he does not allow his pen or his feelings to run away with him. In fact, "The Bonds of Africa" is quite a fine book and one that is well worth getting.

From **The Errand of Mercy** (*Hutchinson*).

WOUNDED JAPANESE BROUGHT INTO CAMP UNDER THE RED CROSS FLAG.
(Photo, Underwood.)

FAIRSHIELS: MEMORIES OF A LAMMERMOOR PARISH.

By T. RADCLIFFE BARNETT. Price 2s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

These pleasant idylls of a Scottish hamlet, while carrying here and there a reminder of Alexander Smith, have their own individual note. The author has gleaned "the harvest of a quiet eye" in his descriptions of the country of the Lammermoor hills with its rolling pastures and fragrant pine woods. There are flower fancies, sketches of manse and village life, garden musings, and a chapter on "An old Secession Kirk," full of happy touches. Here is one concerning John Cooper, one of the former ministers at the kirk: "It was this Cooper, of the pawky wit, who said that at the last great judgment day, when the secrets of all hearts were revealed, there would be none from Fairshiels. Which would appear to mean that we are fine clasters." For the benefit of the Southern reader we translate the last word as "gossips" that the point

From **Fairshiels** (*Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier*).

MIDSUMMER HEAT AT COSTERTON.

may stand revealed. There is a delicate pastoral charm and freshness about the work that will make it especially grateful to the town reader. And it is not obtrusively Scottish—it belongs only in spirit to the Kailyard School. The book, which is in its second edition, contains twelve illustrations of the scenes and people described.

A CHRONICLE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A. With Portraits. 7s. 6d. net. (James Clarke & Co.).

To have made the chronicles of the Archbishops of Canterbury interesting, even fascinating, to the general reader, as well as to the clergyman and the historian, may seem something of an achievement. Mr. McKilliam has undoubtedly succeeded in doing so, and his account of the first Archbishop, the great Augustine of the seventh century, is as good to read and as vivid as that of the men of the nineteenth century. By his own clear realisation of the Early Christian missionaries, their landing on the Isle of Thanet and their settlement at Canterbury, he has presented them to us as living men, not as archaic figures. This is all the more admirable when we consider that he has not yielded to the temptation to popularise his subject by writing with the freedom of the novelist at the

From **A British Chaplain in Paris**
(*Chapman & Hall*).

A Paris Promenade in 1801-2.
(From the Coloured Aquatint of L. P. Debucourt.)

expense of verity. Mr. McKilliam has evidently searched and delved for facts, and he presents them in clear, terse form. There are ninety-four archbishops in our Church's history, a notable tale of men from Augustine to Randall Davidson. And when we remember that the list includes such names as Lanfranc, Anselm, Thomas à Becket, Stephen Langton, Henry Chichele, Thomas Cranmer, William Laud, Gilbert Sheldon, and Archibald Campbell Tait, we know that the author has had dramatic as well as critical periods to deal with. This volume necessarily, and cleverly, gives a continuous picture of English history as a background to its prominent figures—an impressive piece of work.

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS.

By John Palmer. Illustrated. (G. Bell & Sons.)

Mr. Palmer has given us a piece of critical and interpretive work that is sometimes lively and generally illuminating. At the same time, he takes his theme or themes in serious wise and affords the student a wealth of material on which he may base his own independent conclusions, or better still, proceed to make an extended study of the comic dramatists of the Restoration (as they are usually styled), for himself. For such is the subject. Mr. Palmer deals in detail with Etherage, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, illustrating his points and pleas by judicious and enlightening citations from the plays, the whole being so arranged that despite the fair measure of quotation, the work does not lose coherence and unity. He considers the plays and the dramatists in relation to the manners, conventions and notions of their time, and on the whole makes a clever and interesting defence of them against the narrow, and in the real sense uncritical judgment of Macaulay and others. The work in fact is a notable apologia, and both from the historical and critical points of view, is undoubtedly valuable. Mr. Palmer modestly disclaims the notion of writing for specialists. We doubt that the number of specialists on this ground is very large. But there must be many, who have accepted the popular prejudice against the Restoration playwrights, and this book may chasten them and change their general attitude.

From **The Comedy of Manners**
(*Bell*).

Engraving of a Scene from Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer."

PIERRE GARAT: SINGER AND EXQUISITE.

By Bernard Miall. With 35 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Frontispiece to Pierre Garat (*Unwin*).

GARAT AT THE ZENITH OF HIS CAREER. (A CARICATURE OF THE PERIOD.)
From a coloured engraving. Mme. *a.*—Mme. d'Angely (?); Mons. *b.*—Baillot; Mlle. *c.d.*—Mlle. Duchamp; Mons. *g.*—Garat; Cit. *h.*—Hateneck.

Pierre Garat, the subject of Mr. Miall's vivid biography, was a remarkable man and a fine artist, but he was not, as Mr. Miall admits, of any political importance. He was merely a singer and a dandy, a leader of fashion. His story, therefore, becomes a history of the French society of his period (he was born in 1762 and died in 1823) with a central figure of as much fashionable importance as a Brummell or Nash. Incidentally, also, Garat's morals—like those of nearly all the people among whom he passed his life—were lax in the extreme, and, regarded in this light, his life was no more than a continuous succession of successful intrigues. However, there was probably more in Garat than that. He was a singer—possibly almost a great singer. Mr. Miall handles his subject with an assurance and a ready wit that are altogether admirable, and, though nobody could claim that his book is particularly edifying, at least it makes amusing reading and presents an excellently drawn picture of the times.

THE STORY OF THE WORLD.

By Elizabeth O'Neill. Illustrated in Colour and Black and White from authentic sources. 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

It almost takes one's breath away to think of anybody sitting down to relate in one volume "The Story of the World." It is a hard enough task to unfold the history of a single nation; to be faced with the project of writing a history of the whole human race from the beginnings of time is a prospect that is calculated to daunt even the

From The Story of the World (*Jack*).

THE SOLEMN CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON IN THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AT PARIS IN 1804.
(From the painting by David.)

most daring of authors. Yet such is the scope of Miss O'Neill's new volume, and this world-history of hers for boys and girls is really a very attractive and masterly performance, Her first chapter deals with "The Coming of Man," and her last with "Our World to-day." and in the forty-six intervening chapters she gives you a clear, concise, well written history of the Jews and Phœnicians, of Greece, Rome, the contemporary barbarian nations, and so on to a well-arranged, well-informed account of all the great peoples of the earth. About half-way through, you start upon the history of modern times. The history of England and her Colonies is adequately set forth; there are admirable chapters on the French Revolution, on India, China, Japan and the colonising and growth of America into a separate and great nation. It is a book of real educational value, and the more valuable because it is written in an easy, interesting fashion that will lure children into reading it for pleasure, which is the most profitable way of study. A word of special praise must be added for the colour plates and the numerous black and white illustrations that have been selected and arranged by Mr. S. G. Stubbs; they comprise some excellent photographs and a large selection from old prints, and add enormously to the interest and attractiveness of the volume.

A WINTER IN INDIA.

By Archibald B. Spens. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. Spens describes his work, in his sub-title, as "Light Impressions of its (India's) Cities, Peoples, and Customs," whereby he succeeds in hitting it off accurately enough. Last winter he paid his second visit to India, and he gives his impressions in a chatty, often flippant, but always vivid, journalistic style. In the course of three months he saw a lot, though nothing far from the beaten track. The public at which he aims is not that which knows India, but the untravelled multitude. He likes to recall the history of the places which he passes through, to picture the scenes of the Indian Mutiny, and of the days long before that, and never scruples to digress in pursuit of the associations of the spot on which he stands. The plan has its merits, though it makes the book easier to read in brief snatches than as a continuous whole. "A Winter in India" would make an excellent companion volume to the guide-book for one who desired to "do" India for the first time. Its letterpress is illustrated by nearly a hundred photographs, nearly all of which were taken by the author. They are both good and varied in character. Mr. Spens, if but a tourist, made his tour with an intelligent mind and a quick eye.

From A Winter in India (*Stanley Paul*). A Temple in the Deserted City of Amber.

From Gardens of the Great Mughals (*Black*). "A Riverside Garden."

THIRTY YEARS IN KASHMIR.

By Arthur Neve, F.R.C.S.E. With 24 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)

Dr. Arthur Neve arrived in Srinagar in 1882, having gone there to take over the charge of the Kashmir Mission Hospital. The first chapters in the book are descriptive of life in the Punjab in 1881, and of the author's experiences in Srinagar at a slightly later date. But the principal interest of the book lies in the author's accounts of his travels, climbs, and adventures in the Himalayas, and to this by far the greater space is devoted. Dr. Neve is a daring and indefatigable explorer, and in the course of his journeys he has had many interesting experiences and has met many strange peoples. Written with a becoming modesty, the book is one of the best of its kind it has ever been our good fortune to come across.

THE LIFE AND THOUGHT OF JAPAN.

By Okakura-Yoshisaburo. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

From The Life and Thought of Japan (*Dent*).

THE TEA CEREMONY (CHANOYU)

A word of commendation should be given to the dainty dress provided for this book by the publishers, because daintiness and prettiness are befitting a book about Japan. The author says the typical flower of Japan is the *sakura*, cherry blossom, and says: "It is precious to us because it affords us a kind of widespread canopy, beneath which we may dwell. Every year, at the end of spring, we find ourselves living in a common home, made of the blooming *sakura* trees in their fulness of glow." All through the book the note struck here of life in common is repeated, and a point made of contrast with the individualism of Western nations. The typical Western flower is the rose, but the *sakura* is not like the rose, an individual flower. It is a congregation of flowers. "With us it is not individuals before family, as is the case with you; but family before individuals. A man is not so-and-so by himself, but a member of such-and-such a family." Again, the author says, emphasizing the contrast between East and West, "With us marriage is an affair of the house, not of the individuals. The union had its fundamental idea in ancestor-worship, and to leave the world without male issue came to be regarded by us as the greatest sin." Elsewhere he insists, "We feel the constant presence of our guardian spirits. Christian theology can be taught so as to be accepted by the Japanese, but whether it can ever succeed in touching our heart of hearts, and make us care no more for the spirits of our forefathers hovering in the air, is a question not likely to be answered in the affirmative." So he continually brings home to us his meaning when, in speaking of the typical flower of Japan, he says it makes a widespread canopy beneath which its devotees may dwell. An interesting account is given of the influence of the Chinese upon Japan, and of the kind of amalgamation that has taken place of the native Japanese Shinto religion with Confucianism and Buddhism. Filial piety (in the sense they ascribe to it), is the virtue, *par excellence*, our author repeats, of the Eastern world.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS.

With 24 Illustrations in Colour by Frank Pape. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Of the many beautiful books of this season, none is more beautifully produced than this of the Psalms. The illustrations of Mr. Pape reflect the splendour, the sombre mysticism, the tenderness, the lyrical sweetness—all the varying moods of these immortal songs powerfully and with most delicate imaginative art.

From Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists. (*Harrap*).

DAMAYANTI.
(By Khitindra Nath Mazumdar.)

From Nelson's Last Love (*Hutchinson*).

EMMA, LADY HAMILTON, AS THALIA.
(From an engraving by Raphael Morgen, Rome, after a painting by Angelica Kauffmann.)

MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND BUDDHISTS.

By the SISTER NIVEDITA (MARGARET E. NOBLE), of Ramakrishna-Vivekananda, and ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY. With 32 Illustrations in Colour by Indian Artists under the Supervision of ABANINDRO NATH TAGORE, C.I.E. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

In the course of a short note it is impossible to do justice to this very unusual and remarkable book, and we have space, unfortunately, only to indicate very briefly what the volume contains. The text is divided into eight chapters. Opening with a brief study of the mythology of the Indo-Aryan races, it is continued with two chapters upon the Rāmāyana and the Mahābhārata. In these chapters, after briefly summarising the story, the authors proceed to retail and expand the myths and traditions contained in the two great classics of India. These chapters take up rather more than half the book, the remainder of which is devoted to chapters upon Krishna, Buddha, Shiva, Other Stories from the Puranas, Epics, and Vedas, and the conclusion. Very well and simply written, the book should appeal alike to the student of Indian religions and to the general reader who is in search of something more arresting and unusual than the ordinary novel of the day. The illustrations, of which there are thirty-two, are all reproduced in colour, and have been made by Indian artists. They are as remarkable as anything that we have ever seen, and we imagine that many people will regard them as a vindication of Indian pictorial art. It would call for a good deal of knowledge adequately to criticise them, but it may be said at once that everybody is sure to find them fascinating, even if their beauty does not appeal. Certainly this book is, as its publishers claim, "a genuine product of the East."

THE BEAUTIFUL LADY CRAVEN.

By A. M. BROADLEY and LEWIS MELVILLE. 2 vols. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

The memoirs of Elizabeth, Lady Craven, afterwards Margravine of Auspach, were published originally in 1826, with a dedication to the Duke of York, so soon afterwards to die. They are now "edited with notes, and a biographical and historical introduction, containing much unpublished matter," by Messrs. Broadley and Melville. That the autobiography in itself possesses sufficient merit to call for republication at the present date could scarcely be argued. But the long Introduction, in which the editors "have endeavoured," they say, "to reconstitute the life-story of an exceptionally attractive lady"; the numerous documents, many of them the property of Mr. Broadley, which now for the first time see the light; and the admirable illustrations, forty-eight in all, which decorate the two volumes—these give the work a value which cannot be denied. The memory of the lady is very faint nowadays, though, as the editors point out, there are Margrave Road and Margravine Mansions to recall that she and her husband once resided in Hammersmith, at Brandenburgh House, the site of which is occupied by the Hammersmith Distillery. In her lifetime, however, she was a figure which we may call, as we will, either famous or notorious. Queen Charlotte had no doubt which was the correct term, and refused to have

From The Beautiful Lady Craven (*Lane*).

ELIZABETH, LADY CRAVEN, WIFE OF WILLIAM, SIXTH LORD CRAVEN.
(From the portrait at Combe Abbey, attributed to Thomas Beach.)

her at Court; she could have adduced some hard facts in justification of her attitude.

Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the fourth Earl of Berkeley, married, when she was not yet seventeen, William Craven, who, two years later, succeeded his father as Baron Craven. She bore him seven children before he settled £1,500 a year on her, and packed her off as a bad wife. Her editors think that in her relations with Craven she was "possibly more sinned against than sinning." But, whatever Craven's sins, he had forgiven in her a particularly scandalous infidelity before he turned her away in 1783. In her subsequent travels on the Continent she entered into a friendship, of the type miscalled platonic, with Christian Frederick, Margrave of Brandenbrugh Auspach, and Bayreuth, a great-grandson of George I. His wife died in 1790, and Lord Craven at the end of September, 1791. In October, 1791, the widow and widower married. He had already, by her wish, sold his principality to Prussia, and the pair came to England, bought the house already mentioned, on the bank of the Thames, and hoped to be received by Society. So, indeed, they were generally, and the royal princes had no compunction about visiting Brandenburgh House; but they never got to Court.

From **Society, Politics, and Diplomacy** (*Unwin*).

LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON.
Only child of Charles, 7th Earl of Northampton, by Lady Anne Somerset, daughter of the 4th Duke of Beaufort. Born 25th June, 1760. Died 7th April, 1835. Married 27th February, 1782, Lord George Augustus Henry Cavendish, created Earl of Burlington in 1831. After Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The Margravine wrote, besides her Memoirs and some travel-letters, poems, and a few plays. She acted, according to an admirer, *tout à la Jordan*; but other criticisms make us suspect that this was a libel upon Mrs. Jordan. Certainly, however, she was keenly interested in theatricals, and she made Brandenburgh House celebrated for its stage-performances, assisted by Mrs. Abingdon, Bannister, and a host of titled amateurs. Messrs. Broadley and Melville say that, though she was "not, possibly, what the world calls a good woman"—this is rather quaint—she "exercised, for a lengthy period, power of fascination." That she was beautiful the portraits, by a large variety of artists, proves. Beauty and fascination are her claims to remembrance.

BOOKS OF THE BORDER.

This season has seen almost a plethora of books relating to the Border Country on both sides of the Tweed. That locality—narrow in extent—is second to none for its wealth of literature, for the memories that cling to every landmark, for the poetry and romance which are its peculiar possession. Scott, to be sure, is the great central glory of the Border—its "Guardian Genius," as Wordsworth said. Nevertheless, other names than his have helped to make Tweedside glorious and renowned among the sons of men. It is not only for the sake of Sir Walter, but for the sake of Sir Walter's friends and associates—men like Hogg, the singing Shepherd of Ettrick; and Leyden, the most prodigious pundit of his time; and gentle Willie Laidlaw; and Lockhart — it is for their sakes, and a host besides, earlier than the Wizard's time—"good worthy Mr. Thomas Boston," for instance; the Erskines and the Baillies, mighty supporters of the Covenant, and many others—that the valleys of the Tweed and Teviot, of Ettrick and Yarrow, have grown into a kind of happy hunting-ground for thousands of pilgrim feet from the realm of Everywhere.

Is it surprising that such a vast and attractive literature should have fastened itself, ivy-like, around this charmed and charming land? We welcome, first of all, Mr. Lang's fine contribution,[1] reviewed elsewhere in this Number, and destined, one feels, to be the "open sesame" into this so precious treasure-house.

Mrs. John Lang's book[2] is the fragment of a more ambitious scheme, as one happens to know. She follows to some extent that Border evergreen, Wilson's "Tales." But a more finished pen is apparent here, and the stories are scarcely so lugubrious (barring that terrible tale of

[1] "Highways and Byways in the Border." By Andrew Lang and John Lang. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)
[2] "North and South of Tweed." By Jean Lang. 5s. net. (Jack.)

From The Public Prosecutor of the Terror: Alphonse Quentin Fouquier-Tinville. FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

Spott Manse); they are more or less based on historical data, and form a delightful resumé of the folk-lore of not a few quiet and undistinguished nooks of the Border. The book should make an acceptable Christmas gift. What shall be comprised under that magical word "the Border"? Mr. Hannah's task[3] takes him much further afield than Mr. Lang has ventured, though it could be proved that once on a time (far-off, to be sure) Edinburgh itself might be included within the term. It was a phrase that constantly varied with the fortunes of war between Scots and English. Nowadays the delimitation is simple. Geographically, the Tweed and the Cheviots constitute the natural boundary line—the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Northumberland being, therefore, the Border Counties in the stricter sense. But the fostering of a literary signification, brought about mainly by the work of Scott and his compeers, has finally settled that the Border is to be regarded as consisting of the whole watershed of the Tweed and its tributaries, to wit, the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Peebles, with the portion of Dumfries which abuts on the Solway. Mr. Hannah has taken no end of pains in preparation for his agreeable word-picture of the Berwickshire coast, and the conveyance of his readers right along the Lothian line to Linlithgow and Bo'ness. The book is packed with solid material. The writer is especially helpful when he discourses on the geological and architectural features so much in evidence around the "country of St. Abb," for example, where, at Coldingham, one of the oldest religious houses of the kingdom still does duty as the parish kirk. The account of Berwick-on-Tweed is almost all that one wants to know about the "good town." But to say that this book is at its best in the purely Border section would not be just. For the remaining chapters are equally interesting, and equally valuable, only they do not come within the present purview.

Two scholarly contributions to Border history *par excellence* have recently appeared. Thanks to the cultured leisure of Otterburn Tower, we now know all we can know about the men who kept the Marches in the days of the deadly feud, when, "if any two be displeased, they expect no law, but bang it out bravely, one and his kindred against the other and his; they will subject themselves to no justice, but in an inhuman and barbarous manner, fight and kill one another." To go through Mr. Pease's pages[4] is to recall a very desolating epoch in the national annals. English and Scots were continually "in bad blood," and many were the forays and the fights, much was the terror and the anguish of that so unhappy time. It was Edward of the Long Shanks who blew the coal that set the fire ablaze. He charged his son "never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued." And not for many long years was the sound of the unholy strife stilled at last. Wardens (*i.e.* Guardians) were needed to hold in check the wild clamorous clans of the Border. Both alike were inbred thieves. If Barty of the Comb should discover that his sheep were missing, all he did was to step over to his neighbour Corbit Jock to tell him so, and the twain, sure that "Scotland would ha' them," set off on the "hot trod" down Blakehope, and into Redewater, and across the Carter to Teviotside, where they would "lift" the best Scots wethers they knew of, and flashing (if need

[3] "The Berwick and Lothian Coasts." By Ian C. Hannah. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

[4] "The Lord Wardens of the Marches of England and Scotland." By Howard Pease, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

From Macaulay's History of England (*Macmillan*). SIR PETER LELY.
From a Mezzotint by J. Beckett after a painting by Sir P. Lely.

be) their swords on the moor, they would fight to the death rather than return "toomhanded." Let us be thankful for our own quiet era. For now

"No Warden keeps the Marches,
From Tynedale to the Tweed,
Broad winds the road to Scotland
Beside the streams of Rede."

There were pleasant and peaceful spots on the Border throughout those centuries of blood and iron. To fight may be the breath of one man's life; to pray is the very breath of another's. Thus the monasteries were constructed, "not in cities, or in castles, or in towns, but in places remote from the society of men." And when Dervorgilla the Devout set up her noble Abbey of the Sweet Heart at the foot of Criffel, with his diadem of transfigured mist, his wreath of red heather, his deep battle scars of the glaciers, his Titanic ribs of granite, and calm Loch Kindar with its leafy, lonely isle asleep beneath him, surely never was site more ideal for the Sanctuary of God on earth! It is the story of this Lady of Galloway, this daughter and mother of princes, this bountiful doer of gracious deeds, which Mr. Huyshe has narrated so charmingly.[5] She is among the most winsome women in history:

"A queenlier heart
never throbbed
more true
'Mong Galloway's
rocks and rills."

From The French Revolution (*Jack*).

THE DAUPHIN, LOUIS XVII. (1785-1795 (?)).
After the portrait by Kocharski made in 1792.
(*Photo*, Neurdein.)

Her whole life was surrendered to religion; to the creation and endowment of Friaries; and to such acts of beneficence as bridge-building; for Dervorgilla's Bridge at Dumfries is that town's chief relic of the olden time. Save one, however, all her religious foundations have perished. And Dulce Cor stands open to the winds of heaven. It was on Dulce Cor that she lavished her greatest love, and somewhere within its broken walls she waits the Morn.

It is but a step from the meditative life of the monasteries to the life of those who commune with Nature, and to whom every aspect of Nature speaks with a voice unheard by ordinary mortals. There are Whites of Selborne in many of the parishes of Scotland—men who live in the close enjoyment of the sights and sounds about their own Manse door, and to whom the tiniest revelation in bird, and beast, and flower, ensures a harvest of unspeakable joy. It is the ability to bring blessing out of the commonest things, to see more clearly that which lies at our feet that is Heaven's best boon to the human soul. Lady John Scott sings of "wild and stormy Lammermoor," but, as the present writer well knows, Lammermoor holds many a kindly mood in her lap. And it is like breasting the old road again, it is like being enwrapped by one's native air, it is like listening to the lilt of Leader Water, to read those scholarly and sympathetic essays of the minister of Lauder.[6] Mr. Bolam's book[7] is necessarily technical and cyclopædic. It tabulates the experience of a born naturalist, whose nights and days have been ungrudgingly given to a most intimate fellowship with the feathered tribes which predominate in the East Border. An account of the chief Border ornithologists makes a singularly pleasant Introduction.

In one sense, the "Country of Sir Walter Scott" is synonymous with the Border. Scott belonged to the Border, was nursed by it, lived in it, died in it, and the Border holds his dust. There is a sense, however, in which Sir Walter's country broadens and widens to many a farflung shore. It is the Country of the Novels, beginning with "mine own, my native land," making many an inroad upon England and Wales, crossing to France and Germany, touching Syria and the Golden Horn, and extending to India. Mr. Olcott[8] is apparently an American (his book bears an American imprint), who loves his Scott, and made a pilgrimage through most of the scenes of the Waverleys. The result is an addition to Scott literature which justifies its use by every student of the Master. Hunnewell's (also an American) "The Lands of Scott," has been long out of print, and there is no better book to take its place. With Olcott for guide, those who are entering the Waverley realm for the first time are fortunate; and those who oft return to it (and who does not?) will derive fresh stimulus (if that be possible) for a literary sojourn which does not seem likely ever to brook a rival. The children are ever with us, and Miss Grierson's little book[9] will fill a fine niche till the day for reading Lockhart has dawned.

W. S. CROCKETT.

[5] "Dervorgilla, Lady of Galloway." By Wentworth Huyshe. 6s. (David Douglas.)

[6] "In the Lap of the Lammermoors." By William McConachie, B.D. 6s. (Blackwood.)

[7] "Birds of Northumberland and the Eastern Borders." By George Bolam. 10s. 6d. (Henry Hunter Blair.)

[8] "The Country of Sir Walter Scott." By Charles S. Olcott. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

[9] "Sir Walter Scott." By Elizabeth Grierson. ("Peeps" Series.) 1s. 6d. (Black.)

From Phiz and Dickens (*Nisbet*) HABLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ").

THIRTEEN APPRECIATIONS.

By PRINCIPAL ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., LL.D. 3s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

These thirteen sketches deal each with the life and work of some character distinguished in the realm of religion, or of religious literature. Thus we have amongst them appreciations of Santa Teresa, Jacob Behmen, Samuel Rutherford, Sir Thomas Browne, William Law, Cardinal Newman, and John Wesley. The material is handled with understanding, the cardinal features of each life being skilfully disengaged, while the writing is marked by ease and sureness of touch. The essays are obviously the outcome of a close and sympathetic study of the lives and writings of the personages with whom they deal, and the fact that they were for the most part originally given in the form of addresses to Principal Whyte's classes, makes them additionally readable by reason of the absence of formality. The subject of Jacob Behmen is rather a heavy burden for a brief essay, but the difficulty is surmounted with considerable success. In the case of Sir Thomas Browne, too, the treatment is notably discriminating and adequate. With their feeling for essentials, and certain happy touches of phrase and anecdote, Principal Whyte's "Appreciations" give us a clear presentment of the worthies whose spiritual portraiture he has undertaken. And although his first interest is naturally the religious, we had almost said the theological, side of the subject, the literary aspect is by no means neglected. Thus, in the essay on Cardinal Newman, we are bidden to observe the "strength, the richness, the pliability, the acuteness, the subtlety, the spiritualness, the beauty, the manifold resources of the English language" in Newman's writings. Altogether the "Appreciations" may be considered as yielding to the reader very much more than a mere introductory acquaintance with their subjects.

MRS. STETSON
Author of "Reminiscences Sermons and Correspondence"
(*Putnam*).

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By LORD MACAULAY. Edited by CHARLES HARDING FIRTH, M.A. In Six Volumes. Vol. I., with Photogravure Frontispiece, 9 Coloured Plates, and 173 Black-and-White Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

The main feature of this fine reissue of Macaulay's "History of England" lies in the illustrations which have been included under the direction of Professor Firth. Not only are they extremely numerous, but the selection of them has clearly been made with the utmost care. They do really illustrate the text, they are all of a good size, and they have been very carefully printed. Their inclusion marks an epoch in the publishing of Macaulay's History, and if—as seems likely—the succeeding volumes attain to the high standard of the first, Messrs. Macmillan's illustrated edition will become easily the best to be had.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By H. F. B. WHEELER. With a series of Illustrations from authentic sources. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

The story of the French Revolution is one of those stories that seem to grow newer the more you tell them. Since Carlyle wrote his famous history many new facts have come to light, fresh contemporary memoirs have made their appearance, letters and private documents have emerged to throw vivid sidelights on the monarchists and republicans of that unparalleled period. Mr. H. F. B. Wheeler has done useful historical work in this, as in other fields, and in his latest volume, "The French Revolution," he tells the tale of that terrific uprising picturesquely, interestingly, making use of all the most recent revelations and discoveries on the subject and writing a thoroughly sound and eminently readable history of that portentous time and the remarkable men who flourished in it. A special word of praise is due to Mr. S. G. Stubbs to whom the author ascribes all responsibility for the scheme of illustration, and the selection of the eighty portraits and the old engravings of characteristic scenes and events that increase both the attractiveness and the helpfulness of the book.

PRINCIPAL ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., LL.D.
(Author of "Thirteen Appreciations.")
(*Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier*).

THE CASE FOR CO-EDUCATION.

By Cecil Grant, M.A., and Norman Hodgson, B.A. 5s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Two Oxford men here give us a statement of the case for educating boys and girls together at the public schools which lacks nothing in courage, sincerity, and powerful argument. Their conclusions are based on the experiment at Keswick and (subsequently) St. George's School, Harpenden, of which Mr. Grant is headmaster. That experiment, which lasted fifteen years, was directly caused by the hope of finding a remedy for the moral evil in our schools. Conducted on right lines, using such simple safeguards as all good schools should employ, co-education, they insist, can render any school as securely immune from immorality, as good boys' schools are immune from small-pox, or from epidemics of stealing. Displeasure is plainly hinted at the custom of adopting co-education, on the ground that boys and girls can be more cheaply educated together than apart. American experience is very fully dealt with. In spite of Professor Stanley Hall, it is clear that co-education is a distinct success in the States. Particularly interesting is the testimony of a high American official authority, that it "explains in great measure the freedom that women enjoy in this country, with respect to the pursuit of careers, and especially the large share which they take in the educational work of the country." In view of the great changes which the authors, in common with all experts, foresee to be imminent in our educational system, this able presentation of the case for co-education is very timely.

From **In the Footsteps of Borrow and FitzGerald** (*Jarrold*).

George Borrow. (From a hitherto unpublished photograph.)

LADY HESTER LUCY STANHOPE.

By Frank Hamel. With 20 Photogravure Plates. 15s. net. (Cassell.)

Miss Hamel's new discoveries tend only to make more remarkable the remarkable history of Lady Hester Stanhope, the eccentric woman who left England and travelled in the East, eventually settling down in Damascus, where she died in 1839. The author of this book has had access to material which has never before been published even in the life written by Lady Hester's niece and privately printed in 1897. "In the first place," says Miss Hamel, "she does not mention Lady Hester's love affair with Michael Bruce, and her magnanimity in giving him up when the time came for him to follow his career in England—a career which unfortunately did not turn out as brilliantly as Lady Hester expected. . . . In the second place, the Duchess of Cleveland never attempted to solve the question of the possibility of Lady Hester's marriage or love affair with an Arab sheik, a matter which Lady Hester refused to discuss openly to the close of her life." On these two points Miss Hamel's biography is of great value and may claim to be the most authoritative life of Lady Hester yet published, and every reader who encounters the book will find his feelings divided between wonder at the remarkable career of Lady Hester and admiration for the ability with which Miss Hamel handles her material. History and biography need be none the less sound for being interestingly written, and, keeping close to her facts, Miss Hamel has deftly fashioned Lady Hester's strange career into one of the most fascinating of romantic stories.

The Rev Cecil Grant, M.A. Part author with Mr. Norman Hodgson, B.A., of "The Case for Co-education." (*Grant Richards*).

From **John Bright** (*Constable*).

John Bright. (From a photograph by Mr Rupert Potter, 1881).

From Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope (*Cassell*).

LADY HESTER ENTERTAINING A VISITOR IN HER RECEPTION ROOM AT DJOUN.

LOVE AND LIFE.

The Story of J. Denholm Brash. By his Son. With Two Portraits. 2s. 6d. net. (C. H. Kelly.)

Mr. W. B. Brash has written a very interesting record of a very useful and beautiful life. His father was the well-known Methodist minister, Denholm Brash, whose memory will be long cherished in Shetland, in Aberdeen, in divers towns of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, which were the scenes of his ministerial labours. It is a vivid picture of a charming and lovable personality that grows upon you as you read these pages—the personality of a man who was passionately sincere; a great preacher, for "preaching was the supreme passion of his life, and to him it was no weekly task, but the divine privilege of his days"; a faithful and hard-working servant of his Church, and yet one who was keenly alive to all the varied interests of the life about him. He was so much of an enthusiast for cricket, and so young in his old age, that at seventy-one he could "count the selection of a Test Match team as something of inexpressible importance." There is a delightful chapter on "My father and his books," from which you gather that he was a real bookman, with a love of books that was catholic and discriminating. His son has drawn his character with a deep sense of the nobility and the warm humanity of it, and has told ably and sympathetically the story of a full and happy life that touches you with no regret except that it has ended.

A LIFE OF JOHN COSIN, BISHOP OF DURHAM, 1660–1672.

By PERCY H. OSMOND, M.A. 8s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

This is the biography of that Bishop of Durham whose life covered a period which is of tremendous interest to all students of Church history. It saw the conclusion of the labours of the Reformation, and the rise and subsequent triumph of that great movement which we know as Anglicanism. In his desire to preserve the æsthetic side of religious observance, Dr. Cosin appears to have suffered much at the hands of those who to-day are mainly represented by the followers of the late Mr. Kensit. It was the Bishop's aim to conserve the direction of progress by withstanding the extremes of reforming zeal. It was a time of warfare for the Church, and "The Knave Cosin"—as he was pleasantly described by another bishop—was in the thick of the fray. The book, indeed, gives us some lively pictures of the ecclesiastic stress and terror of the time, and incidentally throws valuable sidelights on the evolution of the Anglican movement. As a liturgical scholar the Bishop did useful work in the revision of the Prayer Book. Priest, scholar, and intellectual gladiator, he made his mark on his age. But as a lover of books, music, and architecture, he appeals equally to our sympathies.

From Ships and Ways of Other Days (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

SIXTEENTH CENTURY SEAMEN STUDYING THE ART OF NAVIGATION.

THE SOUTHLAND OF NORTH AMERICA.

By GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM. With 96 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, and a Map. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

The importance of the Central American republics will be materially enhanced by the Panama Canal, and these once comparatively unknown regions will doubtless spring into considerable prominence. The American traveller, therefore, naturally finds these countries of very much interest at the present moment. Mr. Putnam's recent wanderings took him into all the republics with the exception of Honduras, which shares with Nicaragua the distinction of being in the worst financial position of almost any state in the world. The writer is a traveller with keen powers of observation and a sense of humour, and he does full justice to a fascinating subject.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ENTÉNTE IN THE XVII. CENTURY.

By CHARLES BASTIDE. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

In these latter days, when the Enténte, the alliance based on similarity of interests and mutual respect between the French and ourselves, is one of the accepted things of life, it is difficult to conceive that, for so many generations, the two first nations of the world should have regarded each other as deadly enemies. Probably it was because no one else approached us that we were so keen, and so bitter, in our rivalry. During the nineteenth century the combined folly of our rulers and those of France allowed rival powers to grow unhealthily big. What chances we lost when we failed to guarantee Jefferson Davis dollar bills or to heed the cry of the Danish people in Holstein. And to-day France and ourselves have been forced into alliance as the guardians of civilization. Out of that alliance has come a mutual understanding. A few years hence and, in all human probability, the Fashoda affair will seem inconceivably remote, our quarrels of the past will appear as something unreal. Still it is well to be reminded that the friendship between the nations is not merely a thing of yesterday, that it began centuries ago. M. Charles Bastide has done a useful work in tracing the beginnings of the present entente. His book is scholarly and thorough, although it is strange to-day, when France has broken away from Rome, and we ourselves allow so much latitude in matters religious, to find how strong a factor religion was in the seventeenth century, how enormously it could affect international relations.

From The Anglo-French Entente in the Seventeenth Century (*Lane*).

"L'ANGLAIS." POPULAR REPRESENTATION OF AN ENGLISHMAN, *c.* 1670, AFTER BONNART.

ROSE BERTIN:

The Creator of Fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette.

By EMILE LANGLADE. Adapted from the French by Dr. ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. With Photogravure and other Portraits and Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

The life of the Court milliner of Marie Antoinette, the creation of the numberless dainty, ridiculous, extravagant *poufs* and hats and bonnets, is so intimately connected with the Court itself that much of the charm of that ill-fated period enters into this biography. Rose Bertin's real name was Marie-Jeanne, and Marie-Jeanne is more picturesque than Mary Jane. So, too, this French daughter of a policeman had a charm and an ambition which were more common and more possible of fulfilment among French women than among women of other countries about this period. The Court was frivolous and fond of dress. Therefore, if one could contrive and create becoming novelties, however startling, one was likely to become "the fashion." Rose Bertin possessed a millinery genius and plenty of courage; and she became the familiar adviser of the Queen in matters of dress. Throughout that gay, extravagant period, when the French Court was at the height of its brilliance, the gold flowed into Rose Bertin's purse, and she was often haughty and self-seeking on the strength of her popularity with the Queen; but the story goes that when the days of the Terror came, and accounts had to be rendered, the loyal milliner burnt her ledger with all the enormous sums owed to her by the aristocracy, that the millinery bills of Marie Antoinette also recorded there might not be made known to the New Masters and brought as a further charge against the poor Queen. The volume is vivacious and interesting, and the illustrations are excellent.

From Rose Bertin (*Long*).

FASHION IN 1776. Bonnet called *Le Lever de la Reine*. Musée Carnavalet.

MORE ABOUT KING EDWARD.

By EDWARD LEGGE. 16s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Having written one admirable book on King Edward VII., Mr. Edward Legge has been driven to compile yet another by a veritable passion of bitter resentment and indignation. And the cause of his wrath was Sir Sidney Lee's article on the late King in the Dictionary of National Biography. Sir Sidney, in fact, figures rather like King Charles's head—he is always cropping up to be

From More about King Edward (*Nash*).

KING EDWARD.
By Albert Bruce-Joy. (*Photo*, W. E. Gray, London, W.)

severely trounced and mauled just when Mr. Legge is becoming interesting. "When you wrote your article," he asks Sir Sidney with a rhetorical flourish in his preface, "did you bestow a thought of the widowed queen still in her garb of woe? Did you ask yourself if your wounding phrases would soothe her lacerated heart? Did you think of the dead king's children—one a king, another a queen? Do you respect or do you mock at the injunction "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"? To anybody who has read the article in the Dictionary of National Biography, it will seem quite unnecessary for Sir Sidney Lee to reply to any of these questions. But apart from this obsession, Mr. Legge's book is delightful. Indeed, the long chapter entitled "King Edward in Story" is quite the best collection of anecdotes ever yet published. There is another chapter to which the author has given the title of "The Iron Fist" which the eager reader will find somewhat disappointing. The author gives the impression that he is going to lift the veil that hides the mystery of the theft of the Dublin Crown jewels, but all he has to tell us is what we know already with this exception, that he declares that King Edward deliberately squashed the enquiry. "I will not have any scandals," said His Majesty, and Mr. Legge explaining this remark, declares that an enquiry "might have necessitated the publication of evidence having no bearing upon the crime, but a direct bearing upon the reputations of persons not in any way implicated in the robbery of the jewels."

EUGÈNE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

By VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 16 other Illustrations. 15s. net. (Long.)

Miss Montagu's book deals with the life of the son of the Empress Eugénie by her first husband, the "adopted son" of Napoleon, who loved him so well that for his sake he forgave his wife her infidelities more than once before finally he divorced her. Eugène had a weak but lovable character, and Miss Montagu gives us an interesting account of the early years of poverty, the mature years of high favour, and the latter ones of comparative seclusion of this plaything of fortune. The figure of Eugène is sketched in against a background of European politics and the wars of the Napoleonic period, in the handling of both of which Miss Montagu shows familiarity and assurance. Napoleon himself is strikingly and sympathetically delineated, and as a whole the book is well worthy the attention of serious readers.

FLAGSHIPS THREE.

By C. E. W. BEAN. With 4 Plates and about 30 Head and Tail-Pieces by the Author. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

Anybody who read "On the Wool-Track" or "The Dreadnought of the Darling" will know that Mr. Bean can write, and in "Flagships Three" he has what is, perhaps, the most inspiring theme that he has yet dealt with—the recent formation of an Australian Fleet. In 1908 Mr. Bean published a little book dealing with the naval needs of Australia and demanding very much the same sort of fleet that is now rapidly in the making. In five years his dream has been realised. The present volume consists of the greater part of the old one, together with a large amount of new material, dealing mostly with the building and launching of the new battle-cruiser *Australia*.

From Eugène de Beauharnais (*Long*).

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN HIS YOUTH.
From a bust by an unknown sculptor in the Museum of Ajaccio. (*Photo*, A. R. Montagu.)

Frontispiece to Volume I. of the Life of Florence Nightingale (*Macmillan*).

THE LIFE OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

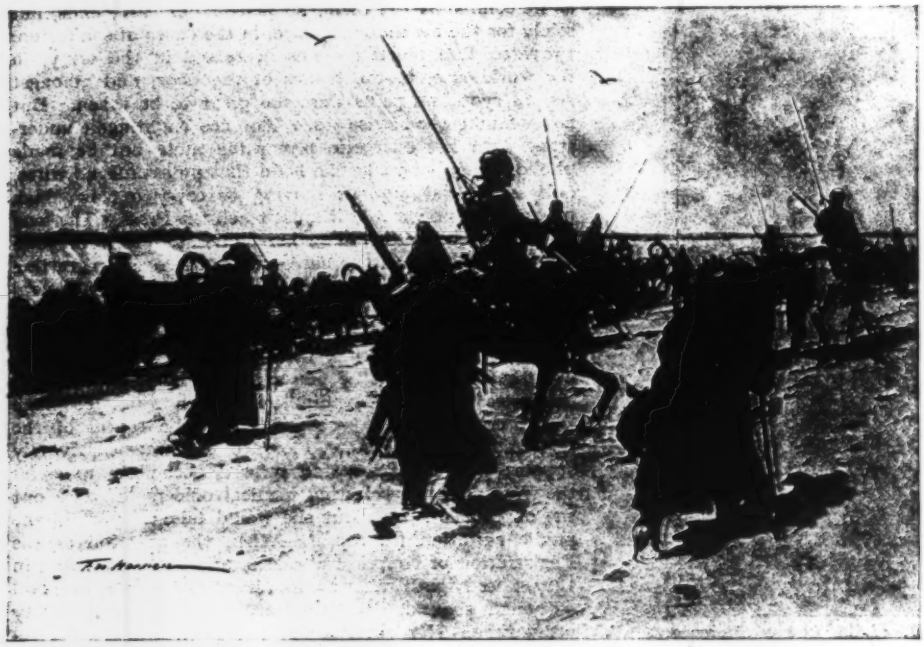
By Sir Edward Cook. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

To mankind generally, Florence Nightingale is still the lady with the lamp, the ministering angel. Popular feeling and imagination fastened on that mission to the Crimea, and the mystery and seclusion of Miss Nighingale's later life could not efface the heroic story from men's minds.

Now that Sir Edward Cook has told us in this full and well-ordered biography, all the mental activities that followed the return from Scutari, and has revealed the enormous correspondence, the interviews, and the wire-pulling conducted by Miss Nightingale in her seclusion, it seems to us that the episode of that journey to the seat of war—and it was but an episode in a long and busy life—is by far the greatest thing to be remembered, and that while ever brave deeds are valued in this world, we shall always rightly think of Florence Nightingale as "the lady with the lamp." Yet, what a mass of work was accomplished in the after days, what strings were pulled, and what judgment, pertinacity and tact were used to get things done! Getting things done became a fine art for Miss Nightingale from the days of the first Sanitary Commission, and by their capacity for this art did she judge her contemporaries, men and women alike. Hence the strong and lasting friendship with Jowett of Balliol—so well brought out in these volumes—and the admiration for Sidney Herbert, Dr. Sutherland, John Lawrence, Lord Ripon, and other famous men who took her counsel. "The combination of masterful powers of organisation with womanly gentleness and sympathy," characterize her public work from the first, Sir Edward Cook notes. "She is a noble-minded woman," Robert Lowe said of her in 1867, "and so charming." A practical mystic is an easy description. And her spirit was nourished on the literature of the great mystics, on St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara. All the intriguing, the wire-pulling, and the art of getting things done were used, not as we commonly use them, for personal or party ends, but solely for the health of the race, in the cause of sanitation. Provided that mortality was decreased in the army, in the workhouse, in the homes of the poor, and amongst Indian ryots, no pains were too great to be taken. But never-failing good sense made Florence Nightingale understand that her energetic prompting must not be made public. Hers might be the hand that pulled official wires, and set official puppets moving to carry out her high behests, but no word of it must reach the Press. The long years of seclusion favoured her methods. In vain John Stuart Mill urged her to come out in the open, regretting the preference for moving hidden springs "so very general among women." Miss Nightingale, beyond allowing her name to be placed on the General Committee of the Women's Suffrage Society in 1871, and her opinion to be published, would not be persuaded to public controversy on Votes for Women. Similarly, when Mrs. Josephine Butler crusaded, and successfully, for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts, Florence Nightingale privately supported Mrs. Butler, and refused absolutely to assist the War Office in selecting medical officers to carry out the obnoxious Acts. But she would take no part in the public agitation for repeal. When the question of the Registration of Nurses was raised, and hotly discussed in 1887, Miss Nightingale was prominent against the proposal—though she admitted its possible advantage in forty years time. Her objection to inoculation was never removed; "she loathed and mocked at it," writes Sir Edward Cook.

Happy in her usefulness, and in her friendships, Florence Nightingale is no less happy in her biographer.

From Things I Remember (*Nash*). MY GRANDMOTHER.



From Provincial Russia
(*Black*).

CONVOY OF PRISONERS ON FOOT.

PROVINCIAL RUSSIA.

Painted by F. DE HAENEN. Described by H. STEWART. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

This is not a record of travel, but rather a sober, careful attempt to give a picture of the condition, the ways, the morals of Russia as it now is after the first disillusion. For the reformation or revolution appears not to have brought in its train half the blessings that the *intelligentia*, or the free-thinking, educated middle classes, expected and dreamed of. The burden of the book, as of most books on Russia, is that time must elapse, perhaps centuries, before the wonderful Russian people come into their own. We know little about their literature, their enormous mass of folk-lore, their aspirations and their creed. The various chapters deal with Central and North Russia, with the Urals, with Provincial towns, with white Russia, with the steppes, and, lastly, with the Crimea, where winter is not known. A plea is made for a Russia in Asia which, with a sympathetic England, is the only civilising power in the northern East. The illustrations, sixteen of which are in colour, are delightful.

THE ART COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY.

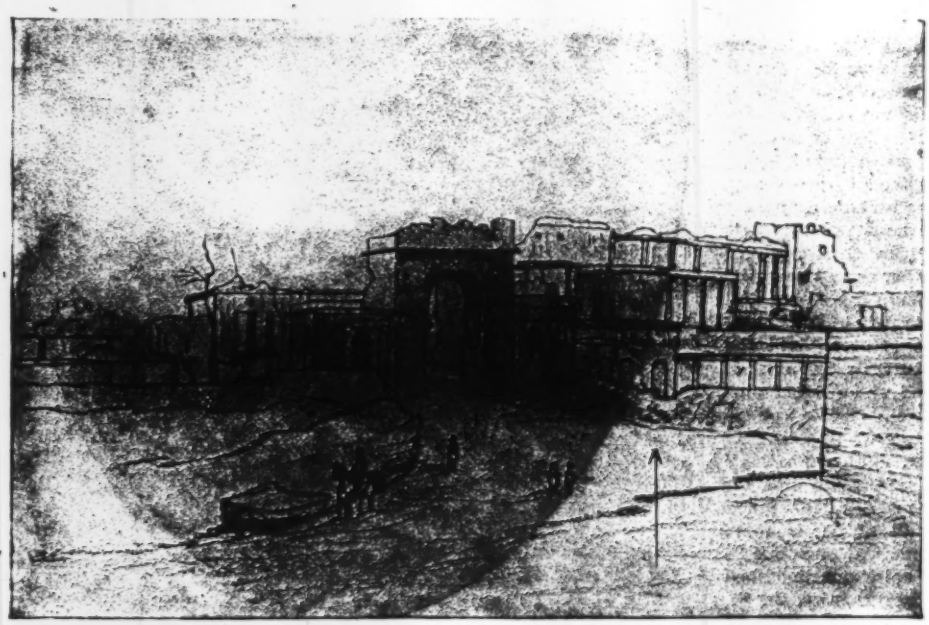
8 vols. 6s. net each. (Batsford).

Mr. Batsford has issued eight volumes in his new and useful "Art Collector's Library" series, from four of which specimen illustrations have been selected for this Supplement, these four concerning respectively "English Table Glass," "French Pottery and Porcelain," "Sheffield Plate," and "Old Pewter." Like the rest of the volumes in the series (on "Old French Furniture"; "French Furniture"; "Dutch Pottery and Porcelain"; and "English Embroidery") they are written by authors who are acknowledged experts, each in the particular study he has undertaken. The books are well printed, strongly and artistically bound, and they have information to impart that is both new and reliable. The whole series should prove an indispensable addition to the collector's library.

THE BIJOU BOOKCASE.

With 60 vols. £4 4s. net. (Glasgow: David Bryce & Son.)

One of the most attractive of Christmas gifts is the artistically designed Bijou Bookcase, supplied by Messrs. David Bryce & Son, and the miscellany of miniature books that fill it. There are sixty of these dainty little books, and they include Burns's Poems in six volumes, and Scott's in another six; Poems of Hood and Moore, and the Poems and Plays of Goldsmith; Chips from Dickens and Thackeray; Gleanings from Wordsworth; Lamb's Essays; Pepy's Diary; an Atlas, a Gazetteer; and, to say nothing of various volumes of extracts from Thomas à Kempis and other authors, a Bible, a New Testament, and English, French and German Dictionaries, that are surely the very smallest and most quaintly pretty books that were ever published this side of fairyland. Such a Lilliputian library in such a charming Lilliputian bookcase makes a dainty present from and to any lover of books.



Frontispiece to Reminiscences of India and North Queensland
(*Constable*).

BAILEY-GUARD, SHOWING BREACH THROUGH WHICH HAVELOCK'S TROOPS ENTERED.

From Unknown Mongolia
(*Hutchinson*).

SHEEP GROUND OF THE UPPER BOROTALA.
(*Photo*, J. H. Miller.)

UNKNOWN MONGOLIA.

A Record of Travel and Exploration in North-West Mongolia and Dzungaria. By DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS. With Three Chapters on Sport by J. H. MILLAR. 28s. net. (Hutchinson.)

This is the story of a fine piece of exploration in the heart of Asia that won for the writer the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1912. As Lord Curzon remarks in a preface to the book, it will long remain a classic on its subject. For, in addition to discovering a large tract of unknown land at the source of Yenises and giving a varied description of the reindeer-owning Nomads who live in a vast forest swamp on the frontiers of Mongolia, Mr. Douglas Carruthers deals in a large way with all the problems of the central deserts of Asia. He shows how the wild Mongols, who were once the most destructive force in the world, have been tamed and hopelessly weakened by the degraded form of Lamaism introduced by Tibetan monks encouraged by the subtle and Machiavellian Chinese. The author also gives a most interesting sketch of the Nestorian Kingdom on which were based the legions of Prester John, whose Christian subjects have been converted to Mohammedanism and now form the most energetic and warlike of the tribes.

The Uriankhai tribes, living between Russian Siberia and Chinese Mongolia, in the new country explored by Mr. Carruthers, are a very simple and happy people. They want nothing from the outside world, for their reindeer supplies them with food and winter clothing, and the bark of the birch-trees is sufficient for their other needs. The explorer came with a caravan to trade with them, but he had great difficulty in buying even a specimen of their reindeer; for nothing he possessed could excite their curiosity or tempt them to a bargain. For two years Mr. Carruthers and his party wandered on the frontiers of the Gobi desert in an untravelled region that for centuries

Frontispiece to With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem
(*Macmillan*).

THE VANGUARD OF A THOUSAND PILGRIMS GOING DOWN TO THE JORDAN.

From A Woman's Winter in Africa (*Stanley Paul*).

OVAMBO WOMAN AND CHILDREN.

has formed a borderland between rival races, creeds and political powers. The work of exploration was done in a thoroughly scientific spirit; the land was surveyed, the animals and plants collected and the geology of the country carefully examined. Mr. Carruthers has a brilliant and vivid way of writing, and the general reader will be deeply interested in his work. The people of the various nations are studied from the life, by a man with a remarkable insight into character and a lively sense of the romance and picturesqueness of the wilds of the Orient. To an historian the book is quite as attractive as it is to the lover of the adventures of geographical exploration. The effect of different religions on men with originally the same force of character is traced in a striking manner, and the mystery of the enfeeblement of the Mongol race is clearly and finally solved. The chapters on big game hunting in the new lands are written by Mr. J. H. Miller, who, with Mr. M. P. Price, contributed to the funds of a private enterprise in geographical exploration which has brought honour and glory to our country.

FROM THE CONGO TO THE NIGER AND THE NILE.

By ADOLF FRIEDRICH, DUKE OF MECKLENBURG. With 514 Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings, and a Map. 2 Vols. 38s. net. (Duckworth.)

These two finely-produced and elaborately-illustrated volumes chronicle the journeyings of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-1911 under the leadership of the Duke of Mecklenburg. The main route of the expedition led from the Congo River to Lake Tchad and thence across to the Niger, but auxiliary parties broke off at various points along its march, two of which practically crossed the continent and reached the Nile, and the book is accordingly planned in such a way that the heads of the minor expeditions contribute chapters upon their own experiences and the scientific results they obtained. It is safe to say that few journeys of exploration have been conducted more thoroughly or more successfully, and the enthusiasm of the principal members of the party will transmit itself to the reader. It is quite impossible here to give any idea of the scope of this remarkable work, but it is safe to say that in many ways this is the travel book of the autumn. The illustrations from photographs are extraordinarily varied and effective, while those for which Herr Ernst Heims, the artist of the expedition, is responsible are sometimes remarkable for their beauty.

From From The Congo to the Nile (*Duckworth*).

GIANT CHIMPANZEE. (Killed by Von Wiese.)

A WOMAN'S WINTER IN AFRICA.

By Mrs. CHARLOTTE CAMERON. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul.)

There have been women travellers, but not many; and of recent years few indeed who have travelled so variously and so far, or with such strict observance of the rigours of the game as Mrs. Mary Gaunt and Mrs. Charlotte Cameron. Her experiences in India and in Morocco,

From **Tigerland** (*Chapman & Hall*). **FOUND DEAD.**

Mrs. Cameron used as material for two novels; she journeyed some thousands of miles in South America, and a vivacious and very interesting narration of her travels and adventures in "A Woman's Winter in South America" was the result. Last winter she set out to make a journey alone round East and West Africa, from Mombasa to Sierra Leone, and across Rhodesia to the Victoria Falls. She covered in all twenty-six thousand miles of the Dark Continent, and her record of things seen, dangers faced and difficulties overcome, of the curiously interesting cities, towns, villages she visited, and the manners and customs of their inhabitants, makes a varied, stirring and at times fascinating history. Perhaps the strangest, most terrible and pathetically interesting place of all was Robben Island with its sad colony of lepers. She describes the people and the life they live there with vivid and haunting realism, and moves one to admiration of those heroic souls who devote their labours to mitigating the long-drawn misery of that forlorn community; and perhaps the most exciting moments of her adventure came when she was passing through that part of the West Coast of Africa that is the lurking-place of the sleeping sickness; or when she was interviewing the cannibals of the Cameroons, whom she found not so black as they are commonly painted. Mrs. Cameron has a pleasant gossipy style and a real gift of descriptive writing. Her book is one of the most informing and entertaining African travel books we have read, and with its useful maps and numerous excellent photographs should appeal irresistibly to the large travelling public, and the even larger public that cannot travel far but likes to see the world, and the wonder and the peril and the beauty of it, through the eyes of one who is enterprising and courageous enough to go out of the the main track and bring back news of people and places unknown to the average voyager—especially when that adventurous spirit can write of such things with such charm and interest and outspokenness of opinion as Mrs. Cameron has written of them here.

TIGERLAND.

By C. E. GOULDSBURY. 7s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Chapman & Hall.)

One would say, with apparent safety, that it was well-nigh impossible to write another readable book on big game shooting, yet Mr. Gouldsbury has done so, and thoroughly confounded those who thought the subject exhausted. The modest friend from whose diaries and records the present volume is put together, ran away to sea when a youngster, and, after some years of roving, landed at Calcutta on the eve of the Mutiny. Enlisting in the Bengal Mounted Constabulary, he fought through the revolt, meeting with many unique experiences, and when the country was once more quiet was appointed a junior

From **The Book of the Lion** (*Murray*). **AN ALGERIAN LION.**

From **Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls of England and Wales** (*Warne*).

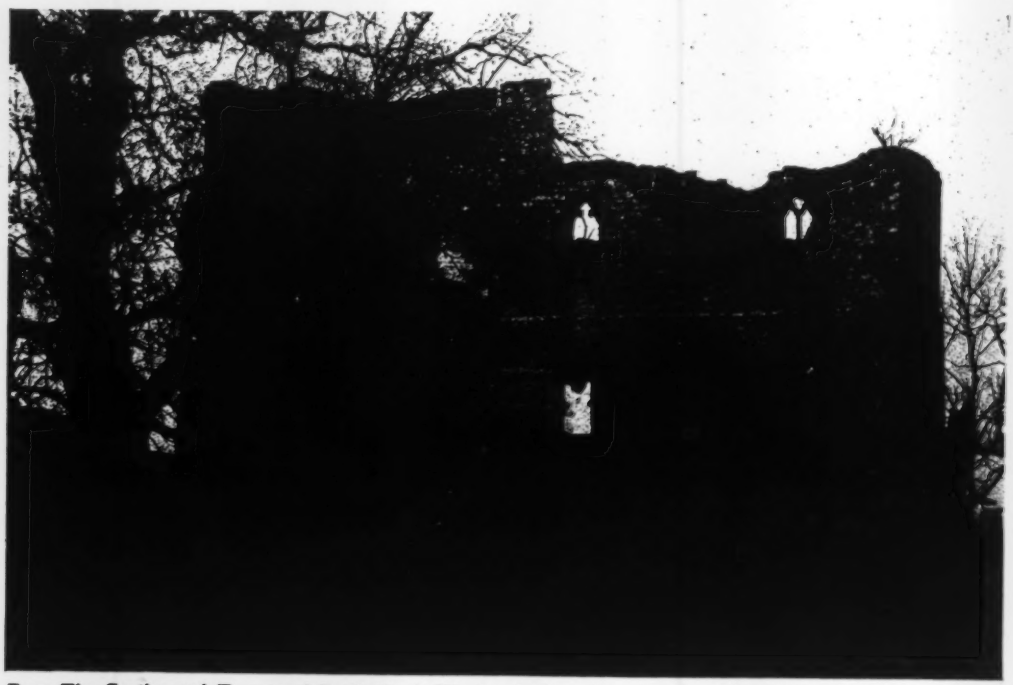
CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

officer in the new semi-military police, or constabulary. Drafted to a good sporting district, gifted with plenty of nerve and the hunting instinct, he was soon enrolled amongst the devotees of the gun. During nearly half a century he shot tiger, leopard, panther, bison, bear, ibex, sambhur, and elephant, ranging over the whole of his own and his neighbour's districts in Bengal, and spending his rare leave on sporting trips to a friend in the hills of Travancore. Excellent are the glimpses of camp life, of the Commissioner's tours of inspection, of the good relations existing between natives and officials, of the whole-souled devotion to duty of the old type of civil servant. Of yarns other than sporting there are any amount. The anecdotes of elephantine intelligence, of the habits and customs of the various beasts and birds, the sayings and doings of the native helpers, are well chosen. "The Major's Tale" is as weird a ghost story as anyone could wish to hear; "The Garo's Oath," an out-of-the-way piece of folklore, based on substantial fact; whilst "The Zemindars' Pig Sticking" is serio-comic. We can well understand what it would mean when, after forty years, the writer had to sever his close connection with India, its peoples, jungles, and beasts.

THE HISTORY OF THE ISLANDS OF THE LERINS.

By A. C. COOPER-MARSDIN. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The Lerins are a group of islands forming a sort of natural breakwater at Cannes off the south coast of France. At the beginning of the fifth century, a young Roman noble became a Christian and fled as a hermit to the Lerins to study and meditate in quietness. He was joined by other men of his way of thinking, and while Gaul was being destroyed by the Franks, the islands of the Lerins grew in importance as a religious centre of Western Europe. It was a brilliant school of missionaries, and both St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, and St. Augustine, the apostle of England, studied there. Many of the leaders of Christian thought in the fifth and sixth centuries, owed their training to the monastery on the island, and Canon Cooper-Marsdin gives a scholarly account of their lives and labours there, and brings out clearly the great importance of the Lerins in the days when the Roman Empire had fallen under the attacks of the northern barbarians. The work is an able contribution to English theological literature, for the school of the Lerins has not hitherto excited much interest among the Anglo Celtic nations that owe most to this ancient centre of missionary work.



From **The Castles and Towers of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire North-of-the-Sands** (*Titus Wilson, Kendal*).

BROUGHAM CASTLE AND KEEP.

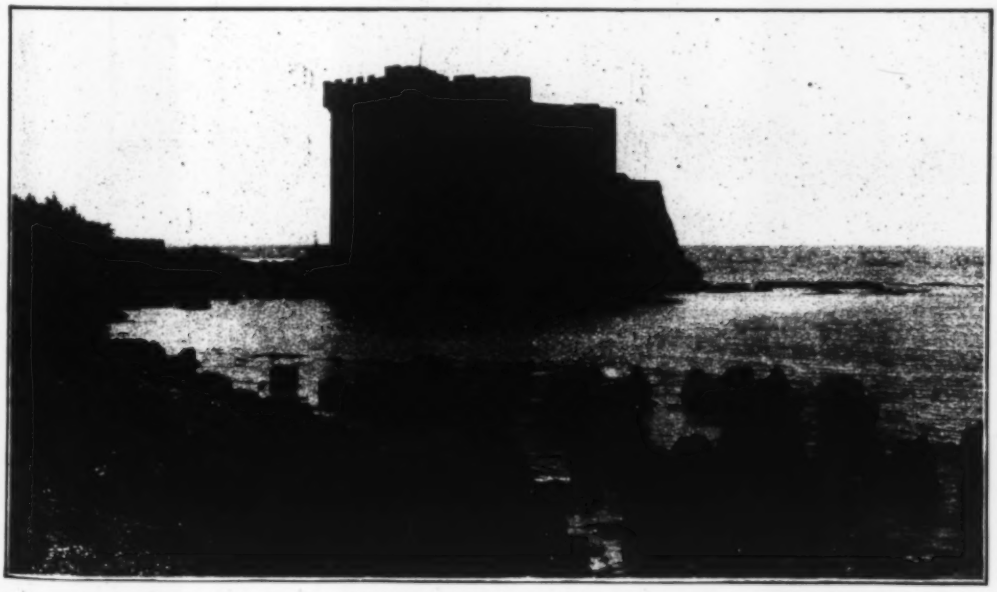
MADAME NECKER.

By MARK GAMBIER-PARRY. 12s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

That Madame Necker was the mother of Madame de Stael is sufficient justification for the publication of this informed and appreciative biography; and when it is remembered that it was in great measure due to the powerful influence she exerted through the medium of her famous salon that Jacques Necker secured the Director-Generalship at such a crucial period of the history of France, we feel that Mr. Gambier-Parry has made a valuable contribution to the literature of the Revolution. To students the personality and social eminence of Madame Necker have long been familiar, through the pages of Vicomte d'Haussonville's "Le Salon de Madame Necker," and the various memoirs of the period; but the present volume is, so far as we recollect, the first separate account of her life in English. The daughter of an impecunious but cultured Swiss parson, she gave early evidence of unusual qualities of heart and mind, and as a girl of seventeen she won and reciprocated the affection of Edward Gibbon, at that time residing at Lausanne. As is well known, this affair terminated unhappily. Gibbon, on meeting with parental opposition to his engagement, complacently renouncing his claim to Suzanne's hand, after keeping his lover in suspense for five years. Two years after this break the much-admired girl, reduced to penury by the death of her parents, met and married the man who was to play so conspicuous a part in the crisis of his adopted country's history. As soon as they were established in Paris, Madame Necker, who possessed in rare degree attributes of beauty and character peculiarly adapted to the rôle she was to play, proceeded to gather round her in her salon the *beaux esprits* of the literary world, several of whom became her life-long friends. In doing this her object was not self-gratification, but the promotion of her husband's interests. Her affection for Necker was deep and enduring, and she perceived in him possibilities which she determined should have their opportunity. It is held by some that she was insatiable in this ambition, but, be that as it may, the result fully justified the means. Whatever weakness Necker may have shown in grappling with the chaos of the early revolutionary period, it is a question whether any one man could, in the circumstances, have done more than he attempted; and it is probable that had he been permitted to carry out the reforms he projected during his first administration, the Revolution might have been averted. The portrait of Mme. Necker which the author gives us is of a refined and beautiful woman, who wins our admiration as a devoted wife and mother, and as one who, surrounded by the temptations of a morally corrupt age, preserved her integrity unsullied to the end. Religious by temperament and training, she was her own hard judge in matters of duty, carrying to excess the principles of introspection and self-castigation; and if she failed to appreciate her remarkable daughter it was due to the blindness of mother-love.

From The Castles and Towers of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire North-of-the-Sands (*Titus Wilson, Kendal*).

YANWATH CASTLE.



From The History of the Islands of the Lerins (*Cambridge University Press*).

THE CHÂTEAU FORT
(Specially photographed by kind permission of the Most Reverend Father Abbot Dom Patrice.)

From The Country of Sir Walter Scott (*Cassell*).

LOCH LOMOND, FROM INVERSNAID.

DESERT AND WATER GARDENS OF THE RED SEA.

By CYRIL CROSSLAND, M.A., B.Sc., F.L.S., F.Z.S. With 91 Illustrations from Photographs and 12 Diagrams. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Mr. Crossland's interesting book deals with the western (the Egyptian) coast of the Red Sea, a district which, in spite of the recent foundation of Port Sudan, and the building of the railway thither from Atbara, remains almost completely unknown to the traveller. It is sparsely populated, but nevertheless it contains, as the author shows, material of interest and importance to the ethnologist. The second part of the book deals with corals and coral reefs and the making of the Red Sea, in a manner that will appeal alike to the specialist and to the general reader. The volume is finely illustrated with numerous good photographs and some useful diagrams.

CAMP FIRE YARNS OF THE LOST LEGION.

By COLONEL G. HAMILTON-BROWNE (MAGZI BROWNE). With 8 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Laurie.)

There is something exceedingly attractive about Colonel Hamilton-Browne's unliterary manner. His method of telling a story is that of the *raconteur*, not the writer—and it is by far the best method for the material at his command. And what stories he has to tell, how varied and unconventional an experience to draw upon! In New Zealand and South Africa he seems to have gone everywhere and to have done everything which offered the least promise of excitement or amusement, and he has hunted bushrangers in Australia, and been a gentleman adventurer in the South Seas. His experiences have endowed him with a stock of marvellously good yarns which everybody who has the slightest love of adventure or the smallest sense of humour ought to read. This is a book, in fact, which we cannot help feeling resembles its author in one respect at least—it is an ideal after-dinner companion.

From Desert and Water Gardens of the Red Sea (*Cambridge University Press*).

A SANDSTORM SEEN FROM AMONG THE BARRIER REEFS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

By A. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S., F.R.P.S. With Frontispiece in Colour and 72 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, 39 Illustrations in the Text, and 2 Maps. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Radclyffe Dugmore is perhaps the most distinguished exponent of the art of shooting without a rifle. We never saw better wild animal photographs than in "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," and we can easily say the same for this very remarkable book. Mr. Dugmore has, in fact, reached the top. He cannot improve upon his former work, because it was of the best. But he can at least equal his earlier achievements, and, as we have already said, he does so in "The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou," which wonderful book is accurately described in the sub-title of "An intimate account of the life of the Reindeer of North America." Having said so much it is necessary only to add that nobody who is in any way keen upon natural history can afford to neglect Mr. Dugmore. He appeals strongly alike to sportsmen, naturalists, and the general reading public—for he writes almost as well as he takes photographs.

From **Camp Fires of the Lost Legion** (*Laurie*).

Bush Track.

TWO YEARS WITH THE NATIVES IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC.

By Dr. Felix Speiser. 10s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Mills & Boon.)

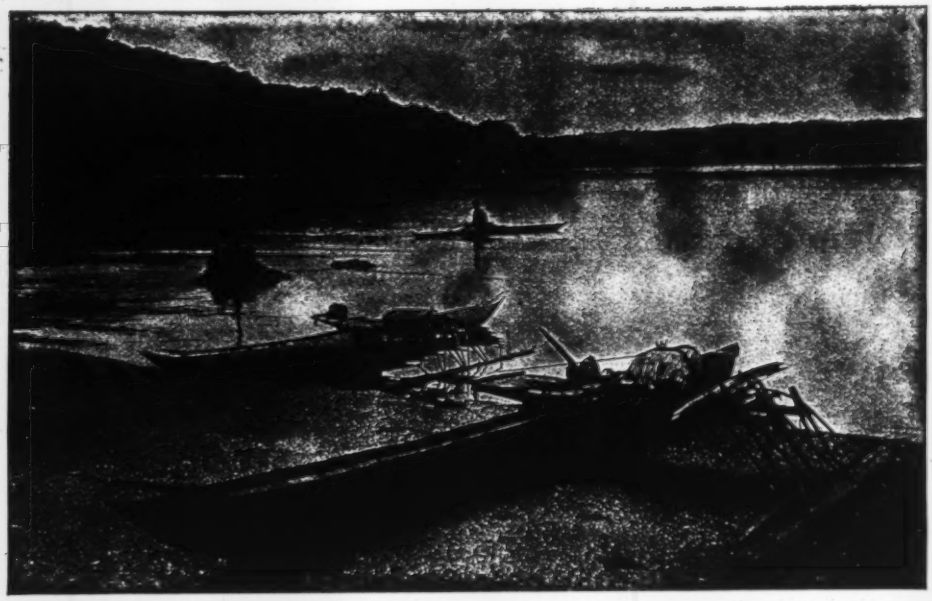
A good travel book is a difficult thing to write. There are so many of them turned out every year, and nowadays the world seems to have grown very small. The same ground is covered over and over again, and the latter-day narratives lack all the colour and excitement of those written by the early explorers. The old wood-blocks, grotesque though they might be, were infinitely more interesting than the modern photograph. When we see them, they carry us back to the days when an explorer seemed the most heroic of all people. We do not know whether Dr. Felix Speiser went out intending to write a travel-book, but rather think he must have done so, for he seems to have been on the look-out for "copy" all the time. At any rate, he got good "copy," and he has known how to make the most of it. His English is quite good, and the book is readable throughout. His choice of a hunting-ground was a wise one. Very few people know anything about the New Hebrides, and this is an age in which everyone is ready to learn. Now and then, one comes across controversial things, but these really add to the interest of the volume, by proving that the writer is in earnest. His strictures on French colonial methods are very severe; though one wishes that he had come into collision with German officials. His comments on them would have been more interesting still. The photographs in the book are excellent, and one puts the volume down with the feeling that, after all, there are very much worse places than those islands of the Western Pacific. The rate-collector and the party agent do not appear to have penetrated there.

From **The Bonds of Africa** (*Long*).

Falls on the Chania River, between Nairobi and Fort Hall.

From **Round the British Empire** (*Jenkins*).

In the Canadian Rockies.



From **Two Years with the Natives in the Western Pacific** (*Mills & Boon*).

CANOE FROM NITENDI

JERUSALEM AND THE CRUSADES.

By ESTELLE BLYTH. With 8 Plates in Colour by L. D. LUARD, and a Series of Reproductions of Pictures of Historic Interest. 5s. net. (Jack.)

Men and women, boys and girls, will equally be interested in this handsome volume. It tells in graphic language of the early state of the city of Jerusalem, and of the several crusades undertaken to win the city for Christ and the Christian people. Very thrilling are these historic stories, with their periods of glorious hope and of sad defeat. And the saddest episode of all is, perhaps, the tragic, pitiful tale of the Children's Crusade, in 1212, when, preached to by the half-frenzied priest Nicholas, and fired by the words he told them and the promises of glory and miracles he held out to them, fifty thousand children escaped from their homes and, led by a boy of fifteen, named Stephen, started joyfully upon their way. The terrible sufferings of that unhappy band are painful to read of, even after all these years, and, perhaps, most painful of all is the thought of the betrayed remnant sold into life-long bondage at the slave-markets of Egypt. A very interesting chapter is that on "The Two Great Orders," the Hospitallers and the Templars. The full-page coloured plates are striking in style, vigorous and appropriate. They greatly help the text by presenting the Crusades as a living, moving undertaking.

From **The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou** (*Heinemann*).

A FINE STURDY DOE.

THROUGH SIBERIA: AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING.

By R. L. Wright and Bassett Digby. With 70 Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett).

From **Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales** (*Mills & Boon*).

Meeting of the Greta and Tees. (*Photo*, A. Sweeten.)

Messrs. Wright and Digby are two American journalists who made the journey across Siberia in a leisurely manner and also in such a way as to mingle as much as possible with the natives of the country. The result of their observations as to the future of the vast empire which is lying practically untouched at the door of Russia, is decidedly interesting. The authors believe in Siberia. Rapid strides in the development of the country have been made since the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and particularly in the last few years, when the Russian Government has begun to try to attract settlers to the country. The record of the authors' journey and the hardships and experiences they underwent is lively and in every way attractive. We can strongly recommend the book to those who are in search of amusement, neat or combined with instruction. You get both between these covers.

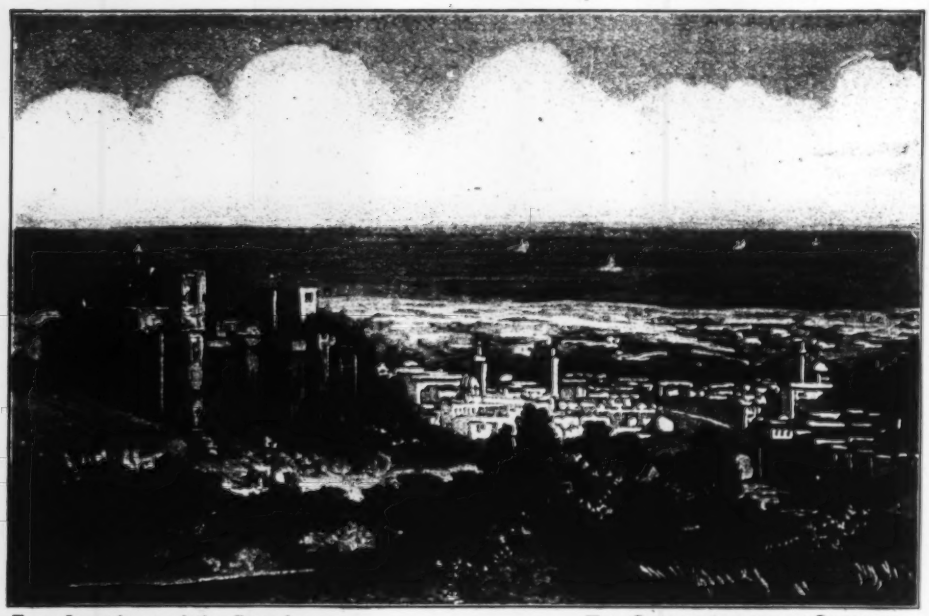
SIR WILLIAM ARROL A Memoir.

By Sir Robert Purvis. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

In his monograph, "Sir William Arrol: A Memoir," Sir Robert Purvis has given us a plain, brief account of the

From **The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou** (*Heinemann*).

Caribou swimming across Sandy River This shows how buoyant they are in the water, owing to the hollow quill-like hair of their coats.

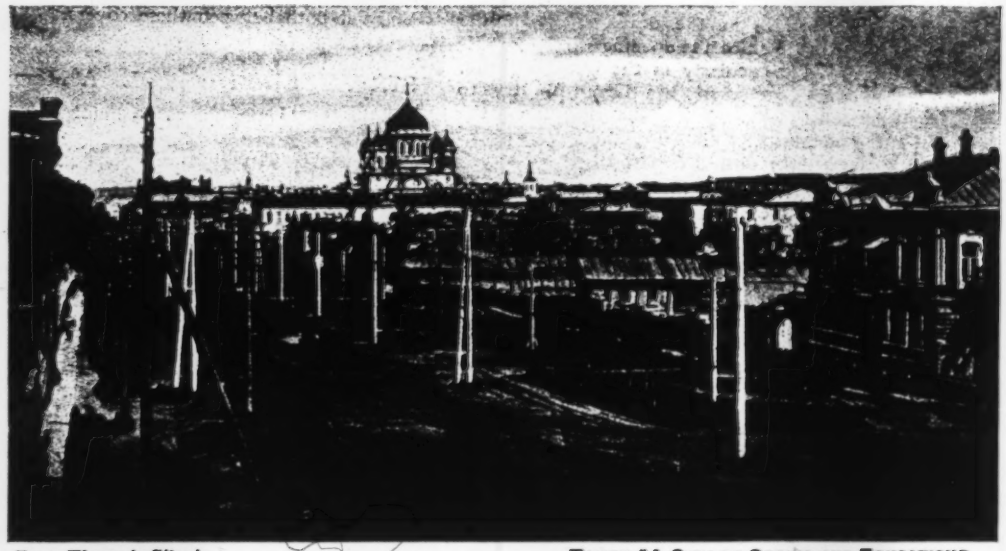


From Jerusalem and the Crusades (*Jack*).

THE CASTLE OF A GREAT CRUSADER.
Built by Raymond of Toulouse at Tripoli in 1103.

of ten years, as a "piecer" in a cotton mill, at half-a-crown a week; was next employed by the great firm of Coats, at Paisley, of which concern he afterwards became a director. Later on he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, then started a little "shop" of his own and came near disaster. But being one of the natural heroes of industry, full of fortitude, patience, perseverance and right-seeing, he went on to the great end that lay before him. The story is simply told, and is admirably suitable for a gift-book.

life of the famous builder of the Forth bridge — that piece of engineering which has made the world stare in wonderment. It is another version of the old, old story that is daily telling the dissatisfied and unbelieving of how romance is still alive—yes, as much alive as ever it was. For we learn that Sir William started life, at the age



From Through Siberia (*Hurst & Blackett*).

TOMSK, "A CITY OF ORGIES AND EDUCATION."

From Sir William Arrol (*Blackwood*).

VIEW FROM NORTH-BRITISH RAILWAY, EAST OF QUEENSFERRY.

BAROQUE ARCHITECTURE

By MARTIN SHAW BRIGGS. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Unwin).

Mr. Briggs' sympathetic study of "Baroque Architecture," deals with a complex and somewhat neglected period in architectural history. The larger part of the book is devoted to Italian examples; but the Baroque influence in other Continental nations and in England, and the value of the Baroque period to modern architects receives full attention. It is incomparably the most exhaustive and important work yet published on this subject.

ORIENTAL CAIRO.

By Douglas Sladen. With 63 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, and a Map. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

No travel book of recent years has attained greater popularity than Mr. Douglas Sladen's "Oriental Cairo," of which a new and cheaper edition has just been published by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett. The present re-issue is a handsome, finely produced, and well illustrated volume, and—being easily the best guide to Cairo extant—it is certain to be received with marked favour by a very large public.

From Oriental Cairo (*Hurst & Blackett*).

A Mediæval Street in the Arab City at Cairo.

TWO ON A TOUR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By A. W. Sears. Illustrated with Photographs by the Author. 2 Dollars. (D. Appleton.)

The author, who we gather is Mrs. Sears, undertook this apparently delightful journey in company with her husband, "Orange-blossom," and a Swedish maid, Martina. All were determined to find nothing but pleasure, and at the end the verdict is that South America keeps calling them to go back again. Jamaica, Panama (where mosquitoes were unknown), Callao, Iquique (where rain has not fallen for 158 years), Valparaiso, are all visited, and everywhere there are fun and brilliant descriptions of a Kinglakey sort, until the journey across the Andes takes the travellers to the roof of the world and they descend racing, "because it is the custom of the country to race down the dangerous steeps," and arrive at the better-known Buenos Aires and Bahia. We are favoured with maps, but the book will be read, not for its geography or statistics, but for its humanity. The country and the people live before us.

From Two on a Tour in South America (*Appleton*).

A Street in Buenos Aires.

A VAGABOND COURTIER.

From the Memoirs and Letters of Baron Charles Louis von Pöllnitz. By Mrs. Edith E. Cuthell, F. R. Hist. S. In 2 Vols. With 34 Illustrations. 24s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

The Baron von Pöllnitz, who died in 1775 at the age of eighty-three, was in many ways an interesting figure of the old régime of Continental aristocracy. But he had a wider experience than most of his fellows. Falling into dissipated habits at a fairly early age, he seems to have taken naturally to

From A Vagabond Courtier (*Stanley Paul*).

Voltaire and Frederic the Great at Sans Souci. (From the collection of A. M. Broadley).

From Pioneers in Tropical America (*Blackie*). "THIS GOLDEN BEING EMBARKED UPON A RAFT."

PIONEERS IN TROPICAL AMERICA.

By Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. With 8 Coloured Illustrations by Charles M. Sheldon, 11 in Black-and-White, and 2 Maps. 6s. (Blackie.)

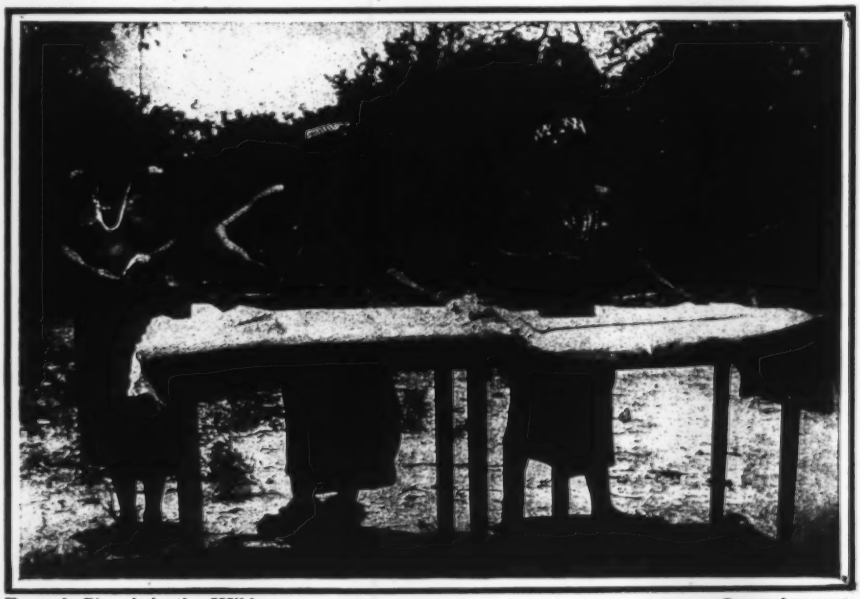
"Pioneers in Tropical America" is in many ways the most successful of Sir Harry Johnston's "Pioneers of Empire" series. South America—with which in the present case Central America and the West Indies are included—is pre-eminently one of the glamorous names of the world, and the mention of the early explorers call to mind heroes and pirates with full Stevensonian trappings. Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, Dampier—these are a few of the great men who pass through the pages of this most enthralling of chronicles. Sir Harry Johnston has done his work particularly well, and has put children more deeply in his debt than ever with one of the most readable "improving" books that was ever written. Mr. Sheldon's illustrations, also, are excellent.

A CHURCH IN THE WILDS.

By W. Barbrooke Grubb. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Seeley & Co.)

A book that is destined to become one of the classics of the romance of missionary work. In the uncharted wilderness of central South America is a region peopled by the Chaco—a race of pagan Red Indians speaking several unknown languages and wandering about the country without any fixed place of residence. A river separates them from the Spanish settlers of Paraguay, who regard them as hopeless savages and wait till they are weak enough to be swept away. In spite of warnings from every white man, Mr. Barbrooke Grubb struck into the jungle in search of the Indians who had looted a settlement, and met them and told them he wanted to live with them. Not only at that moment but every minute for many months his life was in danger, for he boldly set himself to win the chieftainship over the tribe. He hunted and danced with them night after night, his face and arms painted red, his head crested with feathers, and his body ornamented in the native manner. He must be a man of great force of character for he won through, and has now a splendid mission working among the Chaco

wandering from one European court to another in search of amusement and profit. In fact, he was an adventurer of a very gallant and witty kind. He also dabbled in literature, and the very interesting memoirs which he left behind him have formed the basis of the material upon which Mrs. Cuthell has drawn for the subject-matter of this book. In his day Pöllnitz enjoyed a considerable reputation as an author, and even received an unusually kindly "epitaph" from Voltaire: "Well, Sire, Baron de Pöllnitz is dead; he also wrote." Frederic the Great, however, was more outspoken: "Old Pöllnitz generously wished to pay his passage to Charon. He did some cheating even the day he died, that it might be said he died, as he lived. No one regrets him but his creditors." Mrs. Cuthell is to be thanked for having rescued from the limbo that threatened it the memory of this remarkable man, and readers of these brightly-written volumes will share our gratitude for them.



From A Church in the Wilds (*Seeley*). GIRLS IRONING.

From Prehistoric Times
(*Williams & Norgate*).

BISON.
(From a painting in the cave of Altamira, Spain.)

THE VOICE OF AFRICA.

By LEO FROBENIUS. Translated by RUDOLF BLIND. Two Volumes, with 70 Plates (2 in Colour), and 200 Illustrations in the Text from Photographs and Drawings, 4 Maps and Tables. 28s. net. (Hutchinson.)

This fine record of the travels of the German Inner African Expedition in 1910–1912 may be divided, as the author points out, into four parts. Eleven chapters are devoted to a narration of the journeys of the Expedition; three to an explanation of its work—its objects and aims and its methods of research; two to the results of that work; and sixteen to "testing the material, *i.e.*, sections which contain excerpted descriptions of the manners and customs, traditions and monuments of civilisation." It will be seen from this that the two volumes are a good deal more than the ordinary traveller's story, and the book is indeed definitely constructive in its theories and tendency. Unfortunately, little justice can be done here to the wealth of interesting material to be found between these covers, but we cannot refrain from mentioning with especial admiration the results of the devoted work of Herr Carl Arriens, the artist of the expedition, whose drawings—which are to be found in extraordinary abundance—are of the greatest value both from an artistic and a scientific point of view. Mr. Rudolf Blind may be also congratulated upon the very readable English into which the German original has been rendered.

WITH HUNTER, TRAPPER, AND SCOUT IN CAMP AND FIELD.

Edited by ALFRED MILES. Illustrated. 5s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

Mr. Alfred Miles has made a capital boys' book by editing a number of personal stories of rousing adventure, told by "eminent hands" at adventure, too. Yet, in our opinion, the best story in the book is by Jack London, and seems to show that fiction is more dramatic and arresting than truth. "The Lost Poacher" was the *Mary Thomas*, sealing schooner, falling into heavy fog, and thus unwittingly drifting into Russian waters, after hunting the seal pack north to Bering Sea. The *Mary Thomas* was captured by a Russian cruiser, who put a young officer in command of her, and took one of the crew on board the battleship, a ship's boy, Bub Russell—to give information which might vary from the tale told by the captain of the *Mary Thomas*. The fate of other poaching seal hunters was well known to the crew of the *Mary Thomas*, and Bub had been terrified at stories of cruelty to prisoners in Siberian mines. After giving the information required from him, Bub was overlooked by his captors, and made his way aft, where he could see the side lights of the *Mary Thomas* following in the rear. He watched in the dark night close by where the hawser passed over the stern to the captured schooner. Once an officer came and examined the straining rope to see if it were chafing and Bub, unobserved in the darkness, had an idea. He reasoned that his crew, guiltless of crime, were yet relentlessly being carried away to a living death in Siberia. He was himself a prisoner with no chance of escape; but it was possible for the crew of the *Mary Thomas* to escape, for the only thing that bound them was a four-inch hawser. They dared not cut it at their end because a watch was sure to be maintained there by the Russians left on board. But at his end——! Bub opened his jack knife, and went to work.

A good story, that!

From The Voice of Africa
(*Hutchinson*).

CAVALRYMAN IN PADDED ARMOUR.
(After a water-colour by Carl Arriens.)

From **The Diary of Li Hung-Chang** (*Constable*).

REMINISCENCES OF INDIA AND NORTH QUEENSLAND, 1857-1912.

By Robert Gray. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

The author of these reminiscences was a subaltern in a regiment that set out from England in August, 1857, to take part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny. From India, three years later, he visited Australia, and in 1863 he left the Army and turned sheep-farmer in Northern Queensland. Only fifty pages of the book are concerned with India; nor does Mr. Gray make any great claim on behalf of these jottings from diaries. The Queensland section is certainly that which gives the work its value. To settle in Queensland in 1863 was to be a pioneer, and a pioneer who has any power of expression can hardly fail to be interesting. No doubt, the "Reminiscences" are calculated to appeal more to Australians than to stay-at-home Englishmen. Yet they will repay the attention of those of the latter class whose minds are open to learn something about any portion of the Empire. To such, the recommendation may be given that they should read the last chapter of the book first. Mr. Gray is a man of sane views, and presents the problem of North Queensland—and of the neighbouring Northern Territory—both clearly and fairly. The extremists of the "White Australia" party would be benefited if they would listen to what one who has spent half a century in the north of the great island continent has to say. The book is illustrated by some of the author's own sketches.

A SUMMER IN CORNWALL.

By M. E. Curtois. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

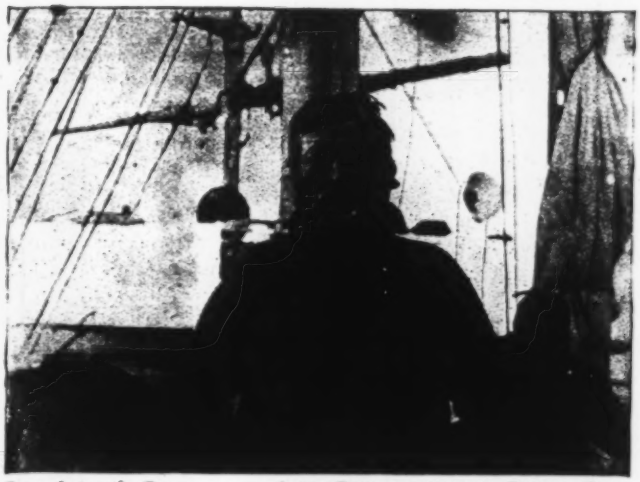
Plot, if we may judge from "A Summer in Cornwall," is not the strong point of Mr.—or, more probably, Miss—Curtois. Anyhow, it is the weakest part of the book now under consideration, which is very much more a study in characterisation than an attempt to write a story. Still, as one can give very little idea of what the book is about without a brief summary, it may be as well to detail the main idea of the novel. It introduces the Eternal Triangle under not very unusual circumstances. A, having married B, goes for the end of the honeymoon to Cornwall. There he falls in with C, a lady of high birth, who has had a tender feeling for him before marriage, and has now become jealous of B. She decides to steal A away from his allegiance. Of course, she fails, and the book ends happily. You can see from this that you are not particularly likely to read the book for its plot, but if you can be induced to do so for its presentation of two or three individual, though not uncommon, types of character, you will find that you have not wasted your time. In its way, "A Summer in Cornwall" is a sound piece of work.

A ROSE OF OLD QUEBEC.

By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With 8 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Lippincott.)

Lovers of historical fiction who are on the look-out for a romance that will introduce an unhackneyed period—one of the principal difficulties of the modern historical novelist—will find their requirements satisfied in this very charming story by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. For her background the author has chosen old-time Quebec, and the principal figure, in whom centres the main interest of the novel, is the young naval captain, Horatio Nelson. Readers will find the account of a love-affair that might have altered the history of the world had it been successful prettily and pathetically done. The conclusion of the story is laid in London, and the illustrations of the book are mostly from old prints.

From **Maximilian in Mexico** (*Constable*).



From Antarctic Days (*Melrose*).

JUST BACK FROM THE SOUTH POLE. THIS TRAMP BECAME IN AFTER LIFE THE FAMOUS SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON.

ANTARCTIC DAYS.

By JAMES MURRAY and GEORGE MARSTON. Illustrated by the Authors and Introduced by SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Here are sketches of the homely side of Polar life by two of Shackleton's men. It is a very human document, with racy stories. Human nature generally prevails, said Mark Twain, and here we have novel illustrations of that truth in an Antarctic environment. The sober and the laughing side of everyday Polar destiny is revealed—"the kernel of the life of the Polar explorer," as Sir Ernest Shackleton says in his cheery and appreciative introduction. After the vivid appeal made to our imagination by the big Polar tomes and chronicles something of this work may seem kindly trifling, more of it like a delicate review of family failings, while part of it gives, as it were, a suburban interest to the Antarctic Circle. But we feel at home with it all; it establishes a kinship between the men who bore into Polar vastness and peril and the men whose adventures are in suburban street-hawking or the boarding of omnibuses. Great and small is humanity, below the stars all the time.

BEHIND THE VEIL AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.

By COUNT PAUL VASSILI. With 23 Photogravures. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

The title of "Behind the Veil at the Russian Court" very fairly describes this book, which, it is pointed out, is not historical, but merely anecdotal. The revelations it promises date from 1855, with the death of Nicholas I., to the present day; and they finish with a very pungent criticism of the present Czar. It is not surprising that the book has been banned in Russia, for the author—who hides himself under the pseudonym of Count Paul Vassili—was no respecter of persons. (He died, we are told, quite recently.) The "Count" gives inside information on the subject of the late Russo-Japanese War, and some astonishing facts concerning Russian prisons. He also deals with the Berlin Convention, and has nothing but praise for the deportment of the British statesmen who attended it. But, undoubtedly, it is for its revelations centring round the present Russian Royal Family that the book will be read. In these it is often cruel, sometimes amusing, and always intensely interesting.

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE.

By ARTHUR MURSELL. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Mursell was born in Leicester on the eve of the great Reform Bill. "Leicester then, as now, was putrid with politics." Mr. Mursell's father was of democratic sympathies, and the youth's early friends belonged to the circle of Edward Miall. He gives some vivid reminiscences of the bitter feeling which pervaded politics at that period, the seething discontent, the controversy over Church and State, and the propaganda of men like Cobden and Thomas Cooper. Later on, Mr. Mursell's breadth of sympathy led him to associate with Bradlaugh, and he seems always to have had a saving sense of humour, which kept him from partisanship. But his circle was narrower in early days. He went into business at Manchester, where

THE CHILDREN OF THE TSAR.
GRAND DUCHESS OLGA. GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA.
GRAND DUCHESS MARIE. GRAND DUCHESS ANASTASIA.
THE TSAREVITCH ALEXIS.
(*Photos*, Boissonnas and Eggler, St. Petersburg.)

From Behind the Veil at the Russian Court (*Cassell*).

From **A Chronicle of the Archbishops of Canterbury** (*James Clarke*).

ARCHBISHOP SHELDON.
(After the portrait by Lely in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford.)

he loved cricket more than red-lined accounts. Then he was shifted to a position in the Grammar School at Aberdeen, called the Gymnasium. After five years in Scotland, he studied for the ministry at the British Baptist College, after which he entered on a long career as pastor, in Manchester, Birmingham, and London. It is no disrespect, however, to say that his reputation as a lecturer over-shadowed everything else. He describes modestly but vividly how this reputation came to him suddenly with a Sunday afternoon lecture on "Fire! Fire! Fire!" in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. This was on the 1st of November, 1857. It laid "the basis of a lecturing connection which drew overtures from every English-speaking corner of the planet, and carried me, in the flesh, year by year, for forty years, to every parish in the United Kingdom — as well as to the United States and Canada."

The experiences of a life like this make good copy. Mr. Mursell met many interesting people; he had the knack of making friends with all sorts and conditions of men, from politicians to Roman priests; he had a good memory, or else he must have kept a diary; and the result is an entertaining volume.

One curious experience might be entitled: "How I nearly met Dickens." The novelist was lecturing in Manchester, and his host invited Mursell, as a lover of Dickens, to come and see him. "I sallied forth in such elation as I cannot describe, to pay my homage at the shrine of the genius which enthralled my life. I walked four miles across the city to the suburb where the illustrious guest was staying, and stood upon the threshold of the door, with my hand upon the bell. I had been picturing the thought of touching and addressing the creator of Sam Weller, and the enchanted ring of living entities who had made schooldays bright, sickness bearable, and solitude impossible, and wondering how I could bless him for the debt; when, as I was about to ring, a spasm of my neurotic imbecility numbed my hand, and seemed to strike it from the bell, and I went back home."

THE OLD HALLS AND MANOR HOUSES OF YORKSHIRE.

By LOUIS AMBLER. Illustrated. 35s. net. (Batsford).

In this handsome volume on "The Old Halls and Manor Houses of Yorkshire" Mr. Louis Ambler makes an exhaustive and deeply interestting study of the domestic architecture of our great northern county. Mr. Ambler is an architect and his work is primarily for students of architecture. From a wealth of material in existing old halls, manor houses, and large and small dwellings of every description, Mr. Ambler has carefully and skilfully traced the development of domestic architecture in Yorkshire from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the eighteenth, and his lucidly-written and valuable work is illustrated with over a hundred plates from special photographs, and measured drawings, and with numerous sketches and smaller photographs in the text. It would not be easy to praise this book too highly, whether for the careful survey it makes of the ground it covers, the expert knowledge it brings to bear upon the different styles and structural and decorative details of these picturesque old houses, its lucid writing, or the excellence of its numerous illustrations. In every way, it is an interesting and valuable exposition.

From **South America (The Making of the Nations Series)** (*Black*).

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
From the portrait in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. The gift of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The painting bears the words "Sebastian Venetus, fecit 1519." (*Photo*, A. Rischgitz.)

From **Macdonald of the Isles** (*Murray*).

FLORA MACDONALD.
(From a picture in the possession of Sir Douglas Seton-Steuart of Touch, Bt.)

SOUTH AMERICA.

By W. H. KOEBEL. ("Making of the Nations" Series.) With 32 Plates and 10 Illustrations in the Text. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Messrs. Black's admirable "Making of the Nations" series has received an important addition in Mr. Koebel's "South America." In this volume the author — well known as one of the leading authorities upon his subject—presents in a concise form a history of the entire Continent of South America from its discovery until the present day. Such a book has long been badly needed, and the praiseworthy clarity of the author's treatment of his subject will, no doubt, ensure it the success it deserves. The volume is admirably illustrated.

A BOOK OF DUCHESSES.

By ALICE E. ROBBINS. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

There are several ways of writing about duchesses. Until a few years ago, one pictured the author doing the work on his knees, his mind full of reverence. The Victorian chronicler who dealt with such subjects would, surely, never have dared to think of the possibility of his book being a commercial success, and so would have made it wholly dull and discreet. Then, with the publication of a certain cynical old lady's reminiscences, came a revulsion of feeling. Scandal about duchesses, and even more highly-placed persons still, proved to have a very definite commercial value; and we began to have books which lacked not only reverence, but often truth and common decency as well. Now, we seem to have entered on a new phase —that is, if Miss Alice E. Robbins' book may be taken as typical. It is the sane book of duchesses—the sane and the wholly-pleasant. There is no flattery, no absurd straining of historical facts, and no nastiness. In her preface the author tries to belittle her own work, and to speak of it as mere "scissors and paste." That may be her point of view, but it is doubtful whether her readers—who must, of necessity, be numerous—will accept it. All history must begin with scissors and paste. The historian's art is to make the dry record extracted, often with infinite pains, from the papers of past days into a living story for to-day. And therein Miss Robbins has succeeded. On the other hand, the book has one failing, only too common amongst the interesting books of to-day—it is too short. If it is worth while producing a volume of that kind so well, surely it would stand a few thousand words more in length. Often in this case a story seems to be but half-told, as though space were precious. We want, now, to see a "Book of Dukes" by the same hand; but we want it to be fuller, more detailed.

LABOUR, LIFE, AND LITERATURE.

By FREDERICK ROGERS. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Throughout this volume there breathes the same cheery spirit which has faced all the troubles that affect the material side of man's life, and has come out serene and confident that humanity is making for better and grander things. Mr. Rogers started life as an ironmonger's errand-boy, at a weekly wage of two shillings, and from that he developed into a book-binder, a commercial traveller, a journalist, a lecturer, and a social reformer. He has lived the life of the workman, and enjoyed it. He took his share in labour activities before there was any money to be

From **A Book of Duchesses** (*Melrose*).

ELIZABETH HOWARD, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Frontispiece to **Labour, Life, and Literature** (*Smith, Elder*).

FREDERICK ROGERS.
From the painting by Ernest Stafford Carlos.
(*Photo*, John A. Stelling, Peckham Road, London.)

got out of them; his work for labour has been purely disinterested. Although his life has been one of action, he has also been continually immersed in poetry and literature. He has worked for literature because he has always loved it, understood it, and made it his constant companion. Various movements have claimed his attention, and to all he has given unstinted labour. The University Extension movement, the co-operative movement, the many activities at Toynbee Hall, all these he has taken part in, and of them all he writes with loving care. He believes that changes are nearing our social fabric, we are moving out to new ideals, but, unlike many present-day reformers, he believes that, without individual reform social reform is impossible. All the schemes of all the reformers will come to nothing, unless and until we have a people with the sense and the character to understand that the schemes can only be an expression of the good wills of individuals. Socially we may do much, but our chief work is with ourselves as individuals. The modern gospel of "happiness through the physical senses" is empty and false. "It narrows the human outlook, and destroys spiritual standards and possibilities. We can only find redemption from the baser elements in our souls, in ideals that are not for time, but for eternity."

RICHARD WAGNER: COMPOSER OF OPERAS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

This is the sanest piece of writing about Wagner that has yet appeared. Mr. Runciman goes to work with a shovel; he shovels away all the pretentious stuff under which the Wagnerians have buried the supreme master of dramatic music—the turgid philosophising, the wearisome attempts to make infinite molehills out of a natural mountain, the foolish essays to turn the most rugged of Titans into a saintly prophet. It is hard to write seriously about Wagner and not be dull; for Wagner set the fashion of writing about himself in the style of a German philosopher of the old school. Mr. Runciman makes a rubbish heap of Wagnerism, but labours with love on the task of estimating the value of the composer's achievements in opera. He puts "Tristan" beside the high tragedies of Shakespeare, and ranks its author among the six greatest minds that the world has produced. But over the later work of Wagner, especially parts of the "Ring" and, more especially the whole of "Parsifal," he is not so enthusiastic. He finds that the composer's powers of invention began to grow feebler in the latter part of his career, so that he tended to rely on his knowledge rather than on his faculty of creation. In the "Valkyrie" there is a volcanic outburst of the old magnificence, but in "Parsifal," according to Mr. Runciman's extremely outspoken judgment, there is little but pitiable signs of senile decay.

THE APOSTLE OF FREE LABOUR.

The Life Story of William Collison. Told by Himself. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

This is the history of a strange personality. Mr. Collison comes from working-class stock. He has been a trade unionist and has gone through the whole gamut of emotions which are usually considered the monopoly of labour agitators, and he ends by saying that, "On the day the Socialists and the Trade Unionists forgive me I will write out my own memorial card with a steady hand, for my part in life will be finished and the time for rest at hand." His story is certainly interesting. He has been on tramp, he has been in the Army, he has worked as a docker and as a bus driver. All the personalities in the labour movement he knows—and condemns. He is most bitter against Mr. John Burns, the President of the Local Government Board, though he has little that is good to say of any trade unionist. Indeed, so far as we can make out, his real quarrel with trade unionism, the force that he fights so persistently, is that he objects to the personalities that lead it. Of the idea of industrial combination he writes little, apparently he is not yet weaned from a belief in the principle, but

From **Richard Wagner** (*Bell*).

WAGNER IN 1877.

Frontispiece to **The Life of Henry Labouchere.** LABOUCHERE. (*Constable*).

the leaders! The leaders of trade unionism he loathes, and, as he can only smite the leaders through their organisations, he fights the unions. "For twenty years I have stood up against my own class. I have not argued with strike leaders. I have broken strikes." And he intends to go on breaking strikes so long as he can gather together enough men to form an army. Perhaps an explanation of his strange opposition to labouring men's organisations and ideas is to be found in the experiences of his youth. His father was an East London policeman, and his earlier recollections are of the unpopularity of the man who followed such a calling. Rightly or wrongly, the police in Whitechapel were then, as they are now, regarded as the foes of labour. Naturally, Mr. Collison's calling has brought him in contact with many prominent people, and he writes badly, but entertainingly, of such people as Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and others, whose names are well known both in the world of industry and politics. Even literature and the arts do not escape him. "Phil May was another person whom I frequently met." His book is packed full of stories of people and matters, mostly pertaining to industrial affairs. How he deluded himself into the belief that he is playing a heroic part in life we cannot make out, but hero he is—in his own estimation.

THOMAS HARDY'S WESSEX.

By HERMANN LEA. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

One of the wonders of modern literature is the way in which a definite tract of country in the West of England, already classical in history, has become classical in fiction. The kingdom of the West Saxons had its boundaries, but no one can set a limit, except a geographical one, to the mightier kingdom Mr. Thomas Hardy has called into being. Embedded in the past, it yet touches the present, striking deep roots into the mystery of life.

The term Wessex was first used in its present-day significance in the defunct *Examiner*, July 15th, 1876, and gradually passed into current use. In due course, guide-books began to point out the resemblance between certain actual places, and certain towns in the Wessex novels. The tide of interest increased with the publication, in the Contemporary Writers Series, of Miss Annie Macdonell's excellent little book on Thomas Hardy, and Lionel Johnson's fine study. Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, Mr. C. G. Harper, and the present reviewer followed with books about the enchanted land, or the genius who had called the realm out of nothingness. Last year a Hardy Dictionary appeared, and more recently Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's penetrating study of the novelist.

Of the making of books about Mr. Thomas Hardy and Wessex there seems to be no end. The latest contributor to this fascinating subject is Mr. Hermann Lea, who in "Thomas Hardy's Wessex" has given us a most painstaking topography of the district. The author remarks, in his introduction, that

> "It is now more than twenty years since I first became interested in tracing the topographical features of the Wessex novels, and as I have lived in Wessex continuously during that period, and have travelled over practically all the main roads, and many of the lanes and by-roads, . . . I have had peculiar opportunities for following out my hobby."

The book deals with the Wessex novels, short stories and poems, under the categories used by Mr. Hardy when arranging his works for the definitive edition, *i.e.* "Novels of Character and Environment," "Romances and Fantasies," "Novels of Ingenuity," "Poetical Works." It is evident that the preparation of this guide has been a labour of love. Every page reveals meticulous care in the tracing of origins, and

Frontispiece to **The Apostle of Free Labour** (*Hurst & Blackett*). WILLIAM COLLISON. (*Photo*, Arthur Weston, Poultry, London.)

From Odd Corners in English Lakeland (*Skeffington*).

SOUR MILK GHYLL, SEATHWAITE.
(*Photo*, Dr. T. H. Burnett.)

sometimes there is a touch of naïve quaintness in Mr. Hermann Lea's admissions of his inability to identify some village or place.

As a companion to the Wessex novels, "Thomas Hardy's Wessex" will doubtless find its place among other useful reference books. It is manifestly designed to be consulted, and not to be read from cover to cover. That way disappointment lies. In spite of the author's declaration in the Introduction that he wishes "to make it very clear at the outset that the descriptions given in the novels and poems must be regarded in their totality as those of imaginative places," Mr. Hermann Lea has attempted to give "a local habitation and a name" to pretty well every place mentioned in Mr. Hardy's works, thus tending, in spite of himself, to obscure the fact that the realities exist in the pages of the Wessex novels, and not in the places he visited so industriously.

The plan of the book is admirable, each novel, short story and poem being dealt with separately from the topographical standpoint. The work done in regard to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "Jude the Obscure" will be particularly helpful to tourists who are sufficiently interested in the "raw material" of Mr. Hardy's genius to visit the Wessex of fact, a remark that applies almost equally well to every section of the book. The historical information does not call for much comment, except what Mr. Hermann Lea tells us about Weyhill, and its fair. In the references to Wareham (Anglebury), one misses any allusion to the Danish attacks, *via* the waterway from Poole to Wareham. Scanty notice is taken of Abbotsbury (Abbotsea), and the author would have done well to incorporate some information about its tithe barn and monastic foundation. Information relating to such well-known places as Dorchester (Casterbridge) and Weymouth (Budmouth Regis), is scattered throughout the book in rather a repetitive and desultory way, but this method of using material could hardly be obviated, as these two towns figure so largely in the novels. And it would have added an interesting touch to "Thomas Hardy's Wessex" if we had been told that it was at Weymouth Mr. Hardy wrote his first novel. "Maidon castle" for "Maiden Castle" on p. 305 is a mistake which will be doubtless rectified in future editions.

From The Country of the Ring and the Book (*Cassell*).

THE OLD BRIDGE CROSSED BETWEEN SPOLETO AND STRETTURA.

There are two hundred and forty illustrations from photographs taken by the author, and an excellent map, but in a work of this kind, black and white illustrations by some artist of repute would have materially enhanced the value of the book. The style is simple and straightforward, and except that those who care for the niceties of diction will gird at the use of such an outmoded expression as "our author," the style is well suited to its purpose.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

From A Motor Tour in Belgium and Germany (*Mills & Boon*).

"THE EXQUISITE REFLECTIONS IN ITS WATERS." (THE MEUSE).

A MOTOR TOUR IN BELGIUM AND GERMANY.

By TOM R. XENIER. With 39 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Mr. Xenier is a man of accomplishments, but perhaps his principal one is that he has managed to write a very fresh and interesting book upon a subject which one would have expected to be worn threadbare. But to the traveller who brings a fresh and original mind to them there are still possibilities in Belgium and Germany, and even though you may never stray from the main road, you will come across many a quaint and romantic town, and many a beautiful old building, of which little mention has been made by the guide-books. Mr. Xenier is an experienced traveller, and he realises that some knowledge of the history of the places through which he passes is essential to the traveller's enjoyment of his journeyings. The author knows exactly how much of this information he should impart, and we believe that a great many people who are lucky enough to be able to do so will follow Mr. Xenier's route pretty closely. The illustrations—all from photographs by the author—are particularly charming.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN THE CANADIAN WEST.

By ELIZABETH KEITH MORRIS. With 30 Illustrations from Photographs. 1s. net. (Arrowsmith.)

Books on Canada multiply apace, but everybody should find time to read Miss Elizabeth Keith Morris's "Englishwoman in the Canadian West," which is one of the sanest, brightest, and most cheering books of personal impressions that we have had the good fortune to read. The author may not have an expert's knowledge of Western Canada, but she has travelled through many parts of it and has stayed there for some little time. She is a keen and unbiassed observer and a pleasant writer, and her book should attract by its very cheapness. It is well illustrated with unhackneyed photographs.

THE STORY OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

By LOUIS WEIRTER, R.B.A. With an Introduction by PROFESSOR PATRICK GEDDES. 20s. net. (Harrap.)

In a brief foreword Mr. Weirter seems to hint a doubt whether, since so much has been written on Edinburgh Castle there is room for another book about it. No subject is exhausted in the hands of a man who knows how to give new life to it, and there is always room for a book written so interestingly, with such enthusiasm for its theme, such full knowledge of it and such skill in presenting it as Mr. Weirter shows in the present instance. Consider how many of the most glorious and the darkest things in Scottish history have had Edinburgh Castle for their scene; for how many years it was the centre of national life; remember the glamorous historic figures that have been associated with it, the great, the splendid, the terrible

From An Englishwoman in the Canadian West (*Arrowsmith*).

STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

things that have been enacted within its ancient walls, and you will recognise that there is matter here that cannot be disposed of once for all by any number of books, for always there is the careful inquirer who brings new light to bear on old facts and by diligent inquiry discovers new ones. Mr. Weirter has written a history of the Castle that is at once good history and as entertaining as a romance. The sixteen collotype illustrations, eight drawings in line, and a beautiful frontispiece etching by the author are notable additions to the value and attractiveness of a very enjoyable and sumptuously-produced volume.

From The Story of Edinburgh Castle (*Harrap*). EDINBURGH CASTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

THE HOLY LAND OF THE HINDUS.

By ROBERT LEE LACEY. 3s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)

Though written mainly for persons interested in missionary work in India, this well-illustrated book has much to recommend it to the general reader. For Mr. Robert Lee Lacey's field of enterprise is Orissa, where the famous Car of Juggernaut is drawn forth from the Temple at Puri in the midst of tens of thousands of pilgrims. For some years Mr. Lacey has fought against the powers of Indian paganism in the holy places of the cult, and he has a great deal of first-hand information to impart concerning the strange idol to which the pilgrims used to sacrifice themselves. It is a primitive and almost shapeless thing of wood, very roughly carved and painted, and it was probably at one time merely a fetish of some of the wild jungle folk. But an ancient king adopted it among his gods, and the Hindu priesthood thereupon ennobled it and made it "the lord of the world" as an avatar of the highest god of the Hindu Parthenon. At the present time the Government prevents any sacrifice of human life, but the festival of the Car of Juggernaut remains an abomination.

From The Holy Land of the Hindus (*Robert Scott*). TYPICAL TEMPLES OF THE PLAIN.

THE GREATEST HOUSE AT CHELSEY.

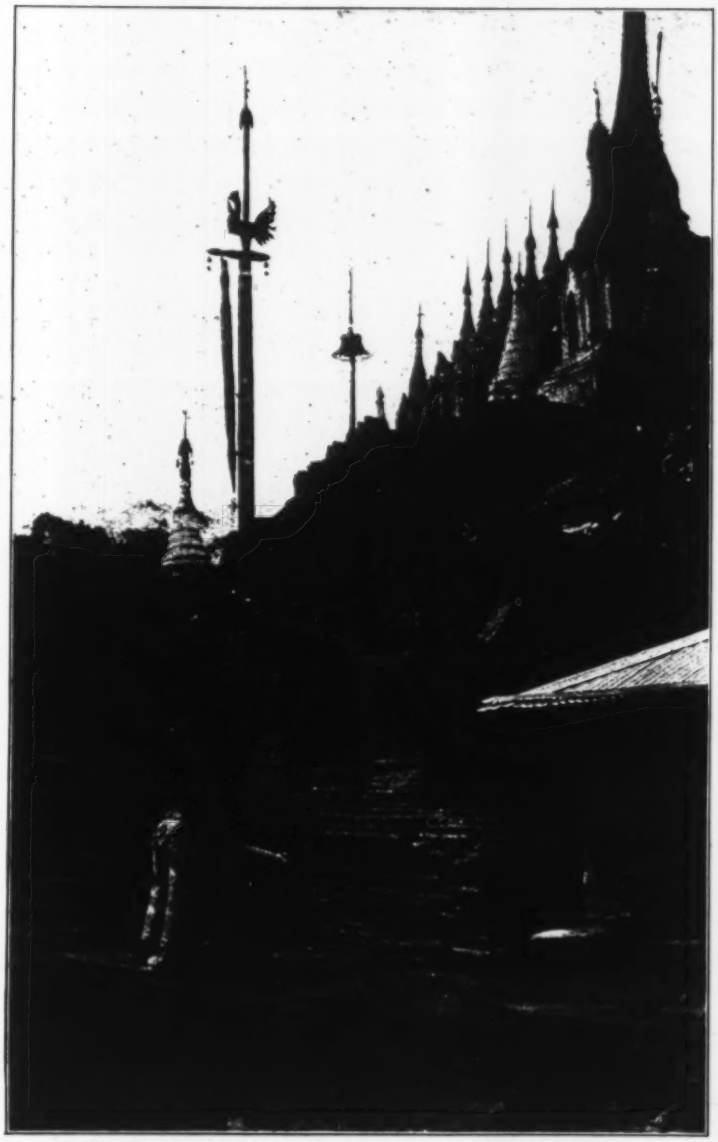
By RANDALL DAVIES. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Into a very fascinating byway of history Mr. Randall Davies conducts you in his account of "The Greatest House at Chelsea," the famous mansion at Chelsea, "built by Sir Thomas More, in 1520, and demolished by Sir Hans Sloane in 1740." It was tenanted by a succession of notable men; some of them, as Lord Burghley, Sir Robert Cecil, the great Duke of Buckingham, to say nothing of More himself, figured in the forefront of affairs and helped to make history. Mr. Davies writes of these, and of other tenants of this romantic old house, very entertainingly and with intimate knowledge of his subject. The interest of the records is heightened by the inclusion of an extraordinarily valuable series of hitherto unpublished letters.

A CIVIL SERVANT IN BURMA.

By Sir Herbert Thirkell White, K.C.I.E. With Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Edward Arnold.)

Sir Herbert White's narrative covers a period of thirty years and more. It is unpretentious, informative, and holds the reader's interest from first to last. The author is not writing for effect, but to add to our knowledge of what is the largest and least populous of Indian Provinces, a land larger than either France or Germany, a country of which comparatively little is known by the general body of the British public, and the future of which must awaken lively concern when once its possibilities are appreciated. When Sir Herbert went out there in 1878, he tells us, he found Burma a bright and pleasant land, green and forest-clad, with a climate healthier on the whole than the average climate of Indian plains; its people singularly human, cheerful, and sympathetic; its officers of all ranks companionable and friendly. It is a little surprising to read that perhaps the real defect of the English man in Burma is that he is too serious, too little inclined to make allowances for a joyous, light-hearted people. But these light-hearted people, as Sir Herbert shows, have to the full the defects of their qualities. If they care for the orphan, they produce the unspeakable dacoit. As might have been expected, the book makes some suggestions regarding administrative problems, and amongst these one notes a distinct protest against the application to Burma of Indian principles and precedents. Then there is a grievance in the very small share which Burma has in appointments under the Imperial Government. "No civilian from Burma has ever been chosen to administer another Province." A point in which we all can take interest is that made with reference to the danger to the Shwe Dagôn Pagoda —"most sacred and most illustrious of pure Buddhist shrines"—caused by the proximity of the Rangoon arsenal. The illustrations are excellent. It is rather to be regretted that they do not include a map.



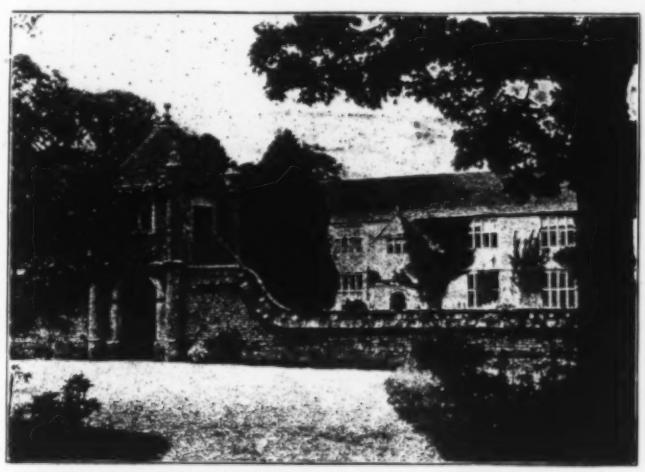
From A Civil Servant in Burma (*Arnold*).

PAGODA AT MONÊ.
(Photograph by Sir J. G. Scott, K.C.I.E.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN THE BORDER.

By Andrew and John Lang. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Deprived by death of his brother's collaboration before the first chapter had been completed, Mr. John Lang attacked this subject single-handed, and we may say unhesitatingly that the resulting volume is worthy of the reputation of both names upon the title-page. That belt of oft-contested country, called the Border, has so stirring and eventful a history, so vast a literature, and such deep and inexhaustible ballad and legendary lore that, although this book runs to over four hundred pages it has been impossible in the space to include everything. Yet none who knows the Border will quarrel with the discernment that has guided selection in these matters, and though Mr. John Lang admits his inability to cope with the subject on the lines which his brother would have followed, we have detected little to justify this self-disparagement. No important place or person has been overlooked; and while recording the beauties of this enchanted district and the deeds that made it famous, the author has succeeded in translating to the written page the



From Thomas Hardy's Wessex (*Macmillan*).

POXWELL HOUSE.

romantic spirit of a locality in which memories of warriors and reivers jostle those of fairies, and legends survive amid an army of stubborn facts. There are passages from the pen (as we must suppose) of the surviving author, which bear comparison with the best that Andrew Lang himself has written; and particularly brilliant in its incisive irony and lacerating scorn is the spirited defence of Mary Queen of Scots against the slanderous attacks of Buchanan. The loveliness of Tweed and Yarrow, Ettrick and Jed, and the refined charm of the galaxy of Border towns are set forth with equal eloquence, the descriptions being supplemented by a great number of exquisite pencil drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson, whose illustrations are such a pleasing feature of other volumes of this series of topographical works.

From The Austrian Officer at Work and at Play (*Smith, Elder*).

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH IN THE UNIFORM OF AN AUSTRIAN FIELD-MARSHAL.

From Reminiscences of Old Scots Folk (*Foulis*).

AILIE GORDON AND HER BAIRNS.

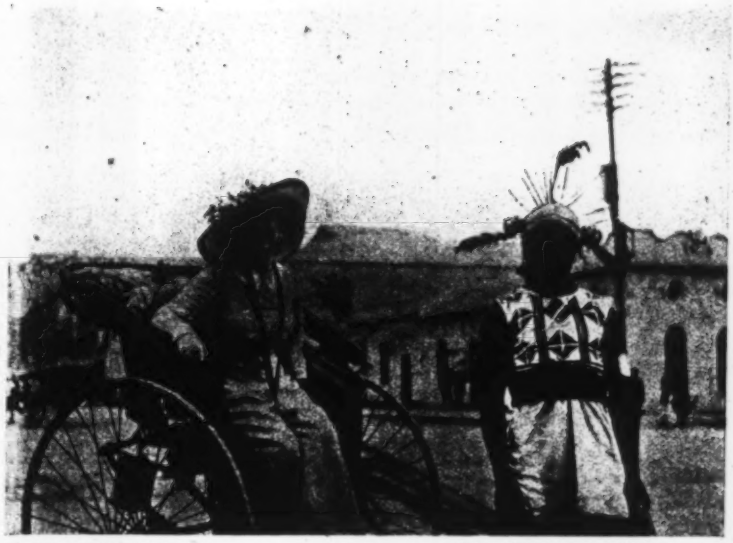
THE AUSTRIAN OFFICER AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

By DOROTHEA GERARD. 7s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

It had not occurred to me personally that the Austrian officer was looked down upon in this country. On the contrary. But we take it on the authority of Madame Longard de Longgarde that some such state of mind existed. She is one of three sisters, all of whom married Austrian cavalry officers. As a specimen of English ignorance, she says she has been asked, in perfect good faith, whether her husband was serving "under Kaiser Wilhelm or Francis Joseph?" Again, she read not long ago in a book purporting to contain authentic facts of Austrian life, that the difference between noble and plebeian officers is carried so far that the former wear brown cloaks, and the latter black ones. She supposes this was swallowed by quite a number of English readers. The fact is that the cavalry wear the brown, and the infantry the black and pedigree has nothing to do with it. There is no excuse for ignorance now that this racy readable volume presents the English reader with a coherent portrait of the Austrian officer. No longer will it lie with any benighted Britisher to suppose that Austrian officers are "principally good for waltzing and flirting, and sitting about in coffee-houses." In her commendable zeal to do justice to her countrymen, it is a pity the author should exhibit a keen desire for war — she is otherwise quite up-to-date.

From Unknown Mongolia (*Hutchinson*).

AN URIANKHAI WOMAN AND HER CHARGES—THE YOUNG REINDEER.



(*Holden & Hardingham*).

MISS CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD.
(Author of "Red Pearls.")

RED PEARLS.

By CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD. 6s. (Holden & Hardingham.)

After a lengthy hunting trip in South Africa Sir Reginald Lindham returns to Durban, where he falls in with the enormously beautiful Mrs. Clayton, a widow. For reasons that are not exactly obvious—but then, as Miss Mansfield would say, when are the reasons for love obvious?—he loses his heart to her. He is a gentleman who has had previous experiences—a point which the author makes unnecessarily clear in a very crude manner—but in this case he has at last come up against the real thing. He loves Mrs. Clayton. Unfortunately that lady feels only passion for Sir Reginald, but she is clever enough to distinguish between it and love. Sir Reginald spurns her advances, but he is still fascinated and, remembering that his lady-love has expressed a wish for a necklace of red pearls—and having luckily unearthed particulars of the only place in the world where they are to be obtained—he decides to go off in search of them. His adventures on the quest are mildly exciting in their way, and he returns to Durban with enough pearls for a necklace. On his arrival he discovers that Mrs. Clayton's feelings have changed—partly on account of the obvious genuineness of Sir Reginald's feelings for her and partly for more obscure reasons not unconnected with a spiritualistic medium. So they both fall into each other's arms and the lady consents to be married. Miss Mansfield tells this mawkish and unnatural story in a manner which is better than it deserves, and her knowledge of life in South Africa is occasionally exhibited to advantage. One cannot honestly say, however, that "Red Pearls" reaches the level of the author's earlier books. It is a disappointment.

THE PRESS GANG AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

By J. R. HUTCHINSON. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

LIGHTSHIPS AND LIGHTHOUSES.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

TRAVELS WITHOUT BAEDEKER.

By ARDERN BEAMAN. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

In the first of these three books Mr. Hutchinson has made us decidedly his debtor; for he has, at the expense of much time and research, and by the aid of a considerable amount of real literary skill, put together a book that fills an actual want. We all know something of the detested press gang; but we were not all aware that, under either the tyranny of the temporary monarch or that of the more continuous law of usage, the work of the "gang" was carried on during two hundred and fifty years. As Mr. Hutchinson says, it was "the greatest anomaly and certainly the grossest imposition any free people ever submitted to." Throughout the eighteenth century, while most of our famous naval deeds were being done, "the press net was cast wider and wider, until at last practically every class of the population was subject to its merciless inroads." What is more difficult to understand, "Unlawful, oppressive, and unjust, it was nevertheless tolerated and fostered for more than a hundred years. Standing as a bulwark against aggression and conquest, it ground under its heel the very people it protected, making them slaves in order to keep them free." Naturally in such a book—racy and crammed with incident as it is—there is a plenitude of anecdote. One reproduction of an old print—with many of which the book is "embellished," as the publishers of those days put it—is both anecdotal and instructive. The "gang" has secured a well-dressed man, who says: "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't drag me like a thief!" A woman on her knees cries to the leader: "For goodness, sake, dear your honour, set him free; for he maintains his father, mother, sister and wife!" But the officer answers: "Let them starve and be damned! The king wants men!

From The Press Gang Afloat and Ashore (*Nash*).

SEIZING A WATERMAN WITH HIS BRIDE ON TOWER HILL.

Haul him on board, you dogs!" One very interesting chapter deals with women and the press gang, and gives several authentic instances of women serving unsuspectedly as sailors at sea. Altogether the account is absorbing, and an excellent feature is a complete index.

Of course, it goes without comment that Mr. Talbot's volume cannot have the same general interest as Mr. Hutchinson's has; the difference of subject prevents that, for to the human mind nothing can be of the same moment as that which is directly of man himself. At the same time the story of how the coastwise lights came into being, developed to what they are, and do their work is one of strong interest, and the author has left no feature untouched in the telling. Moreover, knowing that details of prisms, candle-power, carrying distance, parabolic reflectors, particulars of building, various kinds of intermittent lights, etc., would have but little attraction for the general reader, he has from first to last worked in the human side of his subject. So we learn what is the life of lighthouse and lightship keepers about the world's coasts generally; for Mr. Talbot gives us the whole account, and many an exciting page tells how this or that "candlestick of Neptune" was built in defiance of wrecking storms, and other temporary mishaps.

From The Conquest of the Desert (*Laurie*).

HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS—THE DESERT CAMEL POST.

From Myths of Mexico and Peru (*Harrap*).

TEZCATLIPOCA, LORD OF THE NIGHT WINDS. (By Gilbert James.)

Having left the riotous pressing of men, and the making of lights for their coastwise safety, we can go to sea, Upper Egypt, etc., in peace with Mr. Beaman; for, good man and humorous that he is, and not "to be taken in and done for" very easily, his is no exciting record. Truth to tell, our traveller is so keen to see the light side of every situation—from going as a steerage passenger from Alexandria to Jaffa, to the embarking of Orientals from a boat in heavy weather (no joke, as we know from experience), and the dropping of a baby between ship and boat—that he keeps us smiling from page to page. What is of more moment, however, Mr. Talbot tells us accurately of the places which he visited—at least we can swear to a few of them, such as Alexandria, Bombay, Suez, the Piræus, Athens, Constantinople, Venice, etc. He is, though, less of an observer than a humourist; albeit neither laugh nor smile is ever forced, any more than his disclaimer as to literary merit is to be heeded. Given more observation — or shall we say penetration?—in place of his continual jocular descriptions, which are only superficial, and Mr. Beaman's book would have been a much better contribution to eastern travel than it now is.

J. E. PATTERSON.

UNDER KING HENRY'S BANNERS.

A Story of the Days of Agincourt. By PERCY F. WESTERMAN. With Illustrations by JOHN CAMPBELL. 3s. 6d. (The Pilgrim Press.)

With three stanzas from Michael Drayton by way of motto, Mr. Westerman plunges at once into his story. When he reads the opening lines, "It was shortly after dawn, on the morning of March 21st, 1413, that a grizzled man-at-arms climbed the spiral staircase in the south-west angle of the keep of Warblington Castle," the boy reader knows what to expect. He is launched on the sea of old romance, looks forward eagerly, and is not disappointed.

From Francisco Goya
(*Jenkins*).]

A BULL FIGHT.
Royal Academy of St. Ferdinand. (*Photo*, Anderson.)

THE MYTHS OF MEXICO AND PERU.

By LEWIS SPENCE, M.A. Illustrated by William Sewell and Gilbert James, and from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap & Co.).

This volume represents the first attempt in this country to supply a popular account of the mythology of Central America to the lay public, and Mr. Spence has dealt with the subject in a way that is certain to awaken his reader's interest, and convert some into enthusiastic students. Of ancient origin, the Nabau, Maya, Inca, and Toltec peoples boasted civilisations in no way inferior to those of Egypt and Assyria, while in such arts as architecture, pottery, and jewel-working, they may claim equality with the greatest exponents. Cut off from Asiatic and European influence since the beginning of recorded time, the Mexican and Peruvian races possessed a mythology unique to themselves, any similarity it may have to other systems being accidental. There is ever a practical inspiration to the worship of primitive man, and so we find the Mexicans sacrificing to gods of maize, rain, wind, war, fertilisation, fire and so on; while in certain districts they have their Diana and Bacchus. A peculiar quality of all these deities was that they suffered in quite a human way from weariness and hunger, and their devotees went to great pains to afford them necessary sustenance. Their dietary was truly diabolical, their appetite seldom being appeased with anything but human hearts; and the sun, the supreme deity, was believed to require no less than a tithe of human life, and a periodic slaughter of all the other gods, for the unbroken performance of his duty. The Peruvian, or Mayan and Incan, gods were less prone to these weaknesses, and more easily satisfied. The history of the people who practised these myths is overflowing with interest and fascination, and as sketched by Mr. Spence, with all its bizarre and romantic stories, reads like a record of some newly-discovered land of enchantment. Over sixty excellent interpretative plates are included among the illustrations.

BIRD LIFE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

By JOHN H. SALTER, D.Sc. With 16 Illustrations by OLIVER G. PIKE, W. BICKERTON, J. T. NEWMAN, and HERBERT LAZENBY, and 7 Coloured Plates of Nesting Places at the British Museum, South Kensington. 7s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

This charmingly-produced volume consists of a series of two dozen essays, half of which are named after the months in the year, written upon the theory that "amongst the thousand-and-one books upon British birds, there might be room for yet another which should treat of their habits and mode of life as influenced by the varying seasons of the year." It may be said at once that there is certainly room—and always will be—for books of the type of this of Dr. Salter's. Writing with a flowing and sometimes almost poetic pen, the deep and exact knowledge of the author, his experience, and his powers of observation, must be immediately apparent to the reader, and it would be difficult to imagine better work of its kind. At the close of each chapter is given a calendar of bird movements, dates of nesting, and so forth. This also varies from the usual practice. "Many such have been published, but are often misleading, inasmuch as they give the *earliest* date for each occurrence. The writer, from his own notes of the past thirty-five years, aims at giving an *average* date"—and one, moreover, which shall be applicable to a midland district, not to an extreme of north or south. The book is handsomely illustrated with photographs and drawings by leading experts.

ASTRONOMY SIMPLIFIED.

By the REV. ALEX. C. HENDERSON, B.D., F.R.A.S. With 12 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (James Clarke.)

There are few sciences more fascinating than astronomy, and the large number of popular text-books which have been based upon its study testifies to the regard in which it is held by the general public. Mr. Henderson's little book seems to us to be quite admirable, and it presents in concise and attractive form some of the most important of the theories which astronomers have deduced from their observations. Its purpose is, in the words of the author, "First, to extend the knowledge of the sublimest of the sciences; Secondly, to elevate the thoughts of the reader 'from Nature up to Nature's God.'" It is a scholarly piece of work, and one that many students of the subject will be glad to have upon their book-shelves.

ROBESPIERRE AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED.

By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (John Long.)

The man who sits down to write a book the object of which is to present one of the world's famous villains as a hero, must either be very bold or must have some entirely

new and sensational matter at his command. M. Hector Fleischmann is bold—really that is the utmost one can say for him. Even to-day it needs courage, or a lack of sense of proportion, to enter the lists as the defender of the memory of Maximilian Robespierre. Bismarck was the "man of Blood and Iron," and, at least for the time being, he made his country great; Robespierre was merely the "Man of Blood." It was only because France, in herself, is so great that he did not ruin her utterly. The author has done his very best. He has collected every scrap of evidence in favour of Robespierre, and he deals with his hero's enemies in a spirit of concentrated bitterness; and yet he fails to convince. After all, if one concedes every single point he makes, the only conclusion reached is that Robespierre was incapable of the greatest, the most noble of human passions, the love of woman. The women who sought his love seem to have been of the degenerate type, those who ever hunger after the abnormal. His very lack of human feeling appears to have made an irresistible appeal to them. Even if one grants all that the author

MRS. ELLIS H. CHADWICK,
Whose "In the Footsteps of the Brontës" will be published in the Spring by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons. (*Photo*, J. Russell & Sons).

urges, that he was a latter-day Saint Anthony, the grim tale of the Terror remains. Nothing can ever wipe that out of the memory of mankind. At the very best, his apologist shows him to us as an appalling prig, the prig who made "France drunk with blood, to vomit crime."

VINCENT DE PAUL: PRIEST AND PHILANTHROPIST, 1576-1660.

By E. K. SANDERS. With 8 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Heath, Cranton, & Ouseley.)

St. Vincent de Paul was "the pioneer of social reform and organised charity—the charity of Annual Reports and Balance Sheets." Born in 1576, he died in 1660, after a full and energetic life, mourned, not only by the poor whom he loved, and for whom he worked so hard, but also by princes of the blood and civic dignitaries. But his

From Vincent de Paul: Priest and Philanthropist (*Heath, Cranton, and Ouseley*).

VINCENT DE PAUL.
(From an engraving in the Bibliothèque Nationale.)

inclination cast him amongst the former, even though he spent some years—the most unhappy ones—of his life among the latter class. As an inspiring force among a certain class of persons he seems to have been unrivalled in his age, and it says much for the excellence of Miss Sander's biography that she has contrived to impress the reader with some of the strength and charm of her great and saintly hero. All who are interested in social work will enjoy this painstaking and readable biography.

From Robespierre and the Women he Loved (*Long*).

MIRABEAU.

From The Greatest House at Chelsey (*Lane*).

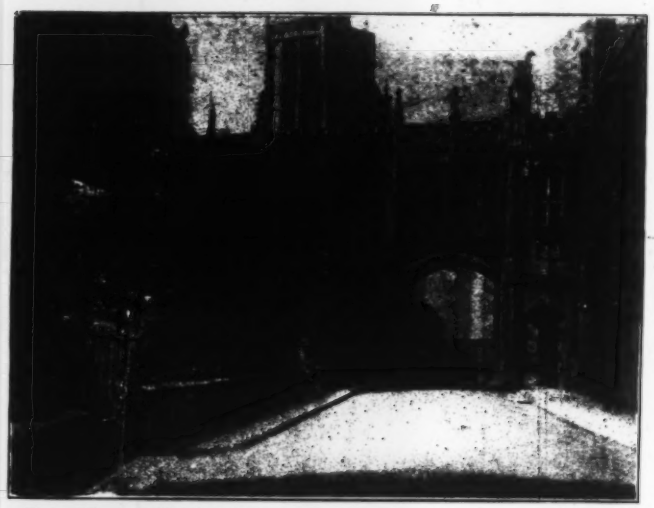
BRASS OF SIR ARTHUR GORGES AND FAMILY IN CHELSEA OLD CHURCH.

THE JOURNAL OF A BRITISH CHAPLAIN IN PARIS DURING THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS OF 1801-2.

From the Unpublished MS. of the Rev. Dawson Warren, M.A., unofficially attached to the Diplomatic Mission of Mr. Francis James Jackson. Edited with Notes, a Preface, and Historical Introduction by A. M. Broadley. (Chapman & Hall.)

Students of the more curious chapters of history have again to thank Mr. Broadley, and his happy hobby of enthusiastic acquisitiveness, for a slight but entertaining volume. This narrative by a British chaplain, and the interesting illustrations and drawings with which it is adorned, are treasure-trove to all interested in the more romantic aspects of history. It exhibits for a little while, as a passing flash may do, the condition and interests of Paris just over a hundred years ago. "Boney," that arch-enemy of this tight little island, though still but "Citizen-General," was rapidly approaching the Imperial throne, and, like the poor relation of established prosperity, was on his very best behaviour with kings and governments. During the brief period occupied by the peace negotiations of 1801-2, the sentiments of Republican France were as complimentary and apparently affectionate to England, as if the *Entente Cordiale* were already an accepted fact. Curious is the only word for this state of things. Remembering the history that was almost in the making, recalling the circumstances—the fury, ambitions and battles, victories, disappointments and defeats—which were ended with Waterloo and St. Helena, we can only describe the brief interlude about which Mr. Broadley has recovered for us this record as curious indeed. The author of the Journal which supplies the prime interest of the book, Mr. Dawson Warren, because he was the brother-in-law of his sister's husband, the British Minister Plenipotentiary, had some rare opportunities, and took advantage of them. He paid calls, official and unofficial, with the ambassador; observed and, when he was home again, jotted down his impressions. That is, after all, the way in which the most helpful history is recorded. Mr. Warren's journal was written with no idea of its being read by the curious eyes of the twentieth century, which has made of Napoleon either a wounded Titan or a dirty little Corsican, according to the particular bent of a person's inspiration or sensibility. Its aim was quite modest and private, and, therefore, is the more successful. The First Consul, as Bonaparte then was, seemed to him no more impressive than an "attorney's clerk." Later experiences improved the first impression, but in his greatest moments Bonaparte was to him not only a great deal less than Cæsar, but rather as he appeared to Wellington: "the fellow is not a gentleman." It suited the First Consul, during the

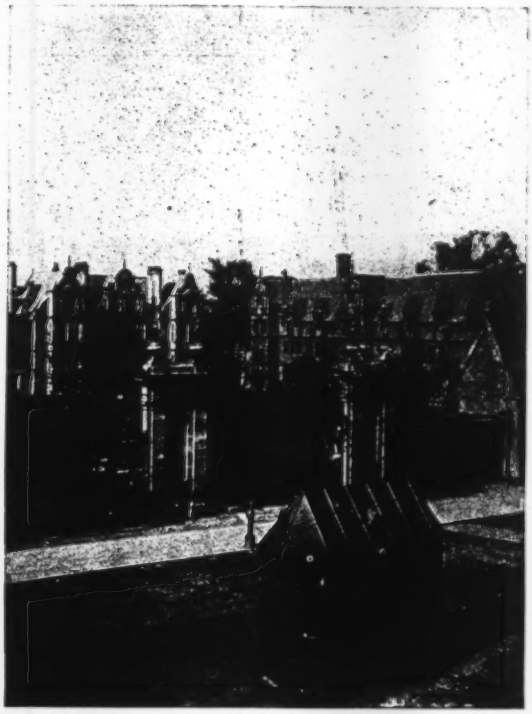
From Old Chinatown (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).



From Thomas Hardy's Wessex (*Macmillan*). WELLS

period of the negotiation for which the ambassador Jackson was responsible, to be friendly with England and America, and it was the fashion for Frenchmen to affect what they thought were English fashions, with "dirty boots, cropped head and, large whiskers." Such signs as these appeared in the shop windows, "Boots titivated here on the English Gout" (which almost seems too good to be true), and "De Flos and Merryweather makes English Boots"; but then, as now, the real nation of shopkeepers (what cheek it was of Boney to call us that!) rooked the visitors, while protesting they loved them. The ambassador was particularly a prey for the attentions or inattentions of the harpies which nested in the hotels. At Dessein's, where the unsentimental Sterne stayed during the Sentimental Journey (by the way, Mr. Broadley should correct the legend to the illustration of this Calais hostelry, and there are other small slips), the bill was exorbitant, as it seems to have been everywhere else, and the attention embarrassing through its determined inattentiveness. An appeal for shaving-water was answered with assurances that a hair-dresser had been sent for, and so on, in the nature of stale farce. The British minister and his satellites, during their visit to Paris, met several persons of note, including the future Empress Josephine, Talleyrand, Madame Récamier, "Corinne," Madame Tallièn; but the glimpses we obtain of these personages of parts are not extremely revealing. The manners of the place and the time evidently shocked one good parson. The ladies dressed to expose themselves. The churches were generally devoted to civil purposes, though Bonaparte was already considering the necessity of reviving religion for state purposes. Morality, to judge from the lamentations of our honest author, was, unquestionably, at a low ebb, as was bound to be in a generation which had seen some of the noblest brought to the gutter and the remains of Voltaire worshipped as if they were relics of God.

From With Camera and Rücksack in the Oberland and Valais (*Headley*). VIEW FROM THE JAYSINIAN GARDEN, LOOKING UP THE GIFFRE VALLEY.



From Things Seen in Oxford (*Seeley*). THE FRONT OF TRINITY COLLEGE. (*Photo*, Taunt, Oxford.)

WITH CAMERA AND RÜCKSACK IN THE OBERLAND AND VALAIS.

By REGINALD A. MALBY, F.R.P.S., F.R.H.S. With 8 Photogravure Plates, 15 in Colour, and 57 in Monochrome. 10s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

Mr. Reginald A. Malby's book differs so greatly from the ordinary record of haphazard travel in a mountainous country that it might have been advisable to choose a different title for it. "With Rücksack and Camera" hardly expresses the idea that Mr. Malby is not only an enthusiastic photographer, but is also a botanist of the first ability, and that his trips were made primarily with a view to photographing the flora of the higher Alps in their natural surroundings. However, apart from this we have no further desire to criticise this most excellent volume, which is most fully and beautifully illustrated with views of scenery and of alpine plants.

THINGS SEEN IN OXFORD.

By NORMAN J. DAVIDSON, B.A. With 52 Illustrations. 2s. net, 3s. net, and 5s. net. (Seeley.)

The latest volume of the "Things Seen" series makes far the best handy guide to Oxford we have ever come across, with the great advantage that it has not been written in guide-book style. Mr. Davidson has the advantage of a thorough knowledge of his subject, both as regards the present and the past. However, what the general reader will find most interesting are the chapters on the undergraduate, his manner of life, his sports his work, and his expenses. Very wisely, Mr. Davidson has written the book from the point of view of one ignorant of 'Varsity life, and while the senior man will find little in the chapters on this subject that will seem to him at all impressive, the freshman should get some very useful hints. A large number of illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book.

From The Oxford County Histories: Lancashire (*Oxford University Press*).

WARRINGTON MARKET PLACE IN 1834.

THE AMERICAN MEDITERRANEAN.

By STEPHEN BONSALL. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Perhaps a better title for this book would have been "The Economics of the Golden West." In the author's opinion the vast extent of the lands ringed by the American Mediterranean, in which he includes the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, the encircling rim of islands, and the coast of the old Spanish Main, are susceptible of wonderful industrial development. As Élisée Reches informed us years ago, although lying almost entirely in the tropics, these lands are perfectly accessible to man for all purposes of permanent settlement. One hundred and fifty years ago these to-day neglected islands were regarded, and justly so, as the most valuable portions of the world's surface. It is really remarkable, as Mr. Bonsall points out, that the islands have not been developed on really sound lines, instead of having been allowed to drift into a state of perpetual anarchy and decay. The Dutch and Danish islands are going to rack and ruin, the French islands seem to be drifting steadily toward a race struggle of the Santo Domingo variety. "Whilst even in the English islands the crowded blacks, with all their loyalty to the Union Jack, under which they have for so long enjoyed liberty and even-handed justice, are near starvation, as near as people can be who live in Nature's most generous garden." Mr. Bonsall's book is, of course, addressed chiefly to American business men, but it seems to us to have a much wider appeal. Nature is bounteous beyond words in that part of the world with which it deals, and there is no reason, except the foolishness and jealousy of man, why all the nations of the earth should not have some measure of good from those bounteous stores. The book is packed with facts, figures, and information of all kinds.

From Ingatestone and the Essex Great Road with Fryerning (*Oxford University Press*).

INGATESTONE HIGH STREET. (From an old print).

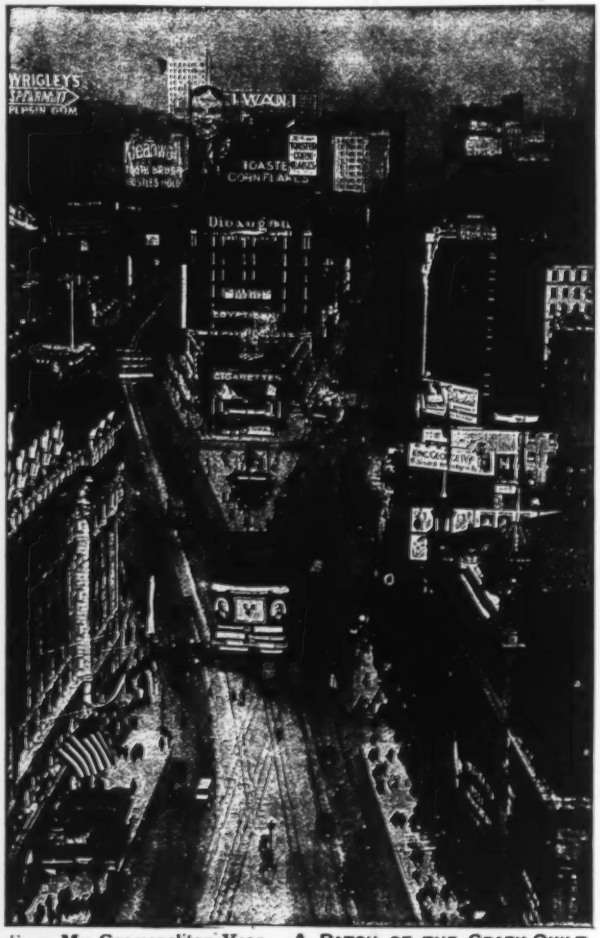
From The American Mediterranean
(*Hurst & Blackett*).

STATUE OF THE LIBERATOR, SIMON BOLIVAR, IN THE PLAZA BOLIVAR, CARACAS.
(Courtesy of Collier's Weekly.)

WITH THE RUSSIAN PILGRIMS TO JERUSALEM.

By STEPHEN GRAHAM. With 38 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

One had read "Inner Jerusalem," by the author of the "Outer Isles," and had felt how petty much of the tourist energy devoted to Palestine was, and how futile the endeavour to invest it with any real spirit of the Holy Land. What remained of the old crusading or mediæval spirit was, all were agreed, to be found exclusively among the Orthodox. And now we have an inside account of the Russian Pilgrims by an English delineator, who is also an artist, who sailed with a large gang from Odessa, and saw them through the various stages of their enterprise. The opportunity would have been coveted by Borrow. The great George would have accomplished his task in a very different way. Mr. Stephen Graham has none of the Borrovian dryness; he writes with sympathy, with metaphor and with unction, but he has achieved a rare task with uncommon fidelity and beauty. He reveals to us the right simple moujik of the great novelists, as he reappears in the pleasant narratives of Maurice Baring; but he also enables us, again and again, to get a glimpse of the real treasure of the humble. Jerusalem, the earthly, is a pleasure-ground for wealthy sight-seers; a place where every stone has been commercialised either by tourist agencies or greedy monks; where the very candles lit by the pious before the pictures and the shrines are put out the moment they are lit, and sold in sheaves to the Jews. Jerusalem the Golden, the city of the Vision, the Jerusalem of Tancred, this is a very different place, and the poor Russians are almost the only people living to-day who manage to get to this ideal Jerusalem.



From My Cosmopolitan Year
(*Mills & Boon*).

A PATCH OF THE CRAZY-QUILT BROADWAY, FROM 42ND STREET.
(*Photo*, Underwood & Underwood).

The great merit of Mr. Graham's book is that he does not merely tell us all about the external incidents of the journey, extremely curious, barbaric and even sinister though many of these are, but he tells us how the miracle is brought about of a real pilgrim's progress taking place in full blast of the twentieth century. The pilgrims have a hard time of it, especially on the march from Jerusalem down to Nazareth and Capernaum and back, many of them perish in the dust or the storm, and some of the stages almost resemble those of the terrible retreat from Moscow. It is not the popes who persuade them to go, for they are jealous of seeing money go out of their own parishes. The peasants, it seems, often take a good deal of money with them, and spend it in relics or on debauch going back, but never upon the actual incidents of the journey. Neither is it an epidemic. Great numbers of pilgrims

From Kent (County Churches Series) (*Allen*).

CANTERBURY, RECULVER PILLAR.

come from isolated and remote villages and march one or two thousand miles even to the port of embarkation. Why do they come? It is often the one voluntary act of a creature of passive routine. It is the sudden inspiration of a contemplative, a man who would in old days have been an anchorite. It is the outcome of a sacred promise or a sudden spontaneous resolution. The incurable drunkard of a village picks himself out of the mire one afternoon, renounces the bottle, and starts off for the Holy City of the Sepulchre. The miser, who has been hoarding for fifty years, gives his money away, and sets off begging to the far-off shrine. The reserved peasant suddenly tells to a stranger the hidden secret, perhaps the crime of his existence, and sets out the same day on an expiatory pilgrimage. Here, again, are the peasants of Tolstoi, or the strange beings who emerge from under the seat in a modern Russian emigrant train. Some of them cross the sea to Jaffa again and again. They catch the Holy Fire at Easter, they bathe in their shrouds in the Jordan. They are terribly dirty, these people; extraordinary characters, some of them are ascetic, and some of them drunkards, but most of them are, after a fashion of their own, genuine mystics.

The pilgrim goes to the City partly in order to prepare himself for death, but also, very materially, to derive from life its greatest happiness—the sweet feeling of the heart in prayer. Follow his life from birth, and you will find these "sweet feelings began in the village church when he was a child. Ordinary life dulled them, caused their repetition to be infrequent, and he began, without knowing why, perhaps, to visit neighbouring monasteries. There he caught his sweet vision again. But the ordinary things of life defeated him, and even at the monasteries he *felt* seldom. So he went further afield. He went to far shrines, to Solovetsh, to St. Seraphim. He left home and went from village to village, and from Monastery to Monastery, ever further and further till he reached the holiest place on earth—the Holy City and Golgotha, where the redemption of mankind was accomplished. Further on the earth there was no whither; it seems that the soul had found what it wished—though it had not. Satisfied for the time, he returns to his native land, but again, in a little while, appears once more the unconquerable wish to go to that place where were experienced such sweet minutes."

Character, pathos, observation and style are happily compounded in a book which stands high in the rare category of religious travel.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

THE QUEENS OF ARAGON: THEIR LIVES AND TIMES.

By E. L. MIRON. With Photogravure Frontispiece and 21 Illustrations in Half-tone. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

This interesting volume deals with no fewer than twenty-six "heroines," and covers more than three hundred years of stormy history—from 1035 to 1468. The unfamiliarity of the history of Spain to the average English reader constitutes only a stronger reason why you should get this book without delay, and the author's able treatment of his subjects, and the many romantic stories that centre around them, is an extra inducement. "The Queens of Aragon" is written in pleasant, gossipy fashion, is crowded with picturesque incidents and events, and, in short, is in every way, a most fascinating book.

From The Queens of Aragon (*Stanley Paul*).

LA SEO, ZARAGOZA (*Photo*, Hauser y Menet, Madrid.)

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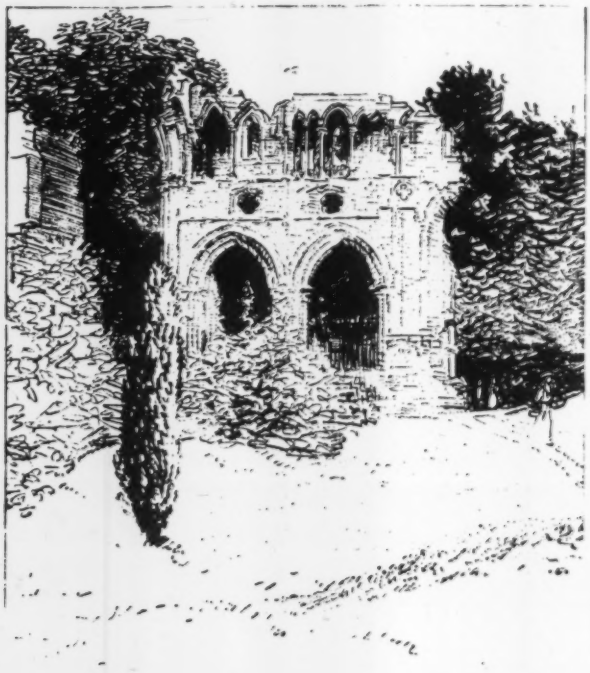
Those excellent little manuals, the Oxford County Histories, continue steadily to increase in number, and two of the latest additions to the series, Lancashire and the East Riding of Yorkshire, are now before us. The object of the series is to interest dwellers in the counties in their localities and to acquaint them with something of the spirit that inspired their ancestors. Both these volumes are admirably edited and put together, and Mr. Brockbank and Mr. Hewlett deserve the gratitude of many of the younger generation for their truly patriotic work.

THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH.

A Descriptive and Historical Account. By JOCELYN PERKINS, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

With the reinauguration of the Chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey as the official home of the Order of the Bath, this historic Order of Knighthood will enter upon a new stage. Public interest in it has been reawakened, and this compact little work of Mr. Perkins, sacrist and



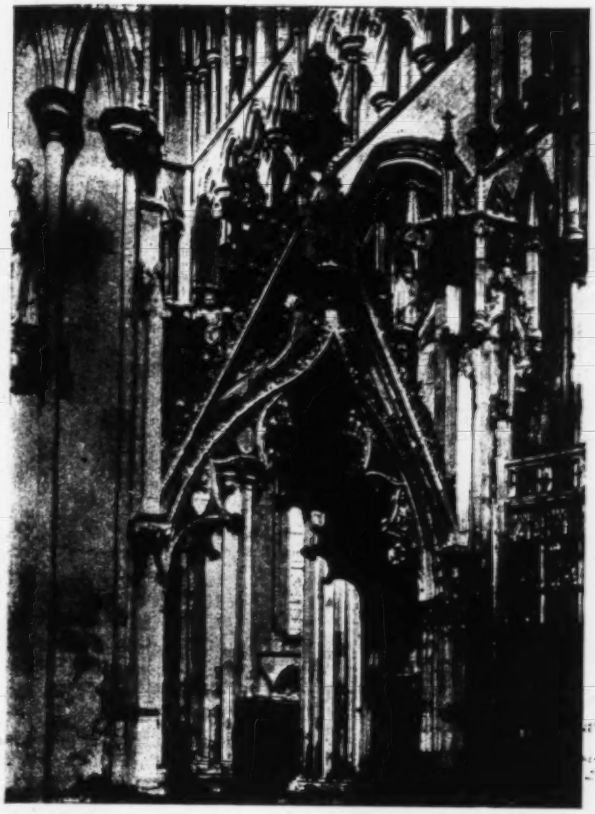
From **Highways and Byways of the Scottish Border** (*Macmillan*).

TOMB OF SIR WALTER SCOTT AT DRYBURGH.

From **Highways and Byways of the Scottish Border.** (*Macmillan*).

BEWCASTLE CROSS.

QUITE A LOT OF DUST



From The Oxford County Histories: The East Riding of Yorkshire (*Oxford University Press*).

THE CELEBRATED PERCY TOMB OR SHRINE IN BEVERLY MINSTER, WHICH LELAND NOTICED. (*Photo*, Charles Coulding.)

minor canon of Westminster, is both timely and welcome. He has drawn freely and with discretion upon the mass of material at his disposal, and his book is embellished with no less than forty-two illustrations, taken from authentic sources, and now for the first time, we think, put before the public in a comparatively inexpensive form. It is a wonderful story, with its roots traceable to the far back days of our forefathers in the forests of Germany, with an interval of desuetude lasting for some sixty years after the accession of Charles II. For the revival, so to speak, we have to be thankful to George I. "It may be taken for granted," as Mr. Perkins writes, "that the historic Church of Westminster will fully rise to a sense of the greatness of its opportunity, and in so doing will forge yet another link in the chain which unites the British Empire to that most venerable and sacred of all the many sanctuaries which grace our island home."

GIRTON COLLEGE.

By E. E. CONSTANCE JONES. Illustrated by MARY CLARKE. 1s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

Messrs. Black's reputation in the matter of colour-books is well sustained by this new number of their "Beautiful Britain" series; and Girton girls, whether former or present students, will welcome a monograph upon their Alma Mater. Of course Girton, with a mere handful of years behind it (the original building was opened in 1873) cannot compete in archæological and romantic charm with the great mediæval Colleges of either University. Of strenuous, vigorous work, of aims carried out to noble ends, it affords a marvellous example. But the indefinable spell of immemorial antiquity is lacking; and Girton presents literally only academic attractions. Hence this short account of her rise and progress reads somewhat in the style of a report. The specimens of Girton verse, however excellent in their intention, do not evoke an Oliverian request for more; the record of literary, philosophic, and scientific publications by past students is rather awe-inspiring than epoch-making. The best thing in this slender volume is the sprightly narrative of Miss L. I. Lumsden, who chronicles some of the obstacles, frustrations, and misconceptions encountered by the pioneers of Women's Higher Education; and tells of the eventual, though gradual, triumph of the determined few. Miss Mary Clarke's illustrations will be of interest to Collegians; but we hardly imagine that the "sweet girl graduates with their golden hair" bear so extraordinary a facial resemblance to one another as here portrayed.

MY MEMORIES, 1830-1913.

By LORD SUFFIELD. Edited by ALYS ROWTH. 16s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

During the last forty years of the life of King Edward, Lord Suffield was his constant companion. Even when the King went away without him, he nearly always sent for his friend to join him. "I loved him as much as one man can love another," says Lord Suffield; so naturally the greater part of his memoirs is devoted to an account of his intercourse with his royal friend and master. He went with the King to India in 1875, and relates in a very interesting way the events of the brilliant journey. Afterwards he travelled a good deal on the Continent with the King, and got on terms of friendship with the rulers of Europe. Even Bismarck

From The Most Honourable Order of the Bath (*Pitman*).

THE NEW KNIGHTS BEING INSTALLED BY THE DUKE OF YORK IN 1812.

From Girton College (Beautiful Britain Series) (*Black*).

THE STANLEY LIBRARY.
(*Photo*, P. A. Buchanan & Co.)

was extremely affable to him, but Lord Suffield is inclined to fancy that the great statesman hoped to worm some State secrets out of him. Naturally there are no revelations of this sort in "My Memories"; but though Lord Suffield is the soul of honour and discretion, he is never dull or formal, and his book is sure to be one of the successes of the season. For it is written with humour and good spirits by a sportsman who has a kindly but shrewd power of observation. King Edward is the hero of the book; but a long line of famous men and beautiful women is passed under review and sketched in telling strokes, and several hitherto unpublished drawings by Sir Arthur Ellis add to the historical interest of the account of King Edward's travels in India. The best tale in the book is contained in the preface by Sir Charles Beresford: it concerns Lord Suffield.

THE YEAR 1913 ILLUSTRATED.

2s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

The appearance of that capital annual, "The Year Illustrated," will no doubt be welcome to the many who have invested their half-crowns in earlier issues. It is always difficult to estimate the importance of the history we are making, and the value of these volumes in this direction is more likely to increase than to diminish. The present edition gives, as usual, many photographs and a series of admirable summaries on the principal events of the year, arranged in a classified order. It is at least as interesting as any of its predecessors—which is saying a good deal.

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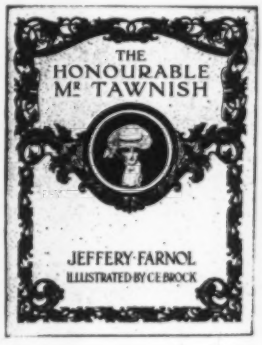

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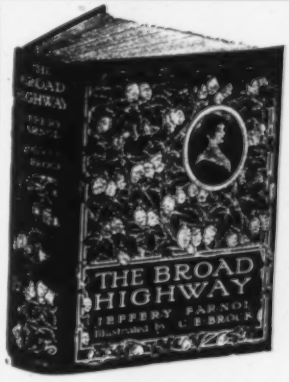

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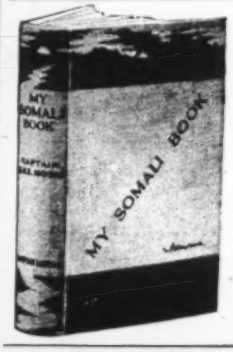

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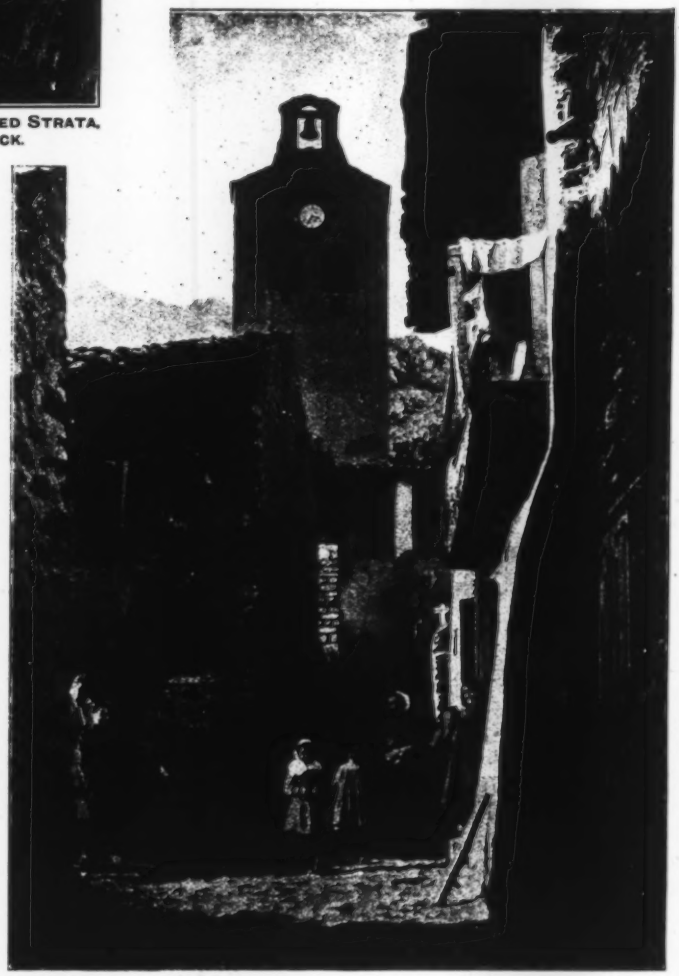

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By H. P. HOLT. With an Introduction by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR J. G. DARTNELL. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

To those who know that the Natal Police have a fighting record second to that of no similar body of men in any part of the world, the title of this book will sufficiently indicate its contents. It is full of the romance of adventure in the outlands of the earth. When General Sir John Dartnell formed the corps in 1874, he arranged that all officers were to be promoted from the ranks. The result was that the Natal Police offered an open career to any man of ambition, and lovers of adventure, eager for the chance of winning distinction, flocked to the leader of the small corps from our universities and public schools. They were trained till they were as tough as leather and hard as iron, for the Zulus under Cetewayo were preparing for battle, and the police force had to make up in efficiency what it lacked in numbers. In 1879 the troopers showed the stuff they were made of. Some of them faced slaughter and fought to a finish under the shadow of Isandhlwana; their horses were picketed close to them, but making no attempt to retire from the overwhelming Zulu *impi*, they used their last cartridge and fell beneath the assegais. Some of them also helped to hold Rorke's Drift. At Majuba, the troopers were held in reserve as cavalry, and could only help the fugitives breaking and pouring down the lost height. They took a very active part in the last South African War, but being split up into small detachments they were unable to win distinction as a body. Acting as both soldiers and policemen, they have had their full of adventure among the black tribes, and often save a big war by a mixture of tact and bluff and intrepidity. Now they are losing their identity by being absorbed in the South African Constabulary: but their fine history as related by Mr. Holt will never be forgotten. He has told their story in exactly the right way; not unduly emphasising the romance of it—there was no need to do that—but making us realise it as it was in reality. This is a book to be read.

From Winter Sports in Switzerland (*Allen*).

CHURCH LEAP, CRESTA RUN.

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE

"In the Consul's own apartment, in dinner dress, attended by Hortense Beauharnais and Caroline Murat, Josephine sat."
From **The Eagle's Talon**
(*Putnam*).

SOME CHRISTMAS NOVELS.

A curious conviction of the modern publisher is that the novel-reader prefers to indulge in his favourite pastime when the weather is unpleasant. Evening, a cosy corner by the fireside, the wind howling in the chimney, rain or snow out-of-doors, and a good novel—here are the ingredients of comfort, he will tell you. And from this theory has proceeded the autumn season, when novels descend upon us as heavily and almost as often as the rain, and there is a deluge of fiction in the land. Anybody will tell you that it is impossible to keep pace with it, and very difficult indeed to arrange one's reading in such a manner as to make acquaintance only with the best of it. I do not pretend that the books of which I shall proceed to give a series of—generally speaking—inadequate notices are the best novels of the season. They were selected rather at random; but if in two or three cases (which shall be nameless) Fortune was not altogether upon my side, anyhow my luck has been good. Most of these books are amusing, all of them are at least, well worth reading, one or two are really striking; and, at the same time, there is something here to suit a good many tastes.

I notice that the husband of Theodora, the heroine of "Five Years and a Month"[1] used to amuse himself between dinner and bed-time by dozing, sometimes by sleeping in a repulsively unromantic manner. If he had had the sense to read a novel—aloud, if he were a good reader—or to do *something*, there can be very little doubt that his wife would have got on with him better. Even if you are silent, you are more companionable awake than asleep; and, besides, it is silly to be rude to your wife, and in Theodora's case it led to tragedy. For after five years of married drudgery she had a month's holiday away from home, fell deeply in love with another man, and returned to find her husband, if possible, more callous and unpleasant than ever. Perhaps it was just as well that she "took and died" pretty quickly afterwards, though I cannot see any artistic reason for killing her off, and feel quite certain that in actual life she would have probably remained perfectly healthy in spite of her penchant for getting wet and not changing her clothes quickly. It is a pity that Mrs. Morris Wood makes the amateur's mistake of presenting an extreme case, but the picture that she gives of middle-class life in a provincial town is decidedly clever, and there are several indications that she will do a good deal better next time.

The provinces and middle-class life also show up unfavourably in "The Rut,"[2] another first novel, and a

From **Lorna Doone**
(*Chambers*).

"SHE MANAGED TO GET INTO MY ARMS, ALTHOUGH THEY COULD NOT HOLD HER."

From **His Little Bit o' Garden**
(*Allenson*).

THE BLACKSMITH BUYS PETER'S FIRST ROSE.

[1] "Five Years and a Month." By Fanny Morris Wood. 6s. (Duckworth.)
[2] "The Rut." By E. Hamilton Moore. 6s. (Erskine Macdonald.)

very good one. Dolly Armitage, the heroine, is forty-three and her children are grown-up. She has grown so thoroughly accustomed to the rut of the title that her comfortable, dull, narrow mode of life has become almost second nature to her. Almost, but not quite, for, though she is unaware of it, she is naturally romantic, and of course the rut is exactly the reverse of that. So when a philanderer comes along—well, the publisher tells you that with "a little more imagination she might have been a second Madame Bovary." But she wasn't, which is precisely her tragedy. For her husband found her out and "forgave" her in the brutally uncompromising manner peculiar to his class, and the philanderer ran away with her pretty daughter. So Dolly's case is a good deal worse at the end than it was at the beginning. There is some really excellent drawing of character in this book, and in the figure of Dolly's lover, pretentious, cautious, and selfish, Mr. Hamilton Moore scores a triumph. Few readers will remain unmoved by the tragic development of "The Rut."

Mr. William Hewlett's new book[3] is another realistic novel, very carefully and convincingly worked out, but containing, perhaps, almost more promise than performance. His hero, Hugh Middlecomb, having reached a certain point in his development as an author, has determined in the most approved modern fashion to write his autobiography in novel form. This is to serve as his new book, and the one condition which he makes with himself is that the truth shall be told throughout in the most rigorously legal manner. Fortunately, and rather refreshingly, this does not entail a very large amount of uninteresting detail; Mr. Hewlett is too clever a writer for that. But it does mean that a good number of the most important incidents would shock Mrs. Grundy. After all, I suppose the absolute truth about a good number of people would be rather alarming, though I feel still that Mr. Hewlett lays too much stress upon Middlecomb's merely sexual experiences—and that there are far too many of them for such a clever man. Nevertheless, "Telling the Truth" is a very honest and capable piece of work, and I have a good deal of admiration for it.

Mr., or, more probably, Miss, E. Reid Matheson's "The Unconscious Quest"[4] is of rather a different type, and is decidedly difficult to place. Mrs. Laing, an English widow in the forties, with a couple of grown-up girls, decides at last to indulge her life's unfulfilled desire and travel in the East. So, for a start, she goes to

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND MARTHA CUSTIS.
(From a drawing by Clara M. Burd.)
Frontispiece to Threads of Grey and Gold.
(*Putnam*).

From Adam Bede
(*Chambers*).

"SHE COULD NOT PREVENT HIM FROM SEEING HER FACE."

From The paper jacket of "Avanti!"
(*Revell*).

[3] "Telling the Truth." By William Hewlett. 6s. (Secker.)

[4] "The Unconscious Quest." By E. Reid Matheson. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Cairo, where she makes the acquaintance of a young Turkish gentleman, introduced to her by a fellow-passenger on board her boat. For some reason or other beyond my comprehension she finds him immensely fascinating, and after a long struggle with herself she has just consented to marry him when she is forced to return to England on account of the illness of one of her daughters. So far as the plot goes, that is the whole of this book, which interested me more as a guide to Egypt than as a novel.

Another sentimental guide-book of this kind is Miss Anna Fuller's "A Venetian June,"[5] which Messrs. Putnam have just published in an elaborate and beautiful form, with excellent illustrations in colour by Frederick S. Coburn. There is some good work here, though I cannot help feeling that Miss Fuller would have done better if she had made up her mind definitely as to whether she was or was not writing a novel. But on this point the reading public obviously does not agree with me, or there would have been no demand for this *édition de luxe*. Yet another volume of a very similar type is Miss Augusta Gordon Watson's "In Spain with Peggy."[6] Here are two love stories, with complications, both of them ending satisfactorily, and here, too, is an excellent superficial guide to the principal "sights" in Spain. It is all quite pleasantly and apparently fairly efficiently done, and it reminds me of nothing so much as a Williamson book without a motor interest.

From **The Chow Chow** (*Pitman*).

From **My Dog** (*Allen*).

"THE ONLY BEING THAT HAS FOUND AN INDUBITABLY TANGIBLE GOD."

"A British Dog in France"[7] is quite out of the usual run. While not exactly a novel, it is obviously fiction, and I have no hesitation in including it here. Fox, the hero, writes his autobiography, and recounts a series of adventures that are uncommonly varied, I should think, even for those of a truant dog in a foreign country. However, Mr. Harrison Barker may be warmly congratulated upon a successful piece of "characterisation," and his story should bring vividly home to the public the cruelty with which performing dogs are nearly always treated. The humorously fanciful illustrations of Mr. Brightwell are in themselves worth the price asked for the book.

Returning to the novel proper, a batch of well-known authors deserves more lengthy notice than, unfortunately, I have space for here. Of "Writ in Water"[8] I can only say that it exhibits all Miss Grier's accustomed skill in the telling of her story and the firm handling of character. This tale of a rising of negroes on the Island of Lovodic—in the "Amerindian" Ocean—is very probably founded upon some

[5] "A Venetian June." By Anna Fuller. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by Frederick S. Coburn. 10s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

[6] "In Spain with Peggy." By Augusta Gordon Watson. With 12 Illustrations from Photographs by Francis Anderson, 7s. 6d. net. (Laurie.)

[7] "A British Dog in France." By E. Harrison Barker. With 12 Full-page and 31 Text Illustrations by L. R. Brightwell. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[8] "Writ in Water." By Sydney C. Grier. With 4 Illustrations by A. Pearse, 6s. (Blackwood.)

From **The Chow Chow** (*Pitman*).

episode in our colonial history with which I am unfamiliar. But this is not a matter of great moment, for, whether or not it be the case, the historical and political aspects of the book are relegated to their proper place in the background, where they happen also to be most effective. The plot is equally intriguing and thrilling—in fact, "Writ in Water" is unquestionably one of the best books with which I deal in this article. Admirers of Miss Grier's talent, by the way, will be able to classify it when they are told that it is included in the author's "Century" series.

Mr. John Oxenham is one of those authors who may be described best as "reliable." If you have liked his other books you may be quite certain that you will like his new one. "Red Wrath"[9] deals with life in the curious little Isles of Chausey (which are no great distance from our own Channel Islands) and in Paris during and after the Franco-Prussian War. It is an exciting story, with no dramatic detail omitted, and in the graceful figure of Aliette Mr. Oxenham has added another to his long list of plucky, faithful, and altogether charming heroines. The illustrations, from photographs, are interesting rather than beautiful, but they may have the effect of enticing some visitors to what must be, I am sure, a little-known part of France. Anyhow, I want to go to the Iles de Chausey.

Miss Arabella Kenealy's work is always good, but she seems to be a little tired in "The Painted Lady"[10] which is interesting chiefly as a *tour de force*. The main plot is of the most ancient order of melodrama. The mystery of a birth, rival claimants to a title, the impostor successful for a time, but virtue triumphant in the end, and all the rest of it. The interest comes in with the variations and complications, as numerous as they are varied, with which the author's fertile imagination is able to invest this well-worn theme. The more serious aspect of the book is comprised in the clever study of the effect upon an ill-balanced character of a sudden accession to riches.

The heroines of "Weeds"[11]—a remarkable book in its way—are of a different type. They are perfectly harmless, and their only wish is to be allowed to make their living in as honest a manner as possible. But owing to force of circumstances and lack of training they find it exceedingly difficult to do so. It is a long book, full of realistic and convincing detail, and it should prove an admirable teacher of the lesson the authors wish to inculcate. Take a lady, give her a thoroughly unpractical education, allow her to spend money very much as she likes, and then cast her adrift upon the world. Don't you think the case of such a woman would be desperate? Yet it is what happens with comparative regularity. "London," says Mr. Sladen, "is full of gentlewomen without these advantages (youth, good looks, and personal charm), waiting to do any honest work, but in danger of actual starvation . . . 'Weeds' shows how the unfortunate victims of these circumstances are put on the rack of anxiety, privation and humiliation . . ." Everybody ought to read this strong and convincing book, and take its lesson to heart.

Turning to America, one finds that Mr. Robert Chambers has not been idle during the past year. "The Business of Life,"[12] his long autumn novel, is thoroughly typical of its writer. The plot is simple, sentimental, and not strong enough for its very lengthy development; the setting is American "smart" society; the characters are

[9] "Red Wrath." By John Oxenham. With 16 Illustrations from Photographs. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[10] "The Painted Lady." By Arabella Kenealy. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)
[11] "Weeds." By Olave Potter and Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)
[12] "The Business of Life." By Robert W. Chambers. With 33 Illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. 6s. (Appleton.)

Frontispiece to **A British Dog in France** (*Chatto & Windus*).

"'WHO ARE YOU?' SAID THE POODLE."

drawn in the regulation pattern; and the dialogue is crisp, bright, and amusing. Honestly, I prefer Mr. Chambers in any manner but this, but those people who like this sort of thing will be sure to find that "The Business of Life" is the sort of thing they will like. "The Gay Rebellion,"[13] I was relieved to find, is not a society story. It is a whimsical extravaganza, humorously and brightly written, dealing with a possible development of the feminist movement. It would be wrong to give away the really excellent idea underlying the book, which is just the thing for an evening's amusement.

Another very popular American writer is the late Myrtle Reed, a delightful collection of posthumous papers by whom is presented in "Threads of Grey and Gold."[14] About half the contents are poems, and the essays which make up the remainder of the book cover all sorts of subjects, from "The Technique of the Short Story" and 'One Woman's Solution of the Servant Problem" to "Romance and the Postman" and "The Courtship of George Washington."

From **Rambles among the Flowers** (*Partridge*).

IRIS AND WATERLILY AT HOME.

Mr. John Ayscough has also made a collection of his short stories[15]—some of them, I must say, very slight indeed—which ought to attract his admirers; and yet another popular writer, Miss Macnaughtan, has already scored a success with a charming tale of Indian life,[16] written in the best manner of the author of "Christina M'Nab" and the "Lame Dog's Diary."

Lovers of the sensational will find their demands satisfied in Mr. Harris-Burland's "Grey Cat"[17] or Mr. Hornung's "Thousandth Woman,"[18] both of which are murder mysteries, the latter book being considerably the better of the two from a technical point of view. Or, in a different style of sensation, Mr. Reginald Hodder's "The Vampire"[19] could hardly be bettered, though I must say that I found the more profoundly mystical parts a trifle bewildering. But there are some real shudders in it for all that.

For the central idea of

[13] "The Gay Rebellion." By Robert W. Chambers. With 4 Full-page and many Text Illustrations by Edmund Frederick. 6s. (Appleton.)

[14] "Threads of Grey and Gold." By Myrtle Reed. With a Coloured Frontispiece by Clara M. Burd and a Portrait. 6s. (Putnam.)

[15] "Prodigals and Sons." By John Ayscough. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)

[16] "Snow upon the Desert." By S. Macnaughtan. With 8 Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[17] "The Grey Cat." By J. B. Harris-Burland. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

[18] "The Thousandth Woman." By E. W. Hornung. With 4 Illustrations by Frank Snapp. 3s. 6d. net. (Nash.)

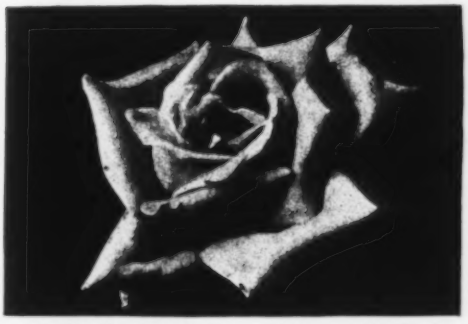
[19] "The Vampire." By Reginald Hodder. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6s. (Rider.)

From **The Salmon Rivers of England and Wales** (*Kegan Paul*).

THE JUNCTION AT CHRISTCHURCH.

From The Rose Book (*Cassell*).

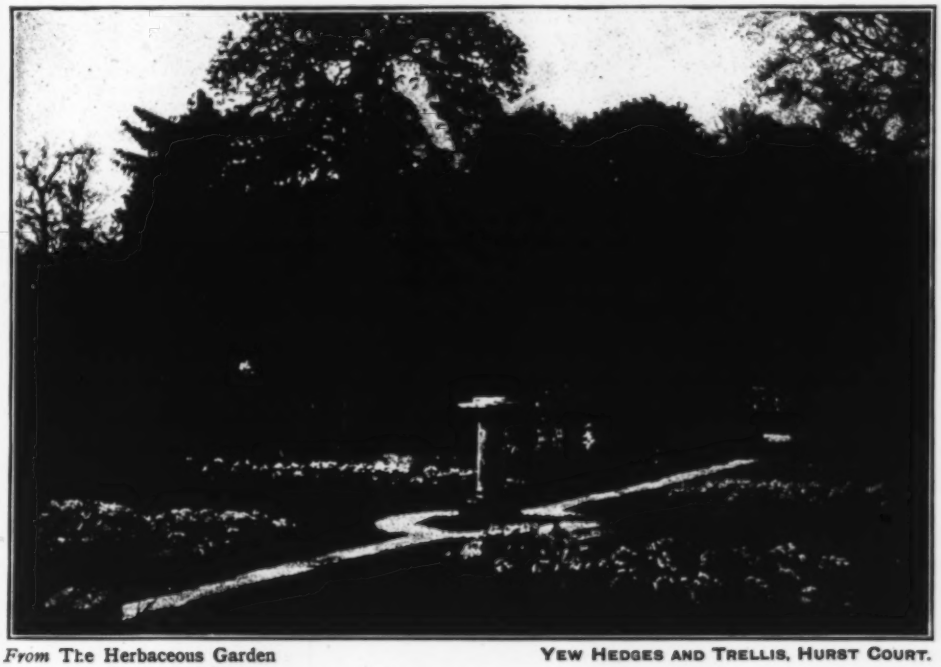
ROSE MADAME ANTOINE MARI.
(A charming tea rose for the garden, of lilac rose shade.)



From The Rose Book (*Cassell*).

ROSE AMATEUR TEYSSIER (H.T.)
(A pretty rose, white with lemon yellow centre.)

his extraordinary tale, "Up Above,"[20] Mr. John N. Raphael acknowledges his indebtedness to M. Maurice Renard's "Le Péril Bleu." Briefly it is that, invisible to the dwellers upon earth, a strange race inhabits the upper atmosphere, to whom our air takes the place of water. When the Shadow People take it into their heads to collect specimens from the earth much as we collect them from the depths of the sea, employing a 'sub-aerine' for this purpose, it must be clear to you that things begin to happen. Admirers of Mr. Wells' earlier work should be especially attracted by "Up Above."



From The Herbaceous Garden (*Williams & Norgate*).
Reviewed in a recent number of THE BOOKMAN.

YEW HEDGES AND TRELLIS, HURST COURT.

The historical novel usually commands a fairly large public in this country, one that ought to be delighted with the very sound and painstaking piece of work that comes from the pen of Mr. A. J. Anderson. "His Magnificence"[21] is partly a character-study of Lorenzo de Medici, supposed to be written by a contemporary and partisan. With a historical note, a glossary, and so forth at the end, and a rattling good story in the body of the book, one feels that the author has done all that can be expected of him to make it accurate and attractive. There is a good deal to be said for this manner of presenting history, which is followed to some extent by Mr. Schumacher also in "Nelson's Last Love"[22] a companion volume to the same author's "Fair Enchantress," published last year.

[20] "Up Above." By John N. Raphael. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

[21] "His Magnificence." By A. J. Anderson. With Coloured Frontispiece and Illustrations in the Text. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

[22] "Nelson's Last Love." By Henry Schumacher. With 34 Illustrations (one in Colour) and 2 Facsimiles. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

From The Rose Book (*Cassell*).

ROSE AVOCA (H.T.)
(A variety of brilliant red colouring).

From The Rose Book (*Cassell*).

ROSE LIBERTY (H.T.)
(One of the best of the red varieties.)

From The Merchant of Venice (*Greening*).

"'DO YOU NOT REMEMBER, LADY, A VENETIAN, A YOUNG SOLDIER P'"

These two books tell the life-story of Lady Hamilton in a way that is a good deal pleasanter than that of the ordinary biography, and is also, so far as I can tell, no less accurate. Both are fully—and very well—illustrated.

"Ashes of Vengeance"[23] is of a much more ordinary type, but it is at least a well-written and spirited story of France at the time of the Huguenot massacres. As a first book it shows a good deal of promise, which, I am told, has been recognised by the public already. And while on the subject of the historical novel I must draw your attention to the very cheap re-issue of Messrs. Chambers's illustrated edition of "Lorna Doone."[24] Mr. Gordon Browne has seldom done better work than in the adornment of this old favourite.

With its snake charmers, beautiful women, dramatic story, and Burmese atmosphere, "Fascination"[25] is a story that is quite amusing to read; and another part of the British Empire, the Transvaal, appears in "The River of Dreams,"[26] which is a good, but not wildly exciting, story of diamond mining.

In conclusion, I find that I still have to mention "The Thunderhead Lady,"[27] a slight but pleasing love-story told in letters; "The Paupers of Portman Square,"[28] a very effective tale worthy of far more praise than I have space for, in which Miss Wylie makes her bow in a novel of English life; and the "Indiscretions of Dr. Carstairs,"[29] a readable but rather amateurish collection of the "cases" of a society doctor. The rumour that this last book is founded on fact adds to its interest.

L. T. S.

[23] "Ashes of Vengeance." By H. B. Somerville. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

[24] "Lorna Doone." By R. D. Blackmore. With 13 Coloured Plates and 61 Text Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 6s. net. (Chambers.)

[25] "Fascination." By Cecil Champain Lowis. 6s. (Lane.)

[26] "The River of Dreams." By William Westrup. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

[27] "The Thunderhead Lady." By Anna Fuller and Brian Read. With 44 Picture Headings by William J. Wilson. 3s. 6d. net. (Putnam.)

[28] "The Paupers of Portman Square." By I. A. R. Wylie. With Frontispiece in Colour by A. C. Michael. 6s. (Cassell.)

[29] "Indiscretions of Dr. Carstairs." By A. De O. 6s. (Heinemann.)

From The Business of Life (*Appleton*).

"'I—I BEG YOUR PARDON,' SAID JACQUELINE."

From Snow upon the Desert (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"'I COULD DO WITHOUT CONTRAST FOR THE SAKE OF PEACEFUL GREY DAYS.'"

means for a fair trial of his uncle, who has been apprehended for treasonable practices. How the hero's quest proved a mare's nest and plunged Denis into a vortex of rascality in which his uncle was the biggest rascal of them all, and how he met the fair Idonia and rescued her from the toils in which he found her, it would be unfair to the reader to tell here. Suffice it to say that the love story of Denis and this beautiful, high-spirited, and wholly adorable girl is cleverly woven into a narrative as full of adventures as the most exacting lover of high romance could desire. Eventually the happy pair are married, and the story ends in some beautifully-written pages, with the death of Denis's father. The day on which he died he sits chatting with them, watching the ships that were to scatter the Armada passing up the Channel, and his last words include this fine motto for Englishmen: "In what estate soever we be found, we be neither angry nor afraid." An author who can write thus needs no recommendation.

THE CHOW-CHOW.

By Lady Dunbar of Mochrum. Illustrated. (Pitman.)

One of the principal breeds of dogs which have come into fashion recently is the Chow-Chow (or, as he is now generally called, merely the Chow). However, he is not a particularly easy dog to breed or to rear, though he is well deserving of his popularity when he can be obtained—and kept—in good condition. The present attractively produced volume, therefore, which tells, in a manner very easy to understand, everything that anybody needs to know about the Chow, should make a strong appeal to owners of the dog, while it may also do a good deal to enhance his popularity.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

By a Popular Novelist. With 8 Illustrations in Colour by Averil Burleigh. 6s. (Greening.)

"The Merchant of Venice" is the first volume of the "Novels from Shakespeare" series, in which "A Popular Novelist" retells in the form of fiction a number of the principal plays. The books, of course, are written in prose of the most modern variety, and the story is naturally entirely lacking in the poetic atmosphere. But the result is not at all a bad modern novel in its way, and "A Popular Novelist" shows that his is a skilled hand, although the reason why it is necessary to "popularise" Shakespeare in this way is rather beyond our powers of comprehension. The kindest way in which to regard the book is to look upon it as an ordinary new historical novel—when you will find it quite up the mark. The clever grouping and brilliant colouring of Miss Averil Burleigh's illustrations makes them very effective.

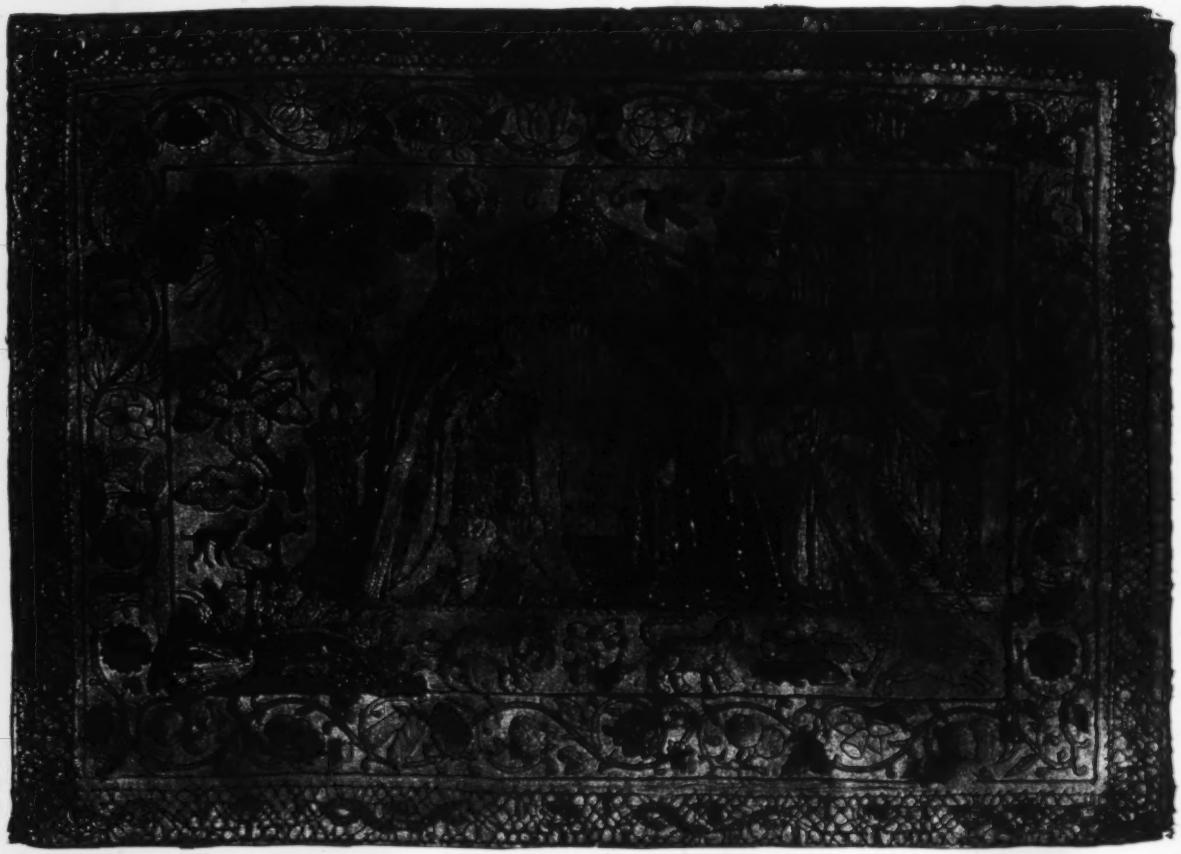
IDONIA:

A Romance of Old London.

By Arthur F. Wallis. Illustrated by C. E. Brock. 6s. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.).

This delightful story more than fulfils the expectations aroused by its secondary title, Mr. Wallis having achieved something very near perfection in his portrayal of the conditions and fascination of London in the stirring days of Queen Elizabeth. This he has done in accordance with the bes traditions of historical fiction, avoiding all exaggeration in his manner of making distinctive the period with which he deals, with the result that he has given it a true and romantic resurrection in his reader's mind. Denis Cleeve, a callow West Country youth, possessed, however, of a certain stubborn grit, comes to London with five hundred pounds of his father's money to provide the

From Idonia (*Sampson Low*).



From **Samplers and Tapestry Embroideries** (*Longmans*).

EMBROIDERY PICTURE: CHARLES I. AND HIS QUEEN. Dated 1663. *Lord Montagu.*

A PROPER NEWE BOKE OF COKERYE.

Edited by CATHERINE FRANCES FRERE. With 3 Illustrations. (Heffer, Cambridge.)

This most quaint and original of cookery books was originally owned by Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury (during the reign of Queen Elizabeth) and his wife Margaret. It is interesting perhaps less from a culinary point of view — though a number of the recipes would be well worth trying — than for its historical value. After all, the consumption of food played quite as important a part in the lives of the Elizabethans as it does in ours, and there are many people who would find it difficult to tell you, for instance, what sort of things Shakespeare ate . . . and others. Mrs. Frere contributes a long introduction (over 160 pages) to the book, as well as notes to each recipe, and a glossary. The result is quaint and queerly fascinating reading.

From **A Proper Newe Boke of Cokerye** (*Heffer, Cambridge*).

PORTRAIT OF MATTHEW PARKER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, 1573. (From the Book of Statutes, Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. *Photo* by Mr. Mason, Cambridge; by kind permission of the Master and Fellows of the College. Plate by Mr. Emery Walker.)

HIS LITTLE BIT O' GARDEN.

By MILDRED HILL. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net. (Allenson.)

A good story for a Sunday-school prize is not so easily come by as to be worth neglecting when there is a chance of getting one. And so there should be a large public for this charming little missionary story by Miss Mildred Hill, in which tender sentiment and homely, though clever, characterisation are admirably combined. Of its kind "His Little Bit o' Garden" is as good as anything we have read for a long time.

THE EAGLE'S TALON.

By GEORGES OHNET. Adapted from the French by HELEN MAYER. With 16 Illustrations by A. DE PARYS. 6s. (Putnam.)

"The Eagle's Talon" is an interesting novel dealing with the Couan rising during the Consulship of Napoleon Bonaparte. In Brittany the conspiracies of Cadoudal and his followers have been thwarted and betrayed by the Countess de Montmoran, and when they transfer the scene of their operations to Paris she is again the cause of their ruin. However, the balance is made more even by the fact that the beautiful spy is herself murdered in tragic fashion by one of the Chouans. Many notable and notorious people pass through the pages of a novel which gives a vivid picture of Parisian life—and, incidentally, retells in an interesting manner many of the intrigues of the high society of the Revolution period.

AVANTI!

A Tale of the Resurrection of Sicily.

By JAMES M. LUDLOW. 4s. 6d. net. (Revell.)

Dr. James M. Ludlow has become very popular in the United States as a writer of historical romances, many of which deal with the lands of the Mediterranean. His tale of the Garibaldian uprising in Sicily in 1860 has all the elements of a popular success. There are colour, movement and excitement in abundance. The villains of the Bourbon Court are painted with gusto; charming maidens of great beauty set out on daring adventures, and the hero is all that a hero should be. The general effect is to give the reader a clear and picturesque view of a fine and stirring event in modern history, about which most persons have little knowledge. The drawing of the characters is of the bold, summary melodramatic kind; but it is all very well done in its way.

From Tom Brown's School Days (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

QUEEN ADELAIDE AT THE FOOTBALL MATCH AT RUGBY, OCTOBER, 1839.

MY DOG.

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. With Illustrations in Colour by CECIL ALDIN. 3s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Co.)

There are just a few persons who can write of a dog, and M. Maeterlinck is one of them. He has observed his little bull-dog, Pelléas, minutely from the outside, human point of view; but, also, he seems able to see life through the eyes of Pelléas and his kind. "I have lost" he says, "within these last few days, a little bull-dog. He had just completed the sixth month of his brief existence. He had no history. His intelligent eyes opened to look out upon the world, to love mankind, then closed again on the cruel secrets of death." With kindly, intimate charm M. Maeterlinck shews us the thoughts, the youth, the days and the nights of little Pelléas—it is all so simple, so natural, so unadventurous, yet so delightfully written. He says, and truly, "We are alone, absolutely alone, on this chance planet; and amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us." The book is a little gem, and Mr. Cecil Aldin has enhanced it by his bold, clever effective coloured plates of Pelléas at intervals in his short life. The plump little bull-pup lives for us; author and artist have given him personality. Our only quarrel is with the fact that this book, published with coloured illustrations seven years ago, should be presented again now with no word to say that it is a reprint.

From Tom Brown's School Days (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE FROM THE CLOSE.

From Railway Wonders of the World (*Cassell*).

THE "FAST DENVER LIMITED," CLIMBING SOLDIER SUMMIT IN THE WASATCH MOUNTAINS, UTAH.

RAILWAY WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT. With 12 Coloured Plates and many Illustrations from Photographs. 10s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

"No invention," says Mr. Talbot, "since the march of civilisation began has changed the way of the world so completely as that of George Stephenson. No other production of the human brain has introduced such a powerful force of conquest, development, expansion, and settlement as the railway." These are big words, no doubt, but there can be little question as to their truth—and even less so after you have read this book. Mr. Talbot is an authority upon subjects of this nature, and he has always written particularly well about railways. In them, indeed, is embodied the new Romance—a fact which, for some reason or other, boys seem to appreciate more readily than their seniors. And, perhaps, it is to boys that this book will make its strongest appeal. The production of the volumes is most elaborate, and the photographs—of which there are a very large number—are both interesting and exceedingly well printed.

THINGS TO MAKE.

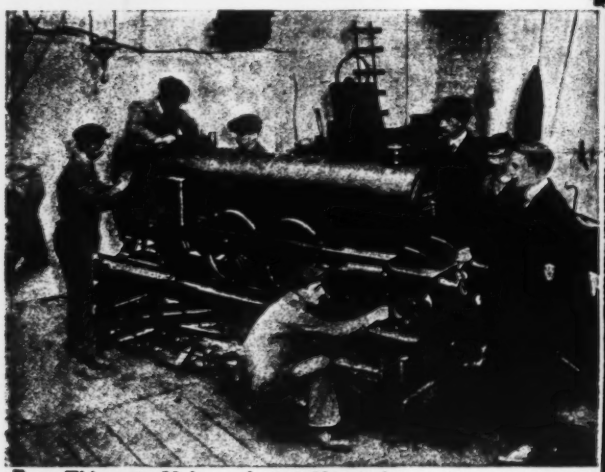
By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. With Frontispiece and 193 Illustrations in the Text. 3s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Perhaps nobody knows better how to write a book of this sort than does Mr. Archibald Williams. His directions are always so clear, so concisely worded, and so admirably simple, that the veriest tyro has no difficulty whatever in understanding them. In the present volume, Mr. Williams suggests the manufacture at home of an enormously varied number of objects, from a handy bookstand and a house ladder to wrestling puppets and a self-supplying matchbox, or from an electric alarm clock to a miniature gasworks. It is all very wonderful! And wonderfully well explained.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF STAMP COLLECTING.

By DOUGLAS B. ARMSTRONG. With many Illustrations. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The youthful philatelist will find Mr. Armstrong a thoroughly experienced and entertaining guide, and his well illustrated volume an invaluable handbook on a fascinating hobby.



From Things to Make (*Nelson*).

LARGE MODEL LOCOMOTIVE BUILT FOR ONE OF THE ROYAL PRINCES OF SIAM BY MESSRS. BASSETT-LOWKE, LIMITED. (*Photo*, "Daily Mirror.")

From The Worker's Daily Round (*Routledge*).

THE SIGNALMAN.

THE WORKER'S DAILY ROUND.

By Charles Watney and James A. Little. 5s. Illustrated. (Routledge.)

It was a happy idea which inspired the authors of this nicely-produced book; and the volume might be read with profit not only by children, for whom it is apparently intended, but also by the vast multitude of people who go about their daily work blind to the romance which really invests even the most commonplace objects and incidents of life. The authors had to take a journey one day from London to the North, and they decided to look a little below the surface of things, and enter, by enquiry and imagination, into the lives of each of the many different types of workers whom they encountered on the way, from the taxi-cab driver who drove them to the station, and the porter who hurled their luggage into the van, to the ploughman at his toil upon the sunny uplands along which their train speeded, and so at length to the pleasant little waitress who gave them the warm and refreshing cup of tea at their journey's end. Altogether the lives of twenty-four different workers are depicted, with just enough information to instruct without tediousness, and in a manner calculated to awaken in the young that sympathy with all types of humanity which, more and more, will come to be regarded as the first essential in any campaign of social reform.

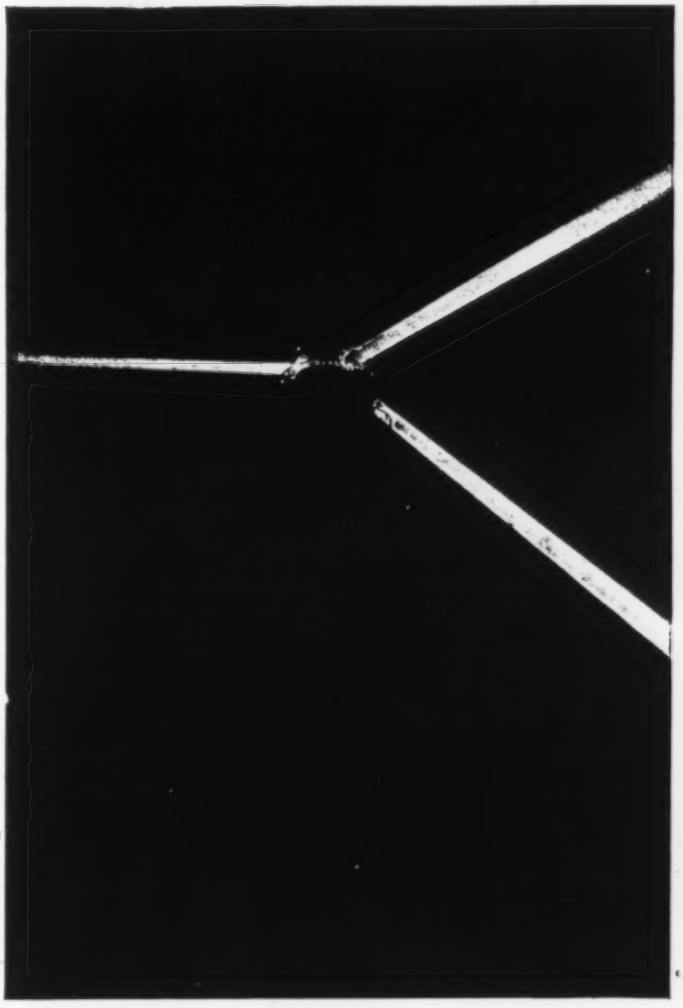
THE GAME FISHES OF THE WORLD.

By Charles Frederick Holder, LL.D. Illustrated. 20s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Holder has written a most fascinating book. At first glance we supposed it was purely "fishy," in the sense that only anglers would be attracted to it. But on the whole we are satisfied that it will also greatly charm the general reader, whose tastes are catholic. The survey is wide—no fewer than ninety-two rivers and fifty-five lakes are mentioned—and though the vogue of the book will naturally be greater in the United Kingdom and the United States than elsewhere, it must find a place on the shelves of the educated angler in whatever part of the world he resides. For us in Great Britain it is a matter of pride that so great an authority should find the British angler no less admirable than his rivers are beautiful. But, after all, Dr. Holder is almost one of us. Though he dates from Pasadena in California, the frontispiece shows him salmon-fishing on an English river, as becomes a good fisherman whose seventh great-grandfather was a fighting parson in the army of Cromwell. It was on the Tweed, too, that Dr. Holder cast his first salmon fly:

"O the Tweed! the bonnie Tweed!
O' rivers it's the best;
Angle here, or angle there,
Troots are sooming everywhere,
Angle east or west."

Or he is on the Ribble, and recalling the quaint old custom of "Salmon Sunday" (about November 20th), when thousands of people make a pilgrimage to watch the last run of the salmon under Paythorne Bridge, to the delight of the inhabitants, and the joy of the innkeepers. Again, he is talking of India, the mahseer and the hibernating murral; or taking us in spirit on the Florida reef at night with the tarpon. To the swordfish of Santa Catalina he gives the palm as the finest big game fish in the world, all things considered—strength, endurance, and spectacular characteristics. But the tuna is marvellous, and in the last fifteen years not more than seventy men in the world have succeeded in taking a leaping tuna of



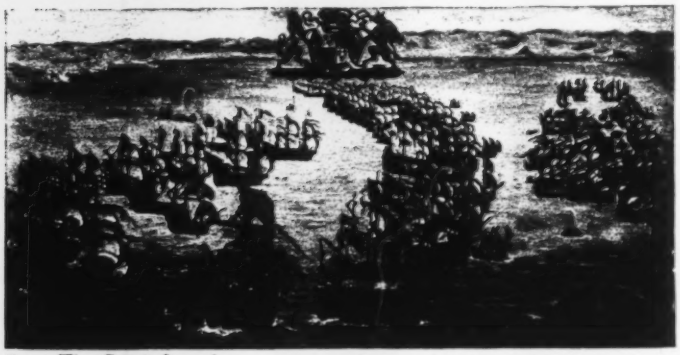
Frontispiece to **Lightships and Lighthouses** (*Heinemann*).

From **Astronomy Simplified** (*James Clarke*).

JUPITER.
Showing belts of cloud, Red Spot (on left), and Black round shadow of satellite (on right). Photographed at the Lick Observatory.

From Where He Dwelt (*Sampson Low*). THE RIVER JORDAN.

From Stories of Elizabethan Heroes (*Seeley*). SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE AND THE "REVENGE."



From The Great Armada (*Nelson*).
(Drawn from the tapestry hangings in the Old House of Lords.)

THE FLAGSHIP OF THE GUYPUSCOAN SQUADRON FIRED AND TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH.
The rest of the Armada continue their course in the form of a half-moon. Off the Isle of Portland both fleets come to an engagement.

over 100 lbs. with the Tuna Club equipment, though thousands have tried. As to the fascination of the ribbon fish, our author thinks that if the sea serpent is ever chased to his lair and landed, he will prove to be a gigantic *Regalecus*, a band of silver fifty or sixty feet long, three or four feet high, with a mane of splendid crimson plumes three or four feet tall. He had the luck of seeing a ribbon fish alive, and securing a photograph of it. Another was seen by a diver from a glass-bottomed boat. The man went down into the long kelp leaves, caught the long sluggish ribbon of silver and brought it to the surface. It was over ten feet in length, about half an inch thick, and six or eight inches high, with a splendid series of vermilion plumes over its head and dorsal spines. Dr. Holder gives the palm to England in salmon-fishing. In the detail of tackle too, England shines particularly; while in the matter of clubs she leads, the British Sea Anglers' being "the most complete and well-organised club for its purpose in the world." We cannot praise the excellence of the numerous photographs too highly. Some of the stranger fish look very queer—for instance, the "sheeps-head" of Bermuda Islands (p. 368), which might be going footballing.

From Where He Dwelt (*Sampson Low*). THE GOLDEN GATE AND TEMPLE WALL.

WHERE HE DWELT: MIND PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

By ALFRED T. SCHOFIELD. Illustrated by Views taken for this Book. 4s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

We have seldom met a more vivid picture of the Holy Land than Mr. Schofield has given with pen and illustration in this volume. It is not by self-conscious word-painting that he has achieved this result, but by his quiet descriptions of scenes, and comparisons with the Bible stories. His simple sentences become arresting, the years seem to fall away, and the life of both Old and New Testaments seem to move before us. "Jaffa is entered by a slit in the wall about six feet square; through this small opening, tourists, pilgrims, Pashas, negroes, Arabs, to say nothing of camels, mules, and asses, and every sort of produce, have passed in and out from time immemorial." "We climb the foothills dividing Philistia from the Holy Land, the country of Samson from that of Christ. The whole gorge is gay with the rock-cystus, the Rose of Sharon, which, curiously enough, is white, while the lily of the valley is a scarlet anemone. Here we take a last look at the gorgeous scene we are exchanging for the barren hill-country of Judæa." As I stood in Rahab's room, I could see where she bound the scarlet cord as evidence of her faith in Jehovah and where she let the spies down into the moat from her window. The illustrations in the volume by their actuality increase the impression of reality and nearness of the

Bible scenes. Mr. Schofield in his first chapter speaks of the amazing fact that so many travellers spend months within a few hours of Palestine yet return home without visiting it. His book is excellent in idea and its idea is so well carried out that it should do much to end that neglect of Palestine to which it refers.

THE SALMON RIVERS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

By Augustus Grimble. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

Mr. Grimble is a prolific and well-known writer upon sporting subjects, and he has produced an interesting, and we think, a useful book upon the subject. Salmon fishing it must be admitted is a sport which can be indulged in by comparatively few, at least in this country. We remember a friend who is a great salmon fisher once telling us that every fish that he landed during one season, when he had rented a small portion of a well-known salmon stream, cost him £10. Mr. Grimble has dealt in his book with the history of the different rivers for a period of more than fifty years past, and he draws particular attention to the fact that a large number of fishermen yearly seek sport at heavy expense in Scotch or Irish streams only to find their hopes of a big catch or even an interesting time unfulfilled, whilst within a few hours travel of their own doors better sport might have been obtained at far less cost in the, perhaps, less-famous streams of England and Wales. The author has done his work systematically and with praiseworthy thoroughness. This no doubt accounts for the fact that two editions of his book, first issued in two volumes in 1904, have been called for, although the subject is one of interest to a somewhat limited public. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is devoted to the famous Hampshire fishery in the Avon and the Stour. Christchurch salmon is known all over the kingdom for its excellence. It is perhaps a pity that the tables in this chapter, as in some others, do not come down to a later period than a decade ago, and more care should have been taken with the proof sheets. We cannot imagine that Mr. Grimble spells Poole, without the "e" from ignorance, to mention only one slip. The book will be both useful and interesting to salmon fishers, and the numerous reproductions from photographs add to its value.

From Red Wrath (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE FORT. LIKE A SLEEPY TIGER, WITH NARROW SLITS OF EYES BETWEEN BROW AND CHEEK."

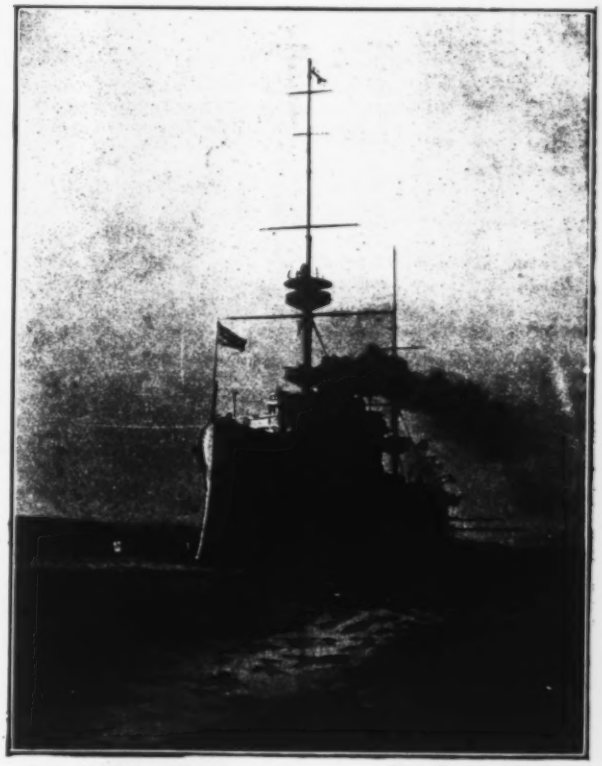
From A Venetian June (*Putnam*).

"MAY WATCHED THE WATER-LOGGED CRAFT AS IT VANISHED UNDER A DISTANT BRIDGE."

STORIES OF ELIZABETHAN HEROES.

By Edward Gilliat. Illustrated. 5s. (Seeley.)

I suppose that "Stories of Elizabethan Heroes" ought properly to come under the heading of that class of improving literature which stern parents present to their boys from wrong-headed motives. But this would be far from a fair estimate of this really admirable volume, which gives boys exactly what they like. There are no heroes like the Elizabethan heroes. Even Nelson—perhaps because of his somewhat dramatic vein—is not so much beloved as Drake, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, and Sir Richard Grenville. And here in this book the author



From Flagships Three (*Alston Rivers*).

THE SECOND FLAGSHIP (H.M.S. "POWERFUL")

Frontispiece to **Shakespeare's Hamlet—The Cinema Books, No. 1** (*Stanley Paul*).

"GIVE O'ER THE PLAY."

makes these heroes live again. A sense of historical perspective causes him to throw in now and again a remark which lets the reader see that it is not always easy for him to figure these Elizabethan giants as untarnished heroes; but his boy readers will probably miss these allusions, and worship as they always have worshipped. He deals altogether with ten of the heroic figures, telling the story of their lives and adventures in good, vivid style, and he has a most excellent chapter on the Elizabethan world, which depicts the scene in which these great parts were played. His story of the Armada, which has necessarily to be told more than once, is exceedingly well done.

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET:

The Story of the Play. With 55 Illustrations taken from the Cinematograph Film showing Sir J. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott and their Company from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. 1s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

The interest of this re-telling of the story of Hamlet lies in the fine series of photographs that illustrate it. As a record of acting the cinematograph film is interesting but curiously unconvincing. After having seen both the film and this book we have come to the conclusion that there is more passion in a stationary than in a moving photograph. Why this should be it would be very difficult to say and the explanation is entirely beyond our powers. In fact, for our part, we would much rather have this book than see the film again. But that is only a personal opinion. Anyhow, both book and film have value in that they indicate the methods—though neither can give the remotest hint of the charm—of the most distinguished Hamlet of our generation. The text which accompanies the pictures is quite harmless; there is not enough space for it to be anything more. The picture is the thing in this book, and each one of the fifty-five is a very good thing, too.

From **In Spain with Peggy** (*Lawrie*).

THE GYPSIES. "THEY WERE SEVEN IN NUMBER."

MR. JEFFERY FARNOL.
Whose Christmas novel, "The Honourable Mr. Tawnish," is reviewed in this Number.
(*Photo* by W. Hornby, Ilford.)
(*Sampson Low*).

FIGURE SKATING IN THE ENGLISH STYLE.

By HUMPHREY H. COBB. (Eveleigh Nash.)

We were about to maintain that the skater is born and not made, but without going quite so far as that, perhaps we may venture the proposition that no one can attain to real proficiency who has not acquired the art in very early years. Thus acquired, it would seem to be an art that never can be quite lost again. After years of abstinence put on a pair of skates once more, and you strike out instinctively with the swinging balance familiar to you in the days of old, your skating days of yore in bonnie Scotland when the ring of the steel woke the echoes over the frozen Lowland waters! Old folk used to take winters as they could get them, home grown, the country wrapped in its mantle of snow, the cheery music of the steel and merry laughter from the lake where the dark ice was swept clear, the grey winter's day, the keen, cold air, the exhilaration, and the gay vitality. To-day young folk fare forth to Switzerland for winter sports. Let them take in their American "grips" Mr. Cobb's guide to Figure Skating! They will find it a manual strictly business-like, admirably illustrated, and entirely to the purpose.

RAMBLES AMONG THE FLOWERS.

By T. CARRERAS. With 4 Coloured and 12 Black-and-White Plates and 149 Illustrations in the Text. (Partridge.)

"It is the purpose of the present volume," says the author, "to give the young Rambler in the country some insight into the details of the lives of the floral treasures of the land in which he lives, and, by causing him to examine them with care and thoughtfulness, make his walks abroad of greater interest than, otherwise, would be the case." No writer is better fitted to fulfil this purpose than Mr. Carreras, whose admirable work we have often had occasion to praise before this, and we can recommend "Rambles among the Flowers" very strongly. It is an excellent piece of work, well and remarkably fully illustrated.

THE SCOUT'S BOOK OF BIRDS.

By OLIVER G. PIKE, F.Z.S., F.R.P.S. With Frontispiece in Colour, and 42 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

Mr. Oliver G. Pike, the distinguished naturalist, here turns his attention to the needs of the Boy Scouts and teaches them a series of charming little lessons about birds and their ways. "The Scout's Book of Birds," is admirably adapted for its purpose, but at the same time it will be a pity if the general public cannot be brought to realise that the book is just as suitable for their reading as for that of the Boy Scouts. It is, in fact, an excellent and handy guide to the most important British birds, and it is extremely well illustrated with photographs from life of the kind that only Mr. Pike knows how to take.

From Figure Skating in the English Style
(*Nash*).

FORWARD OUTSIDE THREE (C TURN). (RIGHT FOOT).
Photo, Will Cadby.

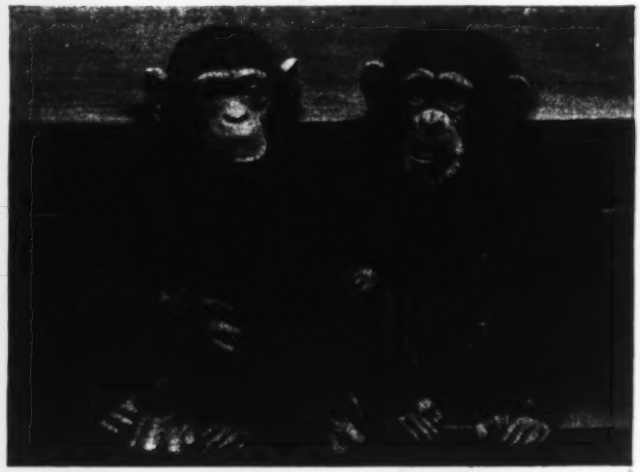
MR. E. WALTER WALTERS.
Whose new book of essays, "Confessions of a Book Lover," was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.
(*Kelly*).

CASSELL'S NATURAL HISTORY.

By F. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.P.S., F.R.M.S. Illustrated. 9s. net. (Cassell.)

The aim of this elaborate and imposing volume is to set before the reader in simple and, on the whole, non-technical language, the wonderful story of the evolution of animal life from the simplest unicellular organism to the most complex

type. It is a broad survey of the animal kingdom, the most typical creatures and characteristic phases being considered. In itself it is a fascinating study, raising profoundly interesting considerations. It is obvious that Mr. Duncan feels the fascination from first to last, though he suggests rather than expresses his enthusiasm for the most part, keeping steadily to his avowed object of widening the way of knowledge in an ordered and helpful way. The work, which is eminently clear and straightforward, has manifold attractions, is indeed a spacious romance of nature, and ought to find a host of friends, especially amongst young readers, for whom it opens gates of wonderland.



From **Cassell's Natural History** (*Cassell*).

YOUNG MALE AND FEMALE CHIMPANZEE.

COUNT BRÜHL.

By JOSEPH KRASZEWSKI. Translated by the COUNT DE SOISSONS. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. net. (Greening.)

Of course, "Count Brühl" is already pretty widely known, and we understand that a large number of copies of it have been sold since it was issued in Messrs. Greening's handy Lotus Library. Our purpose in writing this brief note is more to call attention to the Lotus Library than to one of the best of the several excellent romances that have been issued under its ægis. The Library consists almost entirely of translations of books which have had a success on the Continent and which therefore seem to warrant translation. We are glad to hear that the format of the Library is to be retained and that no increase will be made in the price.

THE CORNISH COAST AND MOORS.

By A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES. New and Cheaper Edition. With 162 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Greening.)

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, even in guide-books. Mr. Folliott-Stokes has written a guide-book, a veritable "Key to the Wild," and embued it with enthusiasm. The work is one that can be read at one's ease by the cosy winter fire, meanwhile one makes plans for one's next tour of the Duchy, finding stimulus not only in the narrative but also in the photographs, which are admirable in themselves as they are admirably chosen. Lovers of Cornwall will be grateful for this edition which is cheap in but one sense—the price is quite remarkably small. There is a full glossary of Cornish names, together with a capital index.

From **The Scout's Book of Birds** (*Jarrold*).

LITTLE GREBE SETTLING DOWN UPON ITS NEST.

Frontispiece to **Count Brühl** (The Lotus Library) (*Greening*).

"THEY PUSHED ON AT A SMART TROT."

From **Wild Animals of Yesterday and To-day** (*Partridge*).

THE LION'S DEATHBED.
"His last days are rendered miserable by the skulking brutes which . . . . eagerly await his miserable end."

WILD ANIMALS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

By FRANK FINN, B.A., F.Z.S. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White by C. E. SWAN. 6s. net. (Partridge.)

The scope of this well-written book is, to use its author's own words, to have "a sort of popular zoological stock-taking, as far as the higher land animals are concerned; to pass in review the animals which have been exterminated completely since the dawn of history; to say something about our fight with the other animals, and their more or less inevitable defeat and expulsion; and also, on the other hand, to give humanity due credit for its action as preserver and distributor, by domestication or otherwise, of certain creatures." Mr. Finn has something to say about the future, as well as about the past and present. It is intensely interesting to learn clear, well-told details of the Mammoth, the Sea-Cow, the Megatherium and the Quagga, for instance; but it is even more interesting to read Mr. Finn's remarks upon the preservation and increase of the animals not yet extinct. This book is written in vigorous style, and plain criticism is given of people who grieve over the extermination of species, yet take no steps to prevent it, and even disapprove if someone else tries to do so. The illustrations are good and help us to realise some of the creatures we have lost for ever as well as those that are still with us.

INSECT BIOGRAPHIES WITH PEN AND CAMERA.

By JOHN J. WARD, F.E.S. With End Papers, 12 Plates, and 139 other Illustrations from Photographs and Photo-Micrographs by the Author. 6s. net. (Jarrold.)

We hope we are not belittling Mr. Ward's powers as a writer unduly by saying that this book probably owes its existence to the remarkable series of photographs which it contains. Not only are these latter given in unusual abundance, but almost every one of them is extraordinary. Even more eloquently than the text do they bear witness to Mr. Ward's patience and his devotion to the science of entomology. Every one of them, we are assured, was taken out-of-doors with the insect which forms its subject in its natural conditions—and this we can well believe. The book is remarkable value for its pictures alone. The text is naturally less striking, but Mr. Ward knows his subject most thoroughly, and is always clear, concise and interesting.

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AN ENGLISH GIRL IN TOKYO.

By TERESA EDEN RICHARDSON. Illustrated in Colour. 2s. net. (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.)

Certain books, from start to finish, would seem to have been constructed solely under the dictates of that nebulous Young Person who presides over the destinies of English literature. Of course, the interests of the schoolgirl, flapper, *backfisch*, call her what you will, predominate in nearly all that we peruse ; but the author of "An English Girl in Tokyo" has adopted, throughout, the plane and point of view peculiar to the maiden of bashful fifteen, and none other. Miss Richardson has provided for that damsel in three-fold manner : first, by a little information as regards Japanese history, politics, and educational methods. Secondly, by a dim religious flavouring. Thirdly, by the mildest and most impersonal love-story that ever was depicted by a brush dipped in heavily-diluted Payne's-Grey or some such innocuous pigment. To be serious, this little book is too unabashedly didactic on the one hand, and too vaguely uneventful on the other, to appeal to any grown-up reader. Yet the Young Person aforesaid will not only derive instruction from its pages, but will probably pronounce it "a sweet tale" by reason of its prodigal sentiment. At any rate, it has the merit of some novelty in *mise-en-scene* : and the immense success of such Japanese studies as "Little Sister Snow" and "The Lady of the Decoration," does not preclude the possibility of a minor success for books of a less notable calibre.

LET ME EXPLAIN.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS. Illustrated. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)

Until Mr. Archibald Williams' book has been seen and read, it seems difficult to believe that so much useful information can be packed into less than four hundred pages. Almost everything a boy could wish to know may be found in "Let me Explain." There is exhaustive information on a host of subjects—aeroplanes, motor cars, wireless telegraphy, the kinematograph, steam engines, and many other things than seem so bewilderingly mysterious and wonderful to the uninitiated—and are indeed every bit as wonderful as they seem. The author gives detailed descriptions of works and mechanisms and his explanations are as clear as they are concise, providing, with over 150 sketches, diagrams and photographs, one of the most interesting, as well as the most instructive of this season's publications. It is a veritable mine of knowledge, and every ordinarily intelligent and healthy-minded boy will revel in the task of digging out the many remarkable and helpful facts embodied in the pages of "Let Me Explain." For reference it will prove an invaluable friend to keep always handy, and boys will not need the novel competition with its substantial prizes, to urge them to read the contents of the book from start to finish.

From Let Me Explain (*Wells Gardner*).

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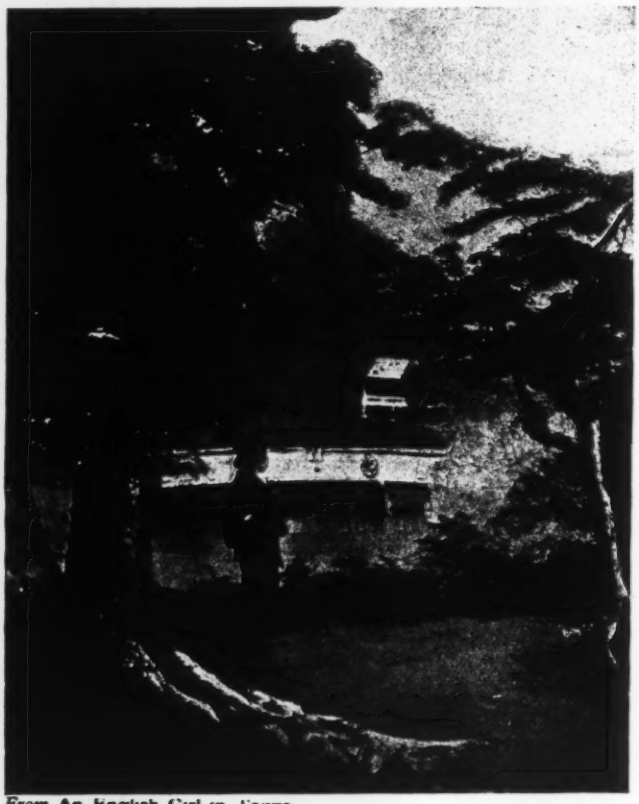

From An English Girl in Tokyo (*Heath, Cranton and Ouseley*).

RUBBER AND RUBBER PLANTING.

By R. H. LOCK, Sc.D. With 10 Plates and 18 Illustrations in the Text. 5s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

In this particular case it is decidedly unfortunate that THE BOOKMAN is not a financial paper. If it had been, our special expert would have been turned loose upon Mr. Lock's book—much to the edification of our readers. But as it is, "Rubber and Rubber Planting" has come into the hands of an ignoramus, who, however, has at least read it with much interest. It is quite easy to understand, and, in its way, it seems to be unusually well written, while some of the illustrations are quite fascinating. It is topical, and it seems probable that a book of this description, written by a gentleman of an unbiassed turn of mind, has been wanted for some time. That, we fear, is about all that we can say. Except that there is probably one harmless reviewer who knows as much about rubber as any stock jobber who has not read "Rubber and Rubber Planting."

NOVEMBER JOE.

By Hesketh Pritchard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

November Joe is a Sherlock Holmes of the woods, and this volume of his exploits in the wilder parts and among the wilder inhabitants of Canada has in it a quality of freshness and mental alertness that lifts it easily above the current stream of detective fiction. When you hear November Joe's name for the first time you may easily fall into the same error as Linda Petersham, who had a vision of "a wintry-looking old man, with a grey goatee and piercing eyes." This however, was not the man she was destined to fall in love with, for November Joe proves to be a youthful woodsman of fine features and proportions, somewhat illiterate, and addicted to the drinking of tea and the crooning of sentimental songs. His powers of observation and deduction are little short of marvellous. Take for example the murder at Big Tree Portage, which Joe is investigating in the company of Quaritch, a wealthy sportsman. The two have struck the site of a deserted camp, and while Quaritch can only suggest that two men had slept there under one tent cover, Joe's swift eye and brain are making the following deductions: "That the man who killed Lyon is thick-set and very strong; that he has been a good while in the woods without having gone to a settlement; that he owns a blunt hatchet, such as we wood chaps call 'tomahawk, No. 3'; that he killed a moose last week; that he can read; that he spent the night before the murder in great trouble of mind, and that likely he was a religious kind of chap." Of course, and here is the baffling charm of the book, the clues are "plump simple" and obvious enough once they are illuminated by the clear

Frontispiece to **November Joe** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **NOVEMBER JOE.**

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SELIM.

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ULSTER FOLKLORE.

By ELIZABETH ANDREWS.
5s. net. (Elliot Stock.)

Tales of "the little people" possess a perennial charm, but few who revel in them know that these stories have descended to us from days when a dwarf race of troglodytes, similar to the Pygmies of Central Africa, or the Lapps or Finns of Northern Europe, was in existence in these islands, making raids, and carrying off men, women and children as captives. Many primitive beliefs have gathered round the fairies, their magic power of rendering themselves invisible, of bringing disease to cattle and human beings. Belief in the fairy changeling has led to terrible acts of cruelty, one occurring in the South of Ireland quite recently. The tales here told of "the wee folk" are not peculiar to Ulster or Donegal. In slightly different guise they are familiar in various localities, and various countries. Stevenson, in one of his poems, relates the tragic fate of the last two Picts, father and son, with whom perished the secret of the heather ale. The same legend is current in Down, Antrim, Londonderry, and Kerry, but in these places the makers of the heather ale were Danes. The authoress writes in the most interesting fashion of fairies and their dwelling-places, Danes and Pechts, raths and souterrains, the folklore connected with Ulster and Donegal, giants and dwarfs, and devotes a chapter to the traditions of dwarf races in Ireland and Switzerland.

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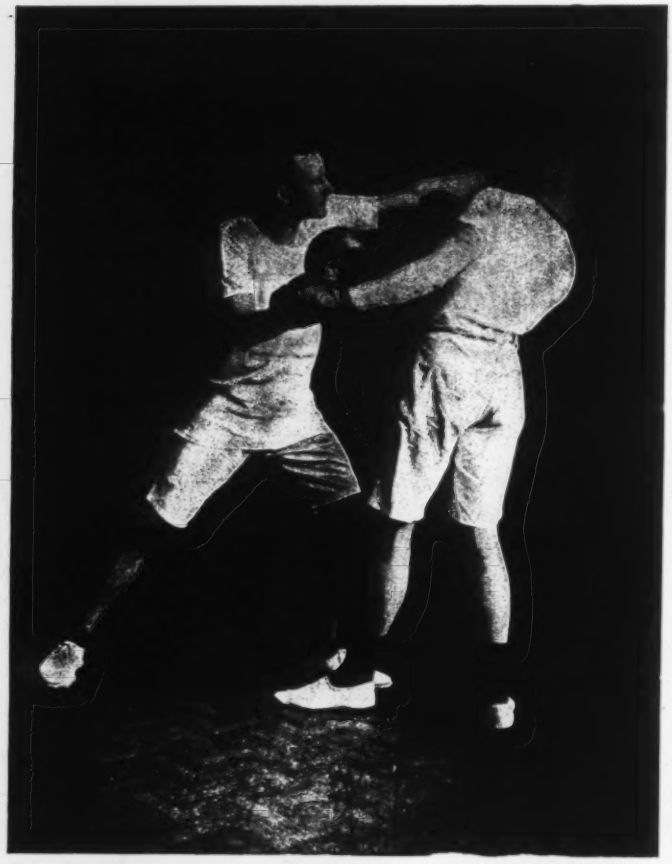

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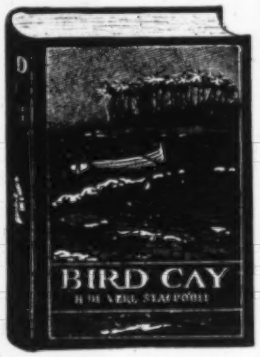

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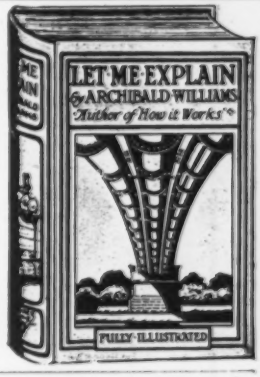

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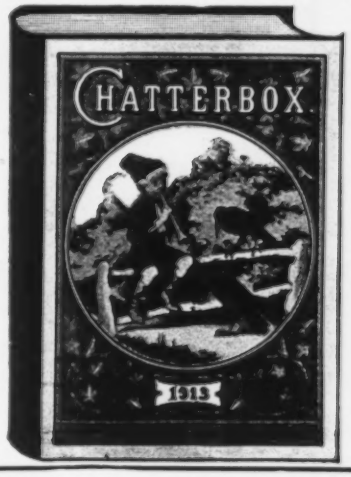

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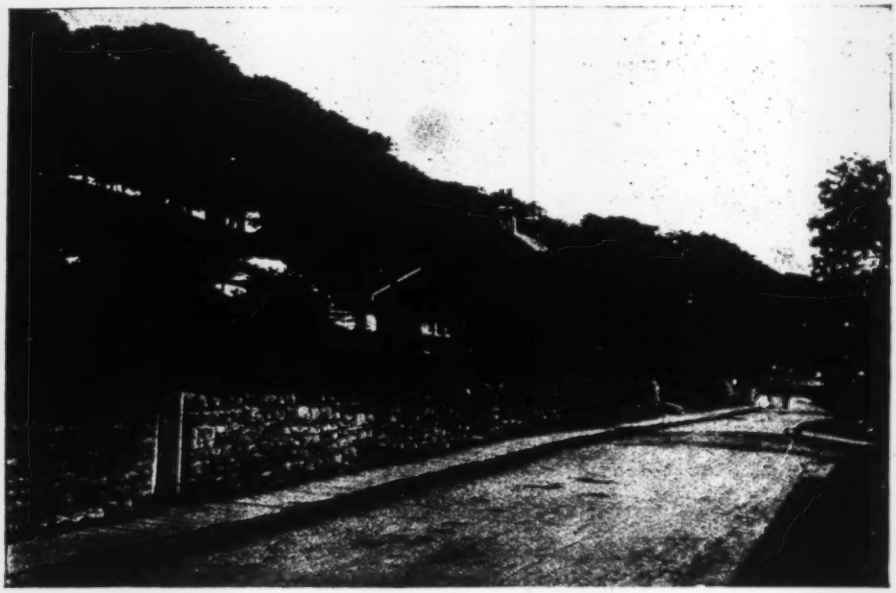

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A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

reminded of the Irish fairy stories, such as the "Black Bull of Norroway," and "Hudden and Dudden and Dan'el O'Nale." There is the same kind of imagery, the vision, the witchery. There are also the naïve human touches which made the fairy-tales more realisable to the big-eyed children sitting about the big kitchen-fires of old. There is perhaps less of the nerviness of the Celt which used to make some of the folk-stories carry the air of the charnel-house. Willy Pogány, an established wizard of our nurseries by this time, illustrates this vivid collection which has been put together by another of his honoured name.

"The Rose of Romance,"[6] by Alethea Chaplin, is another fairy-tale collection—this time of the tales of which we never tire—the old friends who, even if they come with new faces, are always so dearly welcome. Miss Chaplin has produced a pretty book, and the illustrations in colour by M. M. Johnson have a certain cottagy quaintness in keeping with heroes and heroines whose chrysalis was usually a cottage.

"Children in Verse,"[7] by Thomas Burke, is a compilation of many songs of children, an excellent compilation, though a limited one. It is illustrated very delightfully by Honor C. Appleton, and is a gift rather for the lovers of children than for the children themselves. There are things one wants to see here, but nothing one wishes away, and one of the most delightful things in the book is the compiler's dedication to a child. Yet stay—death is not a meet jest for the children. One would wish away "The Little Peach," with its graveyard illustration.

"Yoyo's Animal Friends"[8] is sufficiently off the beaten track to appeal to those who desire an escape from the inevitable monotony of the Christmas books. Yoyo is a very dear little girl, and it may safely be predicted that she will find many friends in the nursery sufficiently like herself in agreeable naughtiness to feel a whole-hearted interest in her and her animal friends.

"Queer Creatures,"[9] by E. S. T., is one of the books which must afford more amusement to the makers of it than it will to children. E. S. T. has an amusing and curious fancy, but his gargoyles would only frighten a small child, and would be nought to an elder child. Most children can imagine beasts for themselves, by which E. S. T.'s Scritch is child's play—or elder's play. This kind of thing was done once for all by Lewis Carroll.

"Jim Crow's Trip to Fairyland,"[10] by Kennedy O'Brien Martyn, is a little brother to the rich fairy-stories reviewed earlier. It would please an unexacting child or one of few books. Perhaps, like the humble doll, it might be better loved than its fine sister, but it has a prim and Sunday-schoolish air which is piquant among the Christmas gaieties. It suggests having been written for private nursery circulation rather than sent out to compete with giants and fairies.

"Nip and Flip"[11] is one of the little oddities which make one rather wonder as to its public. It is not without a certain modest merit in its little verses and its little pictures, and perhaps there is still an audience unsophisticated enough for such simple things.

[6] "The Rose of Romance." By Alethea Chaplin. 3s. 6d. net. (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.)
[7] "Children in Verse." By Thomas Burke. Illustrated by Honor C. Appleton. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)
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[11] "Nip and Flip." By Jack Goring. Illustrated by Caterina Pattricchio. (C. W. Daniel.)

From The Lily of Life (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE DOOR.

"Down the Snow Stairs"[12] is a reprint—there must have been many reprints of this charming fantasy of Miss Alice Corkran. Now and again the children have an exquisite story-teller, and Miss Corkran is one of them. There is something sweet and fragrant about this tale, a rose of yesterday, just touched with a delicate fading air. But such things are never out of fashion, since they are art. In a day very much less crowded than ours, Miss Corkran was producing such books as this, worthy of the immortality that befell "The Heroes," "Madam How and Lady Why," and "At the Back of the North Wind." A charming book for girl-children, just a little gentler, shyer, more modest, than the books of to-day.

Here, now, is a trio of girls' books, appraised by Pamela, who is a more competent judge of them than I am. Of the first, "The Girls' Budget,"[13] she says: "This book is a most delightful medley of tales of Fairyland and tales of modern life; it is a most interesting collection and has many beautiful illustrations in colour. The tales of Constance, that heroine of Chaucer, and of the beautiful maiden Gudrun and her lover Sigurd, are beautifully told, and, indeed, the only fault one has to find is in the story, "The Emerald of Brian Boru," where a young Irish gentleman of a very ancient family, who is at a Dublin University — presumably Trinity College—is made to talk as a peasant; one of his speeches being, "It is the light and laughter I'll *be after* bringing to your face." There are many equally ludicrous speeches of this young man, and it is very easy to see that the writer has little or no knowledge of Ireland. But, except for this mistake, the book is full of charming stories.

The next, "Cousin Betty,"[14] she pronounces judiciously to be very pleasing: "This book will be found an agreeable change from the conventional school story of the day. It is the tale of three sisters who have been brought up in the midst of plenty and are then left to face the world on a hundred and fifty pounds a year and a cottage, whilst the fortune, which until now they had considered as theirs, goes to a much-abused cousin, Betty Errington, who, up to this, had been having a very hard life in a school as a kind of pupil-teacher. Delia, the eldest of the sisters, takes up a most unreasonable attitude towards Betty, and Claude, the youngest girl, who has a wonderful talent for the violin, follows Delia's lead out of loyalty to her elder sister, while Katharine takes the management of the household on to her shoulders, and develops a great taste for hen-keeping. How Betty, by most complicated means, after many adventures, reconciles herself to her cousins makes a most agreeable story."

From Stories from the Bible (*Blackie*).

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Miss Dorothea Moore is one of Pamela's prime favourites, and of her she writes with delight. The new book is "A Brave Little Royalist."[15]—"Having seen the name of Dorothea Moore on the cover, one is warned to expect an exciting story; for what book is there by that author in which every chapter does not live with excitement and interest? Here the author has resorted to her favourite subject, that of the Civil War. The story is beautifully told, and throughout there lives the note of a lover of animals. Perhaps in this book, more than any other, Miss Dorothea Moore has described the wonderful devotion which the Stuarts were able to command even to the last, and, indeed, the story brings a pang of envy to the reader of centuries later, in the midst of peace and prosperity, of the little child who had the opportunity to do so much for 'God and the King.'"

Unfortunately, I was unable to get a pronouncement on

[12] "Down the Snow Stairs." By Alice Corkran. 2s. (Blackie & Sons.)

[13] "The Girls' Budget." Edited by Jean McIntosh. 3s. 6d. (Nelson & Sons.)

[14] "Cousin Betty." By Geraldine Mockler. 3s. 6d. (Nelson & Sons.)

[15] "A Brave Little Royalist." By Dorothea Moore. 6s. (Nisbet & Co.).

"Trixie and her Trio" [16] from Pamela, who had other engrossments, but this story seems a very delightful modern tale, to the grown-up, full of notable adventures, and proving that the heroine is not ill-named. L. E. Tiddeman is an old schoolroom favourite, and her good wine needs no bush to the experienced taster.

Lastly, here is the one solitary boys' book of my budget which must have intruded its masculine presence unawares. "Buccaneer's Island," [17] by Henry R. Cooke, is a lively and exciting story of the great days of adventure on the Spanish Main. The keynote of the tale is given in the lines of the old Buccaneer's song:

"Oh, my name is Captain Kidd
As I sailed,
Oh, my name is Captain Kidd
As I sailed,
My name is Captain Kidd,
God's laws I did forbid,
And right wickedly I did
As I sailed."

The book is effectively illustrated by Mr. J. Dewar Mills, and the boy that loves fighting and the clash of steel will get his fill of them in "Buccaneer's Island." KATHARINE TYNAN.

BLOSSOMS FROM A JAPANESE GARDEN.

By MARY FENOLLOSA. 5s. net. (Heinemann).

There is a fragrance and quaint beauty about these dainty little blossoms from Miss Mary Fenollosa's Japanese Garden that is delightfully refreshing; the simplicity of the verses will appeal to grown-ups as well as to children, and the delicately-coloured pictures will delight both. There are many pretty notions in the book, and some true poetic fancies, such as are found in "Mist Elves":

"In our garden flowers gleam.
Cherries pink, and red, and white;
Soft as pleasures in a dream,
Ere waking fades the frail delight,
Like blurs of purple ink, that fall
And soak in tissue mist, are seen
The iris blossoms straight and tall
Above their sea of misty green."

In another poem the iris flowers are spoken of as:

"White and purple butterflies
Tied down with silken strings."

And what could be quainter than the idea of "Dragon-Flies":

"Jiro sees the dragon flies
Flitting o'er the garden sod.
'Should I pluck their wings,' he cries,
'Each would be a pepper-pod.'

"'Cruel one!' with frowns and nods
Kindly Taro then replies;
'Fasten wings to pepper-pods,
And you make them dragon-flies!'"

But perhaps children will find those verses the most interesting that give them glimpses into the lives of Japanese children. In "Experience" a little Japanese girl says:

"My brother, he is eight years old
While I am four to-day,
My mother binds me on his back
And there I sleep and play."

Though, on the whole, they will realise that Japanese children are not so very different from English ones and have their dolls and toys and games and fancies just the same—all which Miss Mary Fenollosa introduces into her fascinating little volume very prettily.

[16] "Trixy and her Trio." By L. E. Tiddeman. 2s. 6d. (Jarrold & Sons.)
[17] "Buccaneer's Island." By Henry R. Cooke. (John Long.)

From Blossoms From a Japanese Garden (*Heinemann.*) THE DOLL.

From Perrault's Fairy Tales (*Herbert & Daniel*). "NOTHING REMAINED OF HER MAGNIFICENCE SAVE ONE OF HER LITTLE GLASS SLIPPERS."

PERRAULT'S FAIRY TALES.

Newly Translated by S. R. LITTLEWOOD, with 12 Illustrations in Colour by HONOR C. APPLETON. 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Among the most delightful presentation books for children of last year was an edition of Perrault's Fairy Tales published by Messrs. Herbert and Daniel. The reception accorded to this book has been so encouraging that this year the publishers are re-issuing it in a cheaper form. In this case "cheaper" does not mean inferior, for nobody could possibly find any faults with the present edition which is, to all intents and purposes, the same as last year's. Above all it contains some of the best work that Miss Honor Appleton has done—and she can draw children—and for children—like no other artist alive.

From The Fairy Book (*Macmillan*).

"OUT OF THE FIRE FLEW A BEAUTIFUL BIRD, WHO, SINGING DELICIOUSLY, ROSE UP HIGH IN THE AIR."

THE BOOK OF BABY PETS.

By FLORENCE E. DUGDALE. With 19 Illustrations in Colour by E. J. DETMOLD. 6s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Children especially, and all lovers of the artistic, have every reason to thank Mr. Detmold for the beautiful work he has put into the illustrations which grace this delightful volume. In size and general production it is uniform with "The Book of Baby Birds," and "The Book of Baby Beasts," which were published last year and in 1911. Miss Dugdale's descriptions of the "subjects" are bright, chatty, and interesting, but we hope she will not think us rude if we remark that it is the artist even more than the author to whom gratitude is due. Mr. Detmold is inimitable.

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE.

Told by THEODORA WILSON-WILSON. Illustrated by ARTHUR A. DIXON. 3s. 6d. (Blackie & Son.)

Bible story-books for the nursery are, in Falstaff's phrase, as common as blackberries. But every countryman knows that even blackberries vary enormously in their grades of excellence. The admirable volume in hand represents the pick of the basket; it is an ideal book of its kind for small children. The honours must fairly be divided between author and artist. To reconstruct, in easy yet effective language, the most famous episodes of the Old and New Testament, is no light task if it is to be accomplished well: but it has been achieved with signal success by Miss Theodora Wilson-Wilson. To depict the various scriptural *dramatis personae* afresh, and without reminiscence of the countless extant drawings of identical scenes, is also a difficult and often thankless attempt: but Mr. Dixon has surmounted it in most laudable fashion. The publishers are to be congratulated upon a production so distinctly above the average. "Stories from the Bible" will be found equally suitable for reading aloud, or for putting into the little folks' own hands. The *format* is handy, the price most amazingly reasonable; and one can well imagine the small people eagerly perusing the pictures, which are abundant in number as in attractiveness. Altogether, this should make an excellent gift-book for children, whether at Christmas or any other season.

From The Book of Baby Pets (*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

THE 'CORDON BLEU.'

A BOOK OF PALESTINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By RICHARD PENLAKE. With 16 Coloured Plates after Drawings by HENRY MORLEY. 5s. net. (Nelson.)

Mr. Penlake has given us here a book of many attractions. On first opening it we turn by a natural instinct, to look at the wonderful land of Palestine as presented in the numerous coloured plates. These plates are based upon photographs taken by the author himself, and are truly beautiful scenes of a strangely, variedly beautiful land. Whether we look at a busy Eastern street, or a narrow way leading through arches, or a blazing view of the Mount of Olives, or Jaffa seen across the water, or the curiously desolate-looking Bethany, or the delicately lovely Hebron, dazzling white against its shadowed sky, the charm is always there, the fascination of the East. But of equally strong interest are the chapters telling of the journeyings through the land; of the men, the women, the buildings, the long roads, the wild and desolate waters. And to speak of these is to convey no idea of the wealth of

From Bobby Bun and Bunty (*Ward, Lock*).

"'I THINK WE HAVE HAD A LOVELY DAY, DON'T YOU?'"

detailed information given as entertainingly as if the author were recounting his travels to his own family round about the fire. This seems to us to be an ideal book for reading aloud; it is bright with ancedote and lively experience.

BOBBY BUN AND BUNTY

By HARRY GOLDING. With 30 Coloured Illustrations and End-papers by M. M. RUDGE and D. E. BRAHAM. 1s. net. ("The Little Wonder Books" Series.) (Ward, Lock.)

Cover-drawing (*reduced*) *of* "The Jolly Book" (*Nelson*).

"The Little Wonder Books" are a new series published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. and edited by Mr. Harry Golding, who has also the direction of what is probably the most popular annual for children, the "Wonder Book." In style and manner of production these volumes are rather similar to Miss Beatrix Potter's well-known series of stories for young children, but the resemblance is not so exact that either editor or publishers need be accused of plagiarism. While it is always difficult to know what young children will like, one feels that the "Little Wonder Books" are almost certain to arouse their enthusiasm. "Bobby Bun and Bunty" is a charming little story of the adventures of two young rabbits on a visit to their uncle Squirrel, and it is illustrated with delicious little thumbnail sketches in colour. It is a very wonderful shilling's-worth.

THE JOLLY BOOK.

2s. 6d. (Nelson.)

This is one of the many annuals that have now become features of Christmas, and it is quite one of the best, and the price, considering the excellent coloured illustrations, is really remarkably small. Further, it has this advantage, that nothing of American origin can be discovered within its pages. In the United States there is a literature peculiar to children, and it has become the custom to rehash much of this literature for the benefit of the British Nursery, quite regardless of the fact that the British child does not understand the humour of his American cousin. "The Jolly Book" contains among other things Hans Andersen's "Tin Soldier," and there are numerous other stories and a wealth of illustration. There are riddles also and rhymes, and what is perhaps the best thing in the book, the story of John Ridd from "Lorna Doone." E. F. Skinner's illustrations in colour, to this story, for daintiness and colour treatment, could not be bettered. The "Jolly Book" will prove a source of delight to every nursery.

From The Fairy Book (*Macmillan*).

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR CHILDREN.

With numerous Illustrations in Colour and in Black and White. 3s. 6d. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

There could scarcely be a more gorgeous doorway to joy-land than the scarlet and green and gold cover of this enchanting "Annual." On it a young piper, all in glittering gold, pipes to thousands of eager children, who follow him to the delights to be found inside. And inside there are delights indeed—fun and fancy, real land and fairyland, verses and stories; and here and there a bit of information about animals and birds, and insects, so cunningly given that no child will ever suspect that it is information at all, but will continue to think it is a lovely story—as, indeed, it is, and as, too, are the many other stories that have no information in them at all, but are just tales of the simple, winning, fascinating kind, that are the delight of all youngsters. As for the illustrations, big coloured ones, and big and small black-and-white ones; they are all calculated to win the love of the thousands of children who have opened the cover-door of this enticing bit of bookland. The volume is a triumph of careful production, even its end papers will be a joy to the small folk, and the book as a whole will be, and continue to be, a bright spot in any nursery.

From **Mrs. Strang's Annual for Children**
(Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).

From **Do-Well and Do-Little**
(Cassell).

"DO-LITTLE RAN AGAINST A BIG HOOK THAT WAS HANGING DOWN IN THE WATER."

DINAH LEAVES SCHOOL.

By MARJORY ROYCE. Illustrated. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Marjory Royce has followed up her excellent book "The Unwilling Schoolgirl" with another schoolgirl story, "Dinah Leaves School," which emphasises her place among the most charming writers for girls of the present day, and will undoubtedly assure her an even wider popularity with the younger generation than she has already secured. The prevailing note of the book is its perfect naturalness, its complete lack of affectation. There is no artificial straining after effect, but the story will leave a lasting impression on its readers because it is a vividly true chronicle of a short period in a girl's life—perhaps the most critical period she experiences—that span of turmoil and mental unrest when she hovers between girlhood and womanhood. The author possesses a remarkable power of revealing the inmost heart of the schoolgirl, describing with minute detail the thoughts and passions that agitate her mind; entering so intimately into each feeling, however slight, each hope and disappointment, however trivial, that she carries the reader with her, and Dinah becomes a living, lovable personality. When we first make her acquaintance, we find Dinah "aged nearly nineteen, her mind occupied with a thousand things—hero-worship, love, idealism, thoughts of great men whose books she had read, vague soaring plans. . . ." approaching the last bitter moments of her happy schooldays and "going away to live with a very ordinary father, mother, sister and brother in a London suburb." She feels there can be no real world other than the school world she has known, and that there and only there can she make her

home. Her relations, grown to be almost strangers, do not understand her, and home-life seems to Dinah exasperatingly narrow and purposeless. Her brilliant schemes and cherished ambitions are thwarted and she is forced unwillingly into the path of domesticity. For a time everything seems to be a melancholy failure—she hates having to go to dances and having to think about her personal appearance; she is entirely out of sympathy with her mother, and her shallow-minded sister is constantly jarring on her. However, she becomes absorbed in this sister's love affair, and for a time imagines herself desperately in love with the curate; but discovering other girls in the parish share this infatuation and also treasure his photographs, she immediately abandons it, and is left again drifting aimlessly in an apparently aimless world. How the opportunity comes for Dinah to prove she is not just a useless, unpractical school girl; and how in the end she really does grow up and discovers there is a life beyond school life, and a very wonderful and beautiful one too, Miss Marjory Royce tells with a narrative skill in which humour and pathos, and a natural sequence of events are deftly woven into a wholly delightful story. Miss Honor Appleton's work is always excellent, and in the colour illustrations to "Dinah Leaves School" she is at her very best.

From **Mother Goose** (*Heinemann*).

BALLADS OF BAIRNHOOD.

Edited by ROBERT FORD. 2s. 6d. net. (Gardner, Paisley.)

"The object of this book is to place in the hands of the public, in convenient and enduring form, a comprehensive selection of the choicest songs and ballads, by Scottish authors, relating to the subject of child-life," writes Mr. Robert Ford in the preface to this volume. This is a reprinted edition of his unique anthology of "bairns' sangs." The output of Scottish verse having reference to child-life has been much increased of recent years; and even as late as a century ago such a collection as the present volume "would have been impossible simply from want of material." There are close on a hundred Scottish poets represented in this admirable little book of ballads, and the editor's biographical notes on these poets bring to a close a most engaging and skilfully compiled volume.

THE RACE ROUND THE WORLD.

By CAPTAIN GILSON. 3s. 6d. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

One of the finest books offered to boys this Christmas is Captain Charles Gilson's rattling yarn "The Race Round the World." It tells how the prize of £100,000 is offered by the Combined Newspaper League to the airman who can fly round the world in the shortest time, and how Silas Agge with his nephew Guy Kingston, a promising young airman, as pilot, decides to compete. He has built a wonderful monoplane which has the appearance of a gigantic swallow, and their success in the race is practically assured by the fact that he has discovered Methylite, a new kind of motor-spirit, which will enable them to travel at a much greater speed than they could possibly do with petrol. But the design of the monoplane is stolen by a Swiss, and just before the race a quantity of the Methylite is stolen too, and the excitement of the story lies in the means the Swiss adopts to prevent Guy Kingston winning the huge prize. The two Methylite monoplanes soon out-distance the other competitors, and it is obvious that one of those two must be the winner; but no action is too foul or too low for the unscrupulous Swiss to employ so that he gains his ends; he bribes lavishly in order that the Kingston monoplane and its owners may be delayed; he would not stop short even at murder, only the attempt fails; he injures the machinery; steals the gradation valve, and finally punctures the Methylite tank so that his opponent's supply will run out in mid-Atlantic. This last despicable plot succeeds and the Kingston monoplane is stranded among the icebergs off Newfoundland. Whether the Swiss wins the race, or whether Guy Kingston is able to save himself and his companions, the boys will read with absorbing interest to discover.

From **Mother Goose: The Old Nursery Rhymes** (*Heinemann*).

OLD MOTHER GOOSE.

Seven sketches from **Mother Goose** (*Heinemann*).

THE DAUGHTER OF THE MANOR.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. (Blackie & Son.)

This is the story of a little girl named Sally, one of a large, unfortunate and poverty-stricken family; she is adopted by the lady of an English manor and brought up as the daughter of the place. She is a loveable character and soon grows to regard the manor as her real home, though she knows that on the death of dear old Mrs. Merivale, she must live there no longer. The story of Sally's happy girlhood is told in Miss Katharine Tynan's facile, delightfully interesting style. The pretty idea of a little ghost-girl—the other child of the manor—who wanders about the old place and the familiar haunts of her life, is woven very deftly into a plot that is alive with incidents. It is an excellent story for girls, bright and refreshing; the characters are realistic, and there is just a piquant little love interest at the end, which brings back to Sally a happiness she imagined was lost for ever. There is humour too and pathos, and the whole story is coloured by the author's sympathy with young girls—a sympathy that enables her to enter into their slightest thoughts and feelings, and so write a story for them that is as true as it is interesting. The admirable illustrations by Mr. John Campbell add a finishing attraction to a wholly attractive production.

ALL THE OLD NURSERY TALES.

By GLADYS DAVIDSON. 3s. 6d. net. (The Pilgrim Press.)

Miss Gladys Davidson cannot claim to be a pioneer in the field, and to have introduced a new type of children's book. Many have gone over the same ground before her; but it is doubtful if ever the re-telling of the old nursery tales, which remain perennially fresh from generation to generation, has been more admirably performed for very young readers than within the present volume, which, with its fine coloured illustrations, forms an ideal gift-book. As one glances down the table of contents, one cannot detect the omission of any of the old favourites. From Cinderella to Dick Whittington and his immortal cat, they are all here; and one cannot help envying the child who is still young enough to taste their magic for the first time, and fortunate enough to approach them through the pages of this excellently-written book, in which the true glamour of the original stories is well preserved along with a perfect simplicity and fitting brevity of style. New stories for children are continually being written and published; sometimes they may be nearly or quite as good as the old ones, but they are never better, and, when all is said, the old nursery tales more than hold their own, and are as fresh and fascinating for our children as they were, once upon a time, for us.

From The Rosebud Annual (*James Clarke*). UNDER THE BRIDGE AND FAR AWAY!

THE PEEK-A-BOOS IN TOWN.

By MAY BYRON. With many Illustrations in Colour and Black-and-White by CHLOE PRESTON. 5s. net. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some two or three years ago the Peek-a-Boos suddenly burst upon an unsuspecting world, and since that time series of their adventures have appeared with regularity. The present volume takes the Peek-a-Boos up to London, where they behave in the stereotyped manner of the best society—with additions. The book is at least as entertaining as any of its predecessors and the pictures as funny—which means that Miss Preston is keeping up a remarkably high level. Mrs. May Byron's account of the wonderful adventures is cleverly and very amusingly written.

From **The Peek-a-Boos in Town** (*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

A GIRL OF GALWAY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 3s. 6d. (Blackie & Son.)

Mrs. Tynan Hinkson knows just the sort of book that a girl likes to read, and what is more, knows how to write it. There is nothing extravagant or exaggerated in her story, "A Girl of Galway"; it is a very natural tale of natural people, told in a natural, unaffected way. There is the right amount of sentiment in it, and the right amount of excitement and mystery that go to make enjoyable reading. The heroine, Bertha Grace, is set the apparently impossible task of bringing about a reconciliation between her grandfather and her father, whose marriage has estranged the two for many years. She finds her grandfather a miserly old man living a solitary life in an isolated corner of Ireland, and fallen wholly under the influence of his bailiff, a cruel, unscrupulous man. Despite the discouragement Bertha meets with on her mission, she goes on undaunted, determined to keep her word to her mother and gain success in the difficult duty she has undertaken to perform. Incidentally—even in that remote spot—love comes to her, and a very complete happiness that is to last her all her days; but she finds too many obstacles in her path, and meets with some unpleasant experiences and startling adventures before she wins her triumph and the joy which follows. The style of the whole story is delightfully easy and effective.

From **The Wonder Book.**

Messrs. Ward Lock and Co.'s splendid annual for children—a popular favourite.

RAINBOWS.

By MARION DYKES SPICER. With 7 Illustrations, End-Papers and Decorations by CHARLES ROBINSON. 1s. net. (Melrose.)

It may be rude to say so, but this book owes as much to its illustrator as to its writer. But for Mr. Charles Robinson, the probability is that it would most likely never have been published. His delicate and beautiful little drawings—admirably illustrative of the text, yet equally displaying the flexibility and the high imaginative qualities of his rare talent—are here reproduced in a form that is especially suitable and attractive. This little book, in fact, represents Mr. Robinson's line-work at its best. The text consists of fifteen short allegorical reflections—all very much on the side of the angels, and all expressed pleasantly, but in a manner that is rather unnecessarily obscure. Still, there are a good many people who will like them well enough, and for ourselves, we find Mr. Robinson's drawings worth much more than the small price asked for the book.

Cover medallion of **Rainbows** (*Melrose*).

From **Yoyo's Animal Friends** (*Dent*). YOYO.

THE OLD FAIRY TALES.

Each with Cover Design and 8 Illustrations in Colour, and 14 in Black-and-White by H. M. BROCK. 2 Vols. 1s. net each. (Warne.)

The two stories that make so promising a beginning of Messrs. Warne's "Old Fairy Tales" Series are "Puss

From **Stories from Aunt Judy** (*Bell*). "THE LITTLE FIGURE PLODDED ON WITH WEARY FEET."

From Heroes of the Dawn (*Maunsel*).

"THE WHOLE DAY HE AND THE WOMAN FOUGHT TOGETHER."

in Boots" and "Jack and the Beanstalk." Each is well and simply retold for the occasion, and printed in a large and legible type. The main interest of the series, however, lies in the illustrations from the able brush and pen of Mr. H. M. Brock. They are really fine work, of their kind as good as anything that Mr. Brock has ever done; and not only will adults find them entirely satisfying, but we have discovered, by experiment, that young children really like them. There should be a great success in store for these two delightful picture books.

THE LAMP GIRL, AND OTHER STORIES.

By ETHEL CARNIE. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Brothers.)

Nine little fairy tales of quite a novel sort make up the new book by Miss Ethel Carnie. They are not just inconsequent fairy stories, although they are stories in which fairies and magic play a large part: but while children will follow with zest the adventures of the Lamp Girl, the Blind Prince, the Stubborn Pine-Tree, the Ferocious Door-Knocker, and many another "character," they will absorb at the same time something of the underlying "moral" that flows, steady and clear, beneath the surface of each delightful tale. Of course Miss Carnie is much too skilful to mention such a word as lesson or point it out too clearly: it is just mingled in with the story and left there. "I hope you will never fall into the error of believing that only what you can bang your head against is true," Miss Carnie remarks, incidentally, while recounting the story of the Lamp Girl. "There was once a man who would never believe anything but figures, and at last they had to drown him in sunset before he had any faith that it was there." But Miss Carnie herself has faith in figures and sunsets, in facts and fairies, and people and dreams, and that is why her tales are so well worth writing and well worth reading. There are four delightful illustrations in the book by Helen Stratton.

THE UNIVERSE AND THE MAYONNAISE.

By T. BRAYLESFORD ROBINSON. 3s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Illustrated by K. Clausen, this book consists of a very pretty collection of short stories of the instructive and informative kind. "The Universe," declares the author, "is really very like mayonnaise," and then she proceeds to show how the formation of all the stars and planets follows a similar process to that which we can see when oil is mixed, drop by drop, with the yolk of eggs, during the manufacture of mayonnaise sauce. Nothing could be more simple than the method adopted to make clear to the child mind the mysteries with which we are surrounded. We are told about dust and all that it means, and the chapter with the title "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," is a delightful account of the sea and the waves, and includes quite an excellent explanation of wireless telegraphy. "The Children of the Sun" tells as about light, and "Once upon a Time" is the story of evolution. "The Girl who got Inside Herself," tells about the miracles of the body—of the life that goes on in our blood vessels, the endless battles of the bacteria, while "My Friend the Ant" is an excursion in natural history quite delightfully done. The book is an excellent one for children and cannot be too highly commended. If there is one fault to be found, it is in the selection of the title which really has an almost Bedlam flavour.

From The Lamp Girl and Other Stories (*Headley*).

"THE LITTLE GRAY GOAT LEAPED RIGHT OVER THE FIRE."

PAM, ROBIN, AND STUMPS.

By GERTRUDE DOUGHTY. With Illustrations by T. J. & E. A. OVERNELL. 2s. 6d. (W. & R. Chambers.)

Pam is a little girl of nine, Stumps a mite of about five, and Robin a crippled boy of twelve. Their adventures will provide much amusement in the nursery on dull, wet days, being told with sympathy, simplicity, and animation by one who understands children. Little people whose parents have to go away to India, and leave them in England, always have such good times, and Pam, Robin, and Stumps are no exception to the general rule—in juvenile fiction.

From The Old Fairy Tales: Puss in Boots (*Warne*).

JARROLD'S WONDERLAND SERIES.

Text by KATHLEEN CLARE WATSON. Drawings by M. M. RUDGE and D. E. BRAHAM. 3 Vols. 1s. net each. (Jarrold.)

An especially charming little series, which is admirably well suited—either in the lump or in its constituent volumes—to make an acceptable cheap present for young children is this new venture of Messrs. Jarrold. Each book contains a short story, printed in large and very legible type, of a kind that is certain to appeal to childhood, and each, moreover, is illustrated with twelve pictures in colour and decorations in black and white in a manner which is at once original and pleasing. The titles of the books, which are all by the same author and artist, are "The Flying House," "Sea Foam," and "Tiny Wee Wun." For ourselves we like the last the best, but all are good.

From Pam, Robin, and Stumps (*Chambers*).

IN THE NIGHT NURSERY.

GLADYS AND JACK.

By J. M. WHITFIELD. 3s. 6d. (Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Boys and girls who have read and enjoyed Mr. J. M. Whitfield's previous books will expect "Gladys and Jack" to be what it is—a capital story with plenty in it to amuse and entertain them. It tells how two Australian children—Jack and Gladys—spend a holiday with their cousins at Bargeela, and what a tremendously good time they have there. The characters are very natural and cleverly drawn, and the pathos and humour mingled so delightfully that we are laughing at Mark's good humour on one page and shedding tears over the reconciliation of Jack and Gladys on another. Gladys is a delicate girl, and at the beginning of the holiday a very disagreeable person indeed, who disturbs everybody else's happiness, and then mopes because she is shunned and neglected. But with so much kindness and merriment about her, it seems as if her ill-humour must give out; things happen at last to break down the barrier that has divided brother and sister for six long months, and the real Gladys comes to light. The other characters who are as true to life and more loveable. will each find a special place in the heart of the reader. The book is of that best kind which makes the young reader feel what a fine, fresh, wholesome place the world is, and what kindly, human people dwell in it; it is not blind to the sorrows and difficulties of life, but looks wisely on the sunnier side.

"The ship went down, but they both stood up
And saved themselves in a china cup,
Which they steered with a silver spoon. . . ."

From Nip and Flip (*C. W. Daniel*).

From The Hungarian Fairy Book (*Unwin*).

HILDA'S EXPERIENCES.

With Illustrations.

By MAY BALDWIN. 5s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

An English girl must necessarily meet with disillusions as well as pleasant surprises on her first visit to an unknown land; and so it is with Hilda de Trafford who goes to stay with her relations in Australia. At first she is too homesick to gain anything but unhappiness from her holiday, and is inclined to dislike and disapprove of everything. She thinks the Australians too rough and ready; is horrified at the scarcity and independence of servants and considers the country too socialistic altogether. But the author shows in her bright, interesting way how the girl's opinion gradually changes, and how she grows to love Australian people and Australian ways before the end of her visit; and how the Australians, who at first think she is stiff and prim, grow to love her and to understand her in return. Miss May Baldwin certainly has the gift of making her readers familiar with the country which she chooses as background for her story; she is very careful over details, and calls up vivid pictures of places and people with an extraordinarily realistic effectiveness. Hilda's experiences do not lack excitement; the bush fire, among the various other incidents crowded into the book, makes a particularly strong appeal. The story will leave its youthful readers with a feeling that they too have been for a holiday to Australia, like Hilda de Trafford, and have witnessed strange customs and seen strange animals and learned many things they did not know before.

End-papers to The Wonderland Series (*Jarrold*).

From The Swiss Family Robinson
(*Henry Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton*).

MACLEAN AND PLUNKET STOP LORD EGLINTON'S CARRIAGE

From The Strange Story Book (*Longmans*).

THE STRANGE STORY BOOK.

By Mrs. Andrew Lang. Edited by Andrew Lang. 6s. (Longmans.)

This is the last of the twenty-five children's books with which Andrew Lang has delighted two generations of lovers of fairy tales and adventure stories. In a beautiful preface Mrs. Andrew Lang tells her little friends about the brilliant scholar whose "Blue Fairy Book" and its numerous sequels have been the delight of some hundreds of thousands of young readers. And a charming set of Lang's verses written for the first of his fairy books is given in the last:

"And you once more may voyage through
The forests that of old we knew,
The fairy forests wet with dew.

"Where you, resuming childish things,
Shall listen when the Blue Bird sings
And sit at feasts with fairy kings."

The Strange Stories start excellently with the tale of Wolfert Webber that R. L. Stevenson said was one of the finest treasure-seeking stories in the world. Then comes Voltaire's "Zadig," who anticipated the detective methods of Sherlock Holmes and the Dupin of Poe's tales. There are also real Red Indian stories told by the Red Indians themselves, and a store of strange and exciting tales about highwaymen and other figures of romance.

THE WONDER BOOK OF SHIPS.

Edited by H. Golding. With 12 Coloured Plates and 320 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

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From My Own Fairy Book (*Arrowsmith*).

"Herr Schmidt went down on his knees."

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By Mary Grant Bruce. With Illustrations by J. Macfarlane. 3s. 6d. (Ward Lock & Co.)

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Frontispiece to An Imaginative Child (*Allenson*).

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"Sweet, pardon sweet was the word of Prince Fox."

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From Wet Magic (*Laurie*).

THE CHARGERS OF THE HORSE MARINES

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From A Nursery Rhyme Picture Book (*Warne*).

"To market, to market, to buy a fat Pig;
Home again, home again, dancing a jig."

"She ... only laughed because the butterfly tickled her cheek"
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"What happened you can guess, of course,
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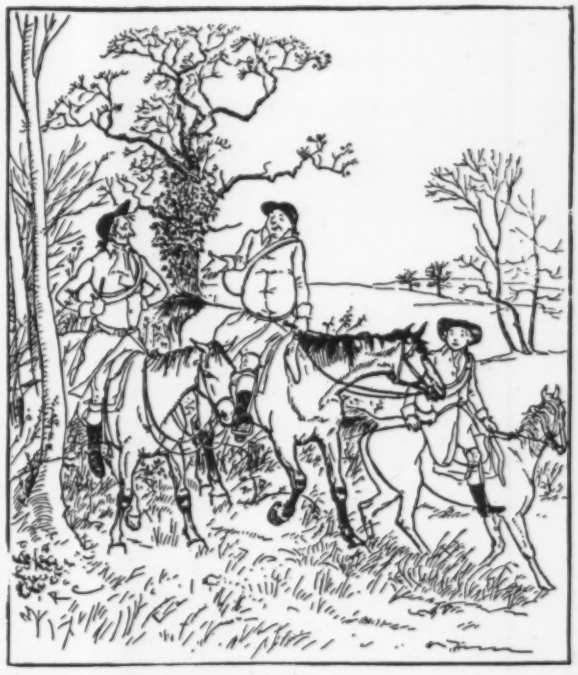

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From Three Jovial Huntsmen (*Warne*).

From Turkish Fairy Tales
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"HE CHOSE THE WOODEN BRIDGE."

by slaying a bear, in Chapter Three, and by smashing a Turkish Irregular, in defence of a child, in Chapter Four, it will be seen that the author loses no time in unnecessary palaver, but plunges at once into the thick of things. Mr. Finnemore knows exactly how to cater for the schoolboy taste: and this energetic and enjoyable production will be pronounced "top-hole" by many a cracking voice. A manly, wholesome tone pervades it; and, upon every ground, the parental purchaser can hardly do better than get "A Boy Scout in the Balkans." It breaks new ground and weaves one of the most spirited and glamorous of romances out of matters of quite recent history. Both author and artist are to be congratulated.

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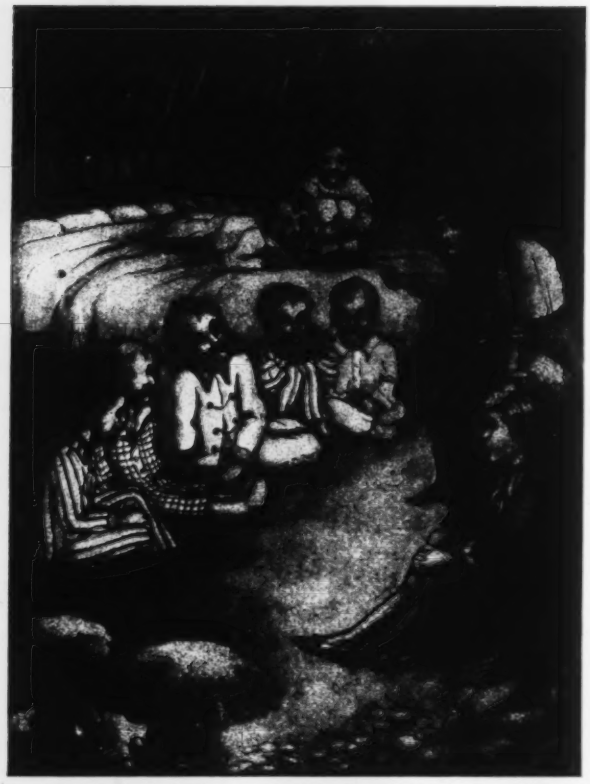

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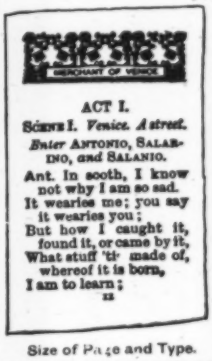
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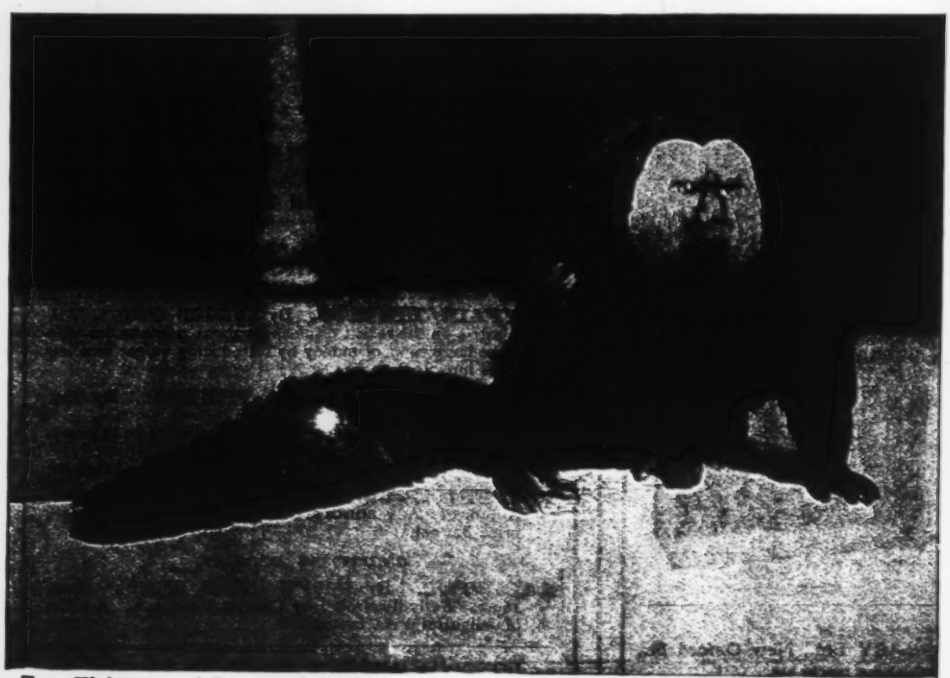

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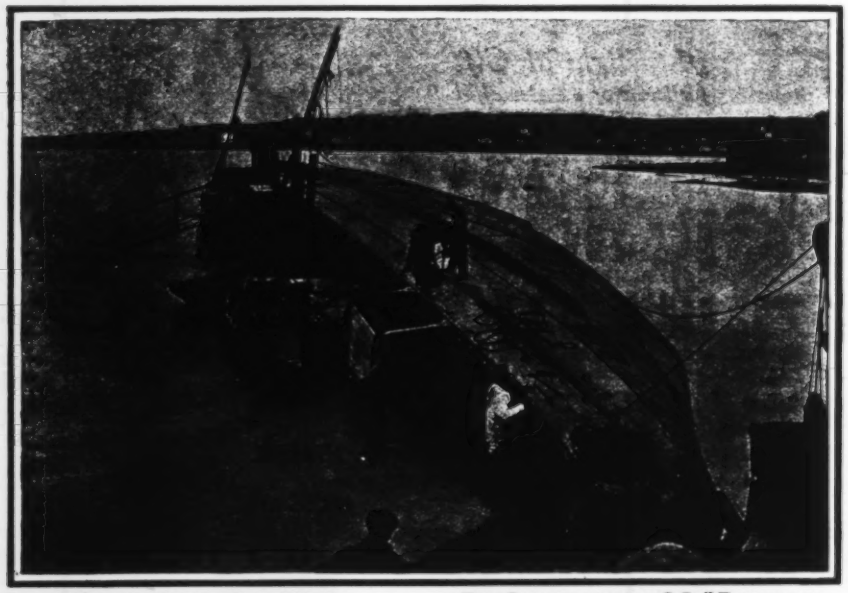

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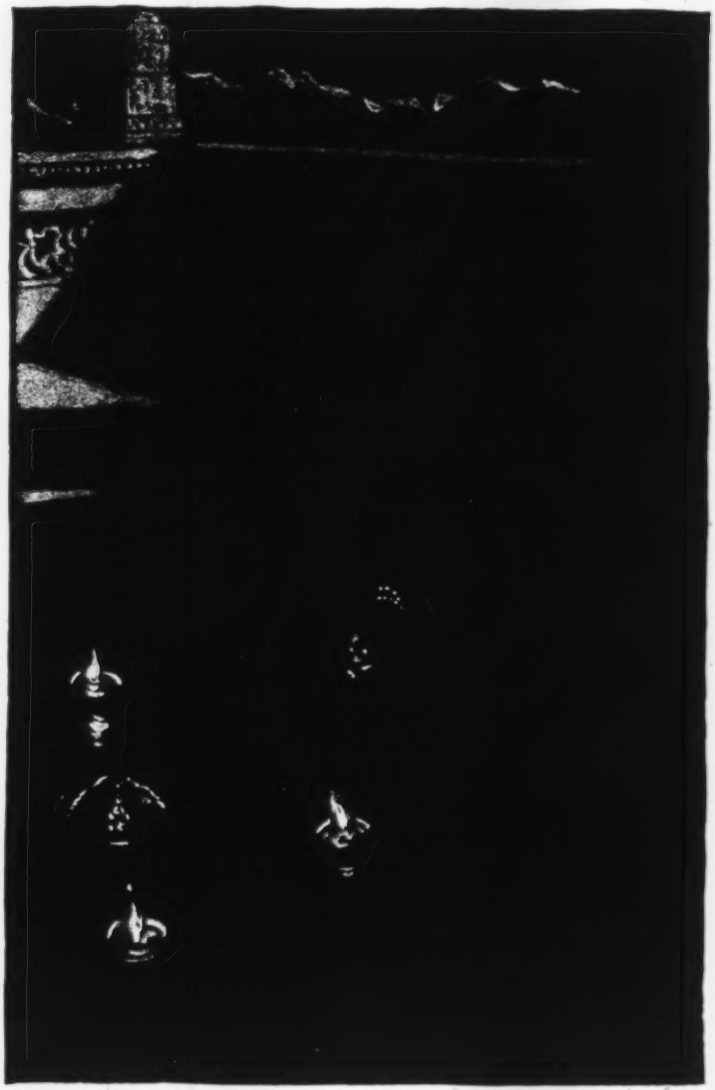

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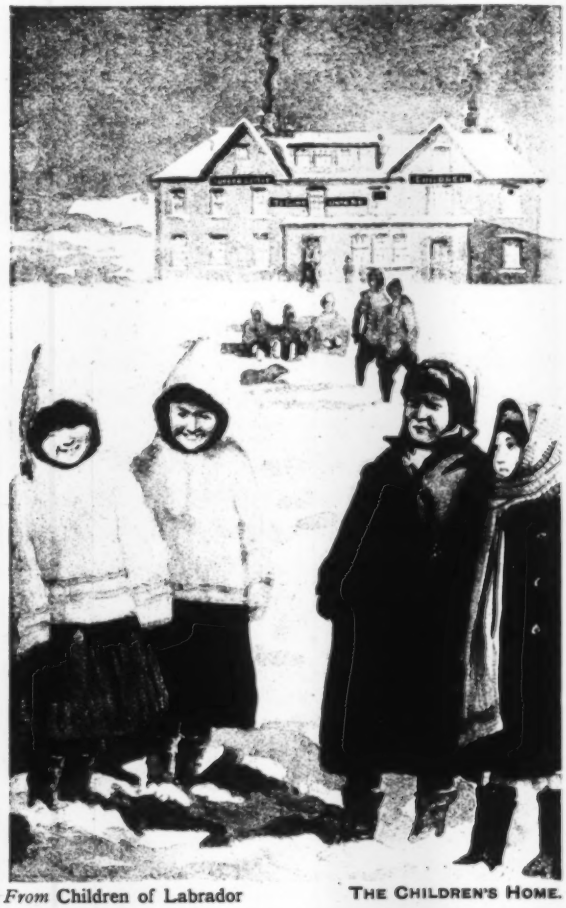

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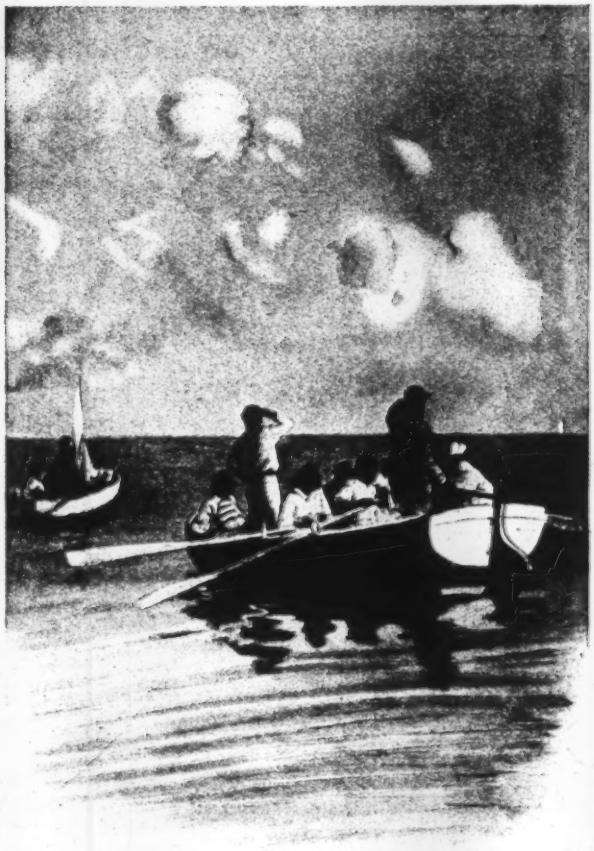

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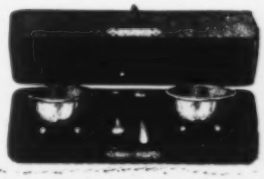

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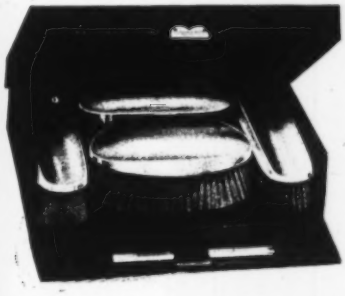

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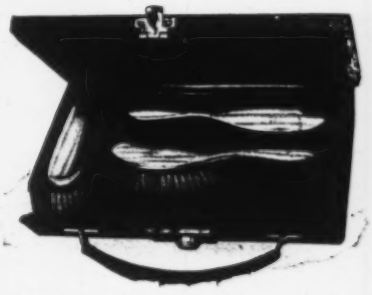

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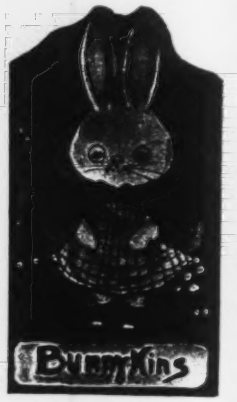

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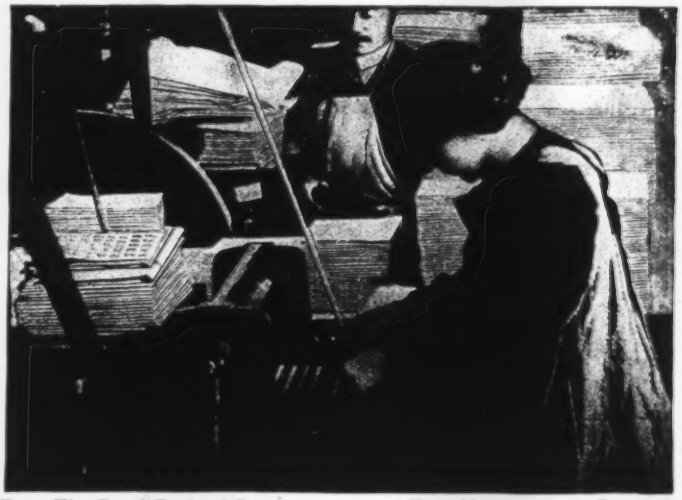

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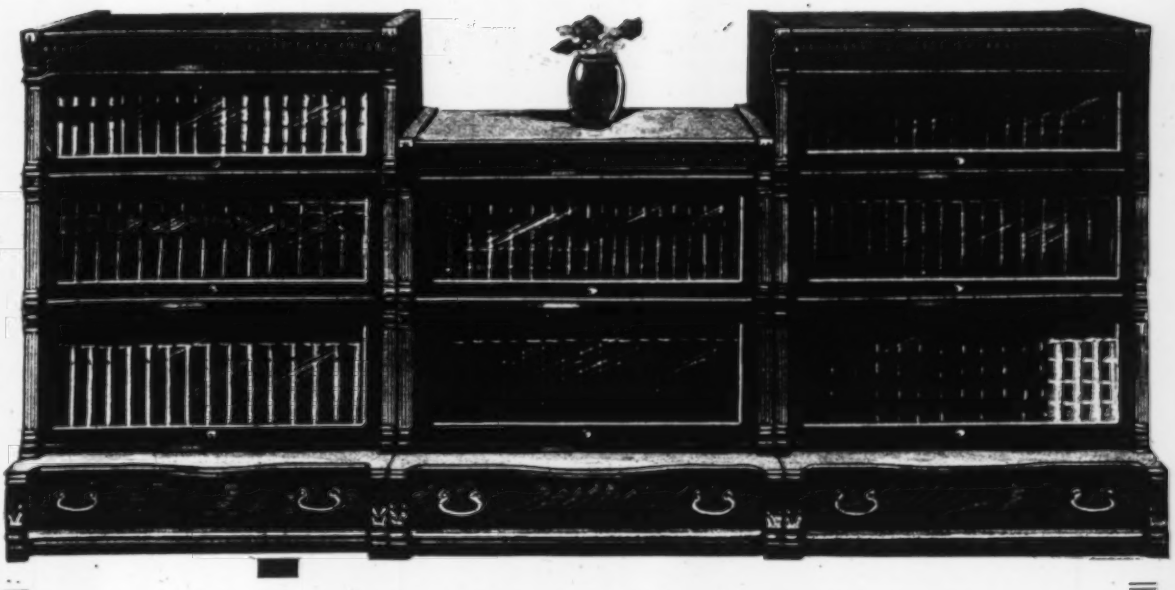

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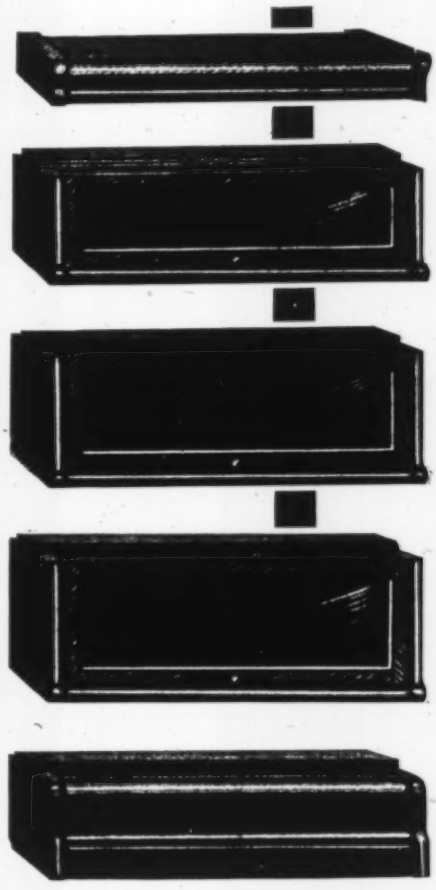

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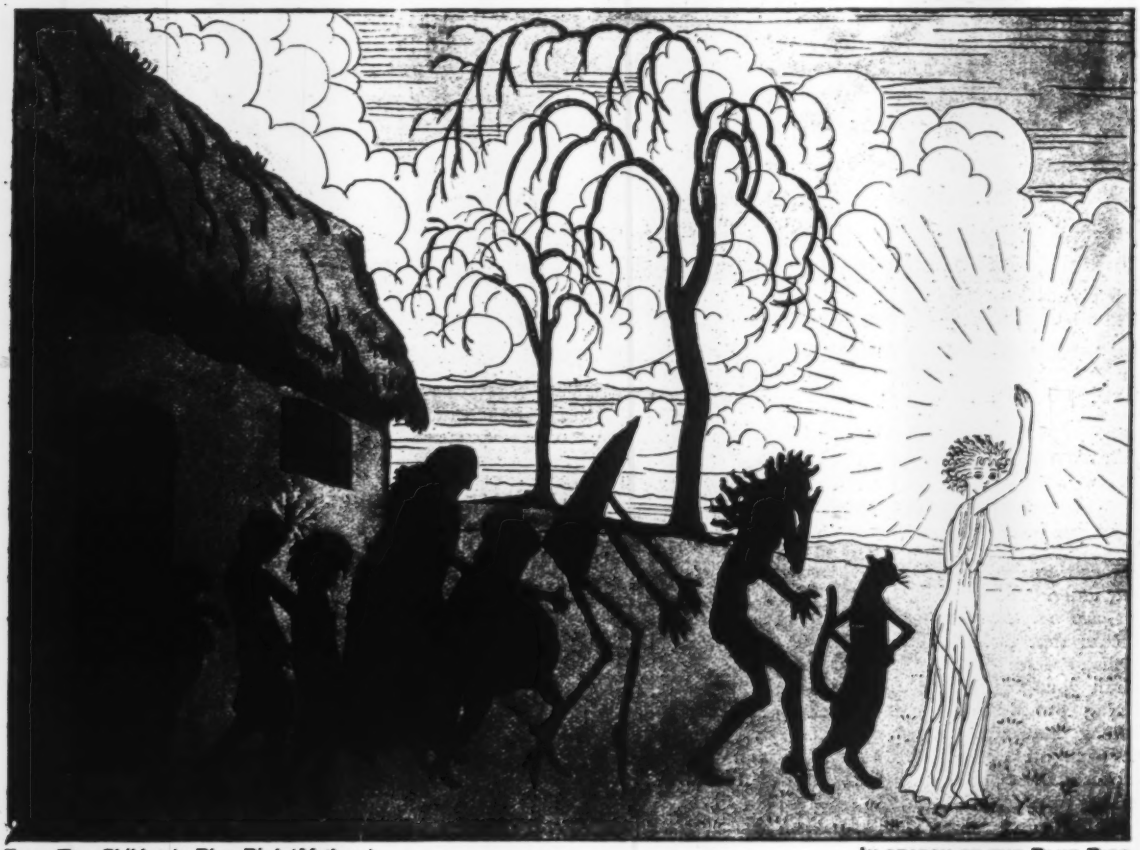

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